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THE

WORKS OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED LITERALLY

INTO

ENGLISH PROSE;

FOR THE USE OF THOSE WHO ARE DESIROUS OF ACQUIRING OR RECOVERING A COMPETENT KNOWLEDGE OF THE

LATIN LANGUAGE.

BY C. SMART, A. M.
OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH WHETHAM,
No. 22, South Fourth Street.

1836.

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SATYRARUM

LIBRI

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SATYRARUM.

LIBER I.

SATYRA I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Omnibus, maxime vero avaris, sortem suam gravem esse.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem,
Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat; laudet diversa sequentes?
O fortunati mercatores! gravis annis*
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore. 5
Contrà, mercator, navim jactantibus Austris,
Militia est potior: quid enim? concurritur: horæ
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.

* Armis. *Anon.*

THE

SATIRES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

That all, but especially the covetous, think their own condition the hardest.

How comes it to pass, Mæcenas, that no one lives content with his condition, whether Reason gave it him, or Chance threw it in his way; *but* praises those who have different pursuits? O happy merchants! says the soldier, oppressed with years, *and* now broke down in his limbs through excess of labour. On the other side, the merchant, when the south winds toss his ship, *cries*, warfare is preferable; for why? the engagement is begun, and in an instant comes there a speedy death, or a

Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat. 10
Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cætera de genere hoc, (adeo sunt multa,) loquacem
Delassare valente Fabium. Ne te morer, audi
Quò rem deducam. Si quis Deus, En ego, dicat, 15
Jam faciam quod vultis; eris tu, qui modò miles,
Mercator; tu consultus modò, rusticus: hinc vos,
Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus:—eia,
Quid statis? nolint: atqui licet esse beatis.
Quid causæ est, meritò quin illis Jupiter ambas 20
Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem?
Præterea, ne sic,* ut qui jocularia, ridens
Percurram: (quanquam ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? ut† pueris olim dant crustula blandi
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima: 26
Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.)
Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,
Perfidus hic caupo,‡ miles, nautæque per omne
Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem 30
Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,

* Præterea ne sic. *Anon.* † Et. *Sanad.*
‡ Causidicus vafer hic. *Markl.*

happy victory. The lawyer praises the farmer's *state*, when the client knocks at his door by cock-crow. *But* he who, having entered into a recognisance, is dragged from the country into the city, cries, those only are happy who live in the city. The other *instances* of this kind (they are so numerous) would weary out the loquacious Fabius *to repeat them.* Not to keep you in suspense, attend to what an issue I will bring this matter. If any God should say, Lo! I will effect what you desire: you that were just now a soldier, shall be a merchant; you *that were* lately a lawyer, *shall be* a farmer. Do ye depart one way, and you another, having exchanged the parts *you are to act in life.* How now! why do you stand? They are unwilling; and yet it is in their power to be happy. What reason, *then*, can be assigned, but that Jupiter should deservedly distend both his cheeks in indignation, and declare that for the future he will not be so indulgent as to lend an ear to their prayers. But, furthermore, that I may not run over this in a laughing manner, like those who *treat* on ludicrous subjects: (though what hinders one to be merry and tell the truth? as good-natured teachers at first give cakes to their boys, that they may be willing to learn their first rudiments. However, raillery apart, let us investigate serious matters.) He that turns the lumpish glebe with the hard ploughshare, this fraudulent adulterer *of the law*, the soldier, and the sailors, who dauntless run through every sea, profess that they endure toil with this intention, that, when old men, they may retire into a secure resting-place, when *once* they have got together a sufficient provision.

Aiunt, cùm sibi sint congesta cibaria; sicut
Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris,
Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,
Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri. 35
Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,
Non usquam prorepit, et illis utitur ante
Quæsitis* patiens; cùm te neque fervidus æstus
Demoveat lucro, neque hiems, ignis, mare, ferrum;
Nil obstet tibi, dum ne sit te ditior alter. 40
Quid juvat immensum te argenti pondus et auri
Furtim defossâ timidum deponere terrâ?
Quod, si comminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem.
At, ni id fit, quid habet pulchri constructus acervus?
Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum: 45
Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus quàm meus: ut si
Reticulum panis venales inter onusto
Forte vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quàm
Qui nil portârit. Vel dic, quid referat intra
Naturæ fines viventi,† jugera centum, an 50
Mille aret? At suave est ex magno tollere acervo.
Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquas,
Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nòstris?
Ut, tibiis sit opus liquidi non ampliùs urnâ,
Vel cyatho; ac dicas, Magno de flumine mallem

* Quæsitis sapiens. † Viventis. *Cunn.*

Thus the little ant (for she may serve for an example) of great industry, carries with her mouth whatever she is able, and adds to her heap, which she piles up, by no means ignorant of, and not improvident for, the future.

Which *ant, nevertheless,* as soon as Aquarius saddens the inverted year, never creeps abroad, but wisely makes use of those *stores,* which were provided beforehand: while neither sultry summer, nor winter, fire, ocean, sword, can drive you from *the pursuit of* gain. You surmount every obstacle that no other man may be richer than yourself. *But* what pleasure is it for you, anxious to deposit an immense weight of silver and gold in the earth, dug up by stealth, *to hide it?*

But if you should lessen it, it may be reduced, *in time,* to a paltry farthing.

But unless that be the case, what beauty has an accumulated hoard? Though your threshing-floor should yield a hundred thousand bushels of corn, your belly will not on that account contain more than mine; just as if it was your lot to carry on your loaded shoulder the basket of bread amongst slaves, you would receive no more *for your own share* than he who bore no part of the burden. Or tell me, what is it to the purpose of that man, who lives within the compass of nature, whether he plough a hundred or a thousand acres?

But it is still delightful to take out of a great hoard.

While you leave us as much to take out of a moderate *store,* why should you extol your *great* granaries more than our smaller repositories; as if you had occasion for no more than a pitcher or

Quàm ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere: eo fit, 56
Plenior ut si quos delectet copia justo,
Cum ripâ simul avulsos ferat Aufidus acer.
At qui tantulo eget, quanto est opus, is neque limo
Turbatam haurit aquam, neque vitam amittit in undis. 60
At bona pars hominum, decepta cupidine falso,
Nil satis est, inquit; quia tanti, quantum habeas, sis.
Quid facias illi? jubeas miserum esse, libenter*
Quatenus id facit: ut quidam memoratur Athenis
Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces 65
Sic solitus: Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.
Tantalus à labris sitiens fugientia captat
Flumina. Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur. Congestis undique saccis 70
Indormis inhians, et tanquam parcere sacris
Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.
Nescis quò valeat nummus? quem præbeat usum?
Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius; adde,
Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis. 75
An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat? horum
Semper ego optârim pauperrimus esse bonorum,

* Jubeas miseram esse libenter. *Bentl.*

glass of water? and should say, I had rather draw *so much* from a great river, than the same quantity from this little fountain. Hence it comes, that the rapid Aufidus carries away, together with the bank, such as an abundance more copious than what is just delights. But he who desires *only* so much as is sufficient, neither drinks *his* water fouled with the mud, nor loses his life in the waves. But a great majority of mankind, misled by depraved desire, cry, No sum is enough; because you are esteemed in proportion to what you possess. What can one do to *such a tribe as* this? *why*, bid them be wretched, since their inclination prompts them to it. As a certain person is recorded to *have lived* at Athens, covetous and rich, who was wont to despise the talk of the people in this manner: The crowd hiss me *abroad;* but I applaud myself at home, as soon as I contemplate my money in my chest. The thirsty Tantalus catches at the streams that elude his lips. Why do you laugh? The name changed, *and* the tale is told of you. You sleep upon your bags heaped up on every side, *avidiously* gaping over them, and are obliged to abstain from them, as if they were consecrated things, or to amuse yourself with them, as you would with pictures. Are you ignorant of what *real* value money is, what use it can afford? Bread, herbs, a *bottle of wine, may be purchased *with it;* to which *necessaries* add *such others* as being withheld, human nature would be uneasy with itself. What, to watch, half dead with terror, night and day, to dread profligate thieves, fire,

* *Sextarius*, which is here rendered a bottle, was about a pint and a half our measure.

At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus; 80
Aut alius casus lecto te* affixit; habes qui
Assideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te
Suscitet, ac reddat gnatis carisque propinquis?
Non uxor salvum te vult, non filius; omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ. 85
Miraris, cùm tu argento post omnia ponas,
Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis, amorem?
At si† cognatos nullo natura labore
Quos tibi dat, retinere velis, servareque amicos,
Infelix operam perdas: ut si quis asellum 90
In campo doceat parentem currere frenis.
Denique sit finis quærendi: cùmque habeas plus,
Pauperiem metuas minùs; et finire laborem
Incipias, parto quod avebas: nec facias quod
Umidius quidam,‡ non longa est fabula, dives 95
Ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus ut se
Non unquam servo meliùs vestiret, ad usque
Supremum tempus, ne se penuria victus
Opprimeret, metuebat; at hunc liberta securi
Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndaridarum 100

* Lecto te afflixit. † An si cognatus.
‡ Umidius, qui tam. *Bentl.*

and your slaves, lest they should run away and plunder you; is this delightful? *As for me,* I should always wish to be very poor in possessions held upon these terms.

But if your body should be disordered by being seized with a cold, or any other casualty should confine you to your bed, have you one that will abide by you, prepare medicines, entreat the physician that he would raise you to your feet, and restore you to your children and dear relations?

Nor your wife, nor your son, desires your recovery; all your neighbours, acquaintance, *nay the very* boys and girls, hate you. *And* do you wonder that no one tenders you the affection, which you by no means merit, since you prefer your money to every thing else? But, if you think to retain, and preserve for your friends the relations which nature gives you, without taking any pains; wretch that you are, you lose your labour equally, as if any one should train an ass to be obedient to the rein, *and* run in the Campus Martius. At last, let there be some end to your searching *after riches:* and since you have more *than enough,* be in less dread of poverty; and begin to cease from your toil, that being acquired which you coveted: nor do as did one Umidius, it is no tedious story, who was so rich, he measured his money, *but* so sordid, that he never clothed himself any better than a slave; *and,* even to his last moments, was in dread lest want of bread should starve him: but his freedwoman, the* bravest of all the daughters of Tyndarus, cut him in two with a hatchet.

* Helen and Clytemnestra, the daughters of Tyndarus, killed their husbands, Deiphobus and Agamemnon, with this weapon.

Quid mi igitur suades: ut vivam Mænius? aut sic
Ut Nomentanus? Pergis pugnantia secum
Frontibus adversis componere. Non ego avarum
Cùm veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.
Est inter Tanaïm quiddam, socerumque Viselli:
Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines, 106
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.
Illuc, unde abii, redeo: nemon' ut avarus
Se probet, ac potiùs laudet diversa sequentes?
Quòdque aliena capella gerat distentius uber, 110
Tabescat? neque se* majori pauperiorum
Turbæ comparet? hunc atque hunc superare laboret?
Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat:
Ut cùm carceribus missos rapit ungula currus;
Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum 115
Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.
Inde fit, ut rarò, qui se vixisse beatum
Dicat, et exactò contentus tempore vitæ
Cedat, uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.
Jam satis est: ne me Crispini scrinia lippi 120
Compilasse putes, verbum non ampliùs addam.

* Neque se meliori.

What therefore do you persuade me to? that I should lead the life of a Mænius?* or in such a manner as a Nomentanus?

You are going *now* to make things tally, that are contradictory in their natures. When I bid you not be a miser, I do not order you to become a spendthrift and a prodigal. There is some difference, *sure*, between the case of Tanais† and his son-in-law Visellius: There is a mean in *all* things; finally, there are certain boundaries, on either side of which *moral* rectitude cannot exist. *But*, I return now whence I digressed. Can no one, after the miser's example, like his own station, but rather praise those who have different pursuits; and pine because his neighbour's she-goat bears a more distended udder? nor consider himself in relation to the greater multitude of poor? *but* labour to surpass, *first* one, and *then* another? Thus the richer man is always an obstacle to one that is hastening *to be rich:* as when the courser whirls along the chariot, dismissed from the place of starting, the charioteer pushes at those horses that outstrip his own, despising him that is left behind coming on amongst the last. Hence it is, that we rarely find a man, who can *truly* say he has lived happy, and, content with his past life, can retire from the world, like a satisfied guest. *But what I have said* at present is sufficient: nor will I add one word more, lest you should suspect that I have plundered the scrutoire of the blear-eyed Crispinus.‡

* Mænius and Nomentanus, two infamous prodigals.

† Tanaïs and Visellius, two persons labouring under disorders of very opposite natures.

‡ A voluminous scribbler.

SATYRA II.

Improbos, dum vitia quædam declinant, in contraria incidere.

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendici mimæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne
Mœstum ac solicitum est cantoris morte Tigellî:
Quippe benignus erat. Contrà hic, ne prodigus esse
Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico, 5
Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.
Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Præclaram ingratâ stringat malus ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coëmens obsonia nummis;
Sordidus, atque animi quòd parvi nolit haberi,
Respondet. Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis. 11
Fufidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis;
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat; atque
Quantò perditior quisque est tantò acriùs urget:
Nomina sectatur, modò sumptâ veste virili, 16
Sub patribus duris tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Jupiter, exclamat, simul atque audivit? At in se
Pro quæstu sumptum facit. Hic? Vix credere possis,
Quàm sibi non sit amicus: ita ut pater ille, Terentî 20

SATIRE II.

Bad men, when they avoid certain vices, fall into their opposite extremes.

THE tribes of minstrels, quacks, strollers, mimics, blackguards; all this set is sorrowful and dejected on account of the death of the singer Tigellius, for he was liberal *towards them.* On the other hand, this man, dreading to be called a spendthrift, will not give a poor friend *even* wherewithal to keep off cold and pinching hunger. *But* if you ask him why he wickedly consumes the noble estate of his grandfather and father in tasteless gluttony, buying with borrowed money all sorts of dainties; he answers, because he is unwilling to be reckoned sordid, or *a man* of a mean spirit: *for this* he is praised by some, *and* condemned by others. Fufidius, wealthy in land, wealthy in money put out at interest, is afraid of having the character of a rake and spendthrift. This *fellow* deducts five *per cent.* interest, from the principal, *at the time of lending;* and the more desperate in his circumstances any one is, the more severely he pinches *him:* he hunts out the names of young fellows that have just put on the toga virilis* under rigid fathers. Who does not cry out, O sovereign Jupiter! when he has heard of *such knavery?* But *you will say, perhaps,* this man expends upon himself in proportion to his *immense* gain. *What,* he? You can hardly believe how little a friend he is to

* The Roman youths put on the *toga virilis,* or manly gown, at about seventeen.

Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.
Si quis nunc quærat, quò res hæc pertinet? illuc;
Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Malthinus tunicis demissis ambulat; est qui 25
Inguen ad obscœnum subductis usque facetus.
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum:
Nil mediúm est. Sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nis illas,
Quarum subsutâ talos tegat instita veste:
Contrà, alius nullam, nisi olenti in fornice stantem. 30
Quidam notus homo, cùm exiret fornice; Macte
Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis.
Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra* libido,
Huc juvenes æquum est descendere, non alienas
Permolere uxores. Nolim laudarier, inquit, 35
Sic me, mirator cunni Cupiennius albi.
Audire est operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis, ut omni parte laborent;
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
Atque hæc rara, cadat dura inter sæpe pericla. 40
Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis

* Tenta. *Anon.*

himself; insomuch as that father,* whom Terence's comedy introduces as living miserable after he had caused his son to run away from him, did not torment himself worse than he. Now, if any one should ask, to what *purpose* does this matter tend? *I answer*, to this; *namely*, while fools shun *one sort of* vices, they fall upon their opposite extremes. Malthinus walks with his garments trailing upon the ground; there is *another* droll fellow, who *goes* with them tucked up even to his middle: Rufillus smells like perfume itself, *but* Gorgonius like a he-goat. *In fine*, there is no mean *observed*. There are some who would not for the world keep company with a lady, unless her modest garment perfectly concealed her feet. Another,† again, will only have such as take their station in a stinking brothel. When a certain noted spark came out of a bawdy-house, the divine Cato *greeted* him with this sentence, Proceed (says he) in your virtuous course. For when foul lust has once inflamed the veins, it is right for young fellows to come hither, in comparison of their having to do with other men's wives. I should not be willing to be commended on such terms, says Cupiennius, an admirer of the silken veil.

Ye that do not wish well to the proceedings of adulterers, it is worth your while to attend how they are hampered on all sides; and that their pleasure, which happens to them but seldom, is interrupted with a great deal of pain, and often in the midst of very great dangers. One has thrown himself head-

* Menedemus, in the Heautontimorumonos.

† *Horatium in quibusdam nolim interpretari.* Quint.

Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Prædonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos:
Hunc permirxerunt calones: quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam testes caudamque salacem 45
Demeteret ferrum: jure omnes: Galba negabat.
Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda!
Libertinarum dico; Sallustius in quas
Non minùs insanit, quàm qui mœchatur. At hic si,
Quà res, quà ratio suaderet, quàque modestè 50
Munifico esse licit, vellet bonus atque benignus
Esse; daret quantum satis esset: nec sibi damno
Dedecorique foret. Verùm hoc se amplectitur uno,
Hoc amat, hoc laudat: matronam nullam ego tango,
Ut quondam Marsæus amator Originis; ille 55
Qui patrium mimæ donat fundumque laremque,
Nil fuerit mî, inquit, cum uxoribus unquam alienis.
Verùm est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus; unde
Fama malum gravius, quàm res, trahit. An tibi abundè
Personam satis est, non illud, quidquid ubique 60
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam,
Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicunque. Quid inter.
Est in matronâ, ancillâ, peccesve togatâ?
Villius in Faustâ, Sullæ gener, hoc miser uno
Nomine deceptus, pœnas dedit usque superque 65

long from the top of a house; another has been whipped almost to death; a third, in his flight, has fallen into a merciless gang of thieves; another has paid a fine, to *avoid* corporal punishment; the lowest servants have treated another with the vilest indignities. Moreover, this misfortune happened to a certain person; he entirely lost his manhood. Every body said it was with justice; *but* Galba denied it.

But how much safer is the traffic amongst *women* of the second rate! I mean the freed-women: after which, Sallustius is not less mad than he who commits adultery. But if he had a mind to be good and generous *to them*, as far *only* as his estate and reason would direct him, and as far as a man might be liberal with moderation, he would give a sufficiency, not what would bring upon himself *at once* ruin and infamy. However, he hugs himself in this one *consideration;* this he delights in, this he extols: I meddle with no matron. Just as Marsæus, the lover of the *courtesan* Origo; he who gives his paternal estate and seat to an actress, *and then* says, I never had any thing to do with other men's wives. But you have with actresses, you have with common strumpets; from whence your reputation derives a greater perdition than your estate. What, is it abundantly sufficient to avoid the person *merely*, and not that *vice* which is universally noxious? to lose one's good name, to squander a father's effects, is in every respect an evil. What is the difference, *then, with regard to yourself*, whether you sin with the person of a matron, a maiden, or a prostitute?

Villius, the son-in-law of Sylla, (*for it was* by this title he was misled) suffered *for his commerce* with Fausta an adequate, and more than adequate

Quàm satis est, pugnis cæsus, ferroque petitus,
Exclusus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.
Huic si, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videntis,
Diceret hæc animus: quid vis tibi? nunquid ego à te
Magno prognatum deposco consule cunnum, 70
Velatumque stolâ, mea cùm conferbuit ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.
At quantò meliora monet, pugnantiaque istis
Dives opis natura suæ! tu si modò recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis 75
Immiscere; tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne pœniteat te,
Desine matronas sectarier; unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quàm ex re decerpere fructus.
Nec magis huic, inter niveos viridesque lapillos, 80
Sit licet hoc, Cerinthe, tuum, tenerum est femur, aut crus
Rectius, atque etiam melius persæpe togatæ:
Adde huc; quòd mercem sine fucis gestat, apertè
Quod venale habet, ostendit: nec, si quid honesti est 85
Jactat habetque palàm, quæret quo turpia celet.
Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Inspiciunt, ne si facies, ut sæpe, decora,
Molli fulta pede est, emptorem inducat* hiantem,

* Ducat. *Bentl.*

punishment, by being drubbed and stabbed, while he was shut out, that the *scoundrel* Longarenus might enjoy her within. *Suppose* this *young man's* mind had addressed him in the words of his appetite, sensible of such evil consequences: What would you have? Did I ever, when my ardour was at the highest, demand a woman descended from a great consul, and covered with robes of quality? What could he answer *to this? Why*, the girl was sprung from an illustrious father. But how much better things, and how different from this, does nature, abounding in stores of her own, recommend! if you would only make a proper use of them, and not confound what is to be avoided with that which is desirable. Do you think it is of no consequence, whether your distress arises from your own fault, or from *a real deficiency* of things? wherefore, that you may not repent *when it is too late*, put a stop to your pursuit after matrons: from whence more trouble is derived than you can obtain enjoyment, *even* from the accomplishment of the affair. Nor has *this particular matron*, amidst her pearls and emeralds, a softer breast, or limbs more delicate (though this be *a notion* of yours, Cerinthus,) *than a courtesan;* nay, the prostitutes are frequently preferable *in these respects.* Add to this, that *the prostitute* bears about her merchandise without any varnish, *and* openly shows what she has to dispose of; nor, if she has aught more comely than ordinary, does she boast and make an ostentation of it, *while* she is industrious to conceal that which is offensive. This is the custom with men of fortune; when they buy horses, they inspect them uncovered, that if a beautiful forehead (as it often *happens*) be supported by a tender

Quòd pulchræ clunes, breve quòd caput, ardua cervix.
Hoc illi recte. Ne corporis optima Lynceis 90
Contemplêre oculis; Hypsæâ cæcior, illa,
Quæ mala sunt, spectes. O crus! O brachia! Verùm
Depygis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.
Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis. 95
Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
Hoc facit insanum) multæ tibi tum officient res;
Custodes, lectica, ciniflones, parasitæ,
Ad talos stola demissa, et circumdata palla;
Plurima, quæ invideant purè apparere tibi rem.
Altera nil obstat: Coïs tibi penè videre est 101
Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi;
Metire possis oculo latus. An tibi mavis
Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
Quàm mercem ostendi? Leporem venator, ut altà

hoof, it may not take in the buyer, eager for the bargain, because the back is handsome, the head little, and the neck stately. This they do judiciously. Do you, *therefore, in the same manner*, contemplate the perfections of each *fair one's* person with the eyes of Lynceus:* *but* be blinder than Hypsæa,† when you survey such parts as are deformed. *You may cry out*, O what a *handsome* leg! O what *delicate* arms! but *you must suppress* that she is low hipped, short-waisted, with a long nose and a splay foot. A man can see nothing but the face of a matron, who carefully conceals her other charms, unless it be a Catia. But if you will seek after *forbidden charms*, (for the *circumstance of their being forbidden* makes you mad after them,) surrounded as they are with a fortification, many obstacles will then be in your way: such as guardians, the sedan, dressers, parasites, the long robe hanging down to the ancles, and covered with an upper garment: *in short, there will be* a multiplicity of circumstances, which will hinder you from having a fair view. The other ‡ throws no obstacles in your way: through the silken vest you may discern her almost as well as if she was naked; that she hath neither a bad leg, nor a disagreeable foot, you may survey her perfectly with your eye. Or would you choose to have a trick put upon you, and your money extorted, before the goods are shown you? *But perhaps you will sing to me these verses out of Calli-*

* One of the Argonauts, so sharp-sighted that he was fabled to see at the distance of one hundred and thirty miles.

† A lady of the Plautian family, remarkable for bad eyes—or perhaps injudicious in the choice of her lovers.

‡ The courtesan.

In nive sectatur, positum sic tangere nolit;
Cantat et apponit: Meus est amor huic similis: nam
Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.
Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores, 109
Atque æstus, curasque graves è pectore* pelli?
Nonne cupidinibus† statuat natura modum, quem,
Quid latura sibi, quid sit dolitura negatum,
Quærere plùs prodest, et inane abscindere soldo?
Num, tibi cùm fauces urit sitis, aurea quæris
Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia præter 115
Pavonem, rhombumque? tument tibi cùm inguina, num, si
Ancilla, aut verna est præstò puer, impetus in quem
Continuò fiat, malis tentigine rumpi?
Non ego: namque parabilem amo Venerem, facilemque.
Illam, Post paulò; sed pluris; si exierit vir; 120
Gallis hanc, Philodemus ait; sibi, quæ neque magno
Stet pretio, neque cunctetur, cùm est jussa venire.
Candida rectaque sit, munda hactenus, ut neque longa,
Nec magis alba velit, quàm det natura, videri.
Hæc, ubi supposuit dextro corpus mihi lævum,
Ilia et Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi. 125
Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat;
Janua frangatur; latret canis; undique magno

* E pectore tolli. † Nonne cupidinibus statuit.

machus. As the huntsman pursues the hare in the deep snow, but disdains to touch it when it is placed before him. Thus sings the rake, and applies it to himself; my love is like to this, for it passes over *with contempt* an easy prey, and pursues what flies from it. *But* do you hope that grief and uneasiness, and bitter anxieties, will be expelled from your breast by such verses as these? Would it not be more profitable to inquire what boundary nature has affixed to the appetites, *namely,* what she can patiently do without, and what she would lament the deprivation of, and *by this means* separate what is solid from what is vain? What! when thirst parches your jaws, are you solicitous for golden cups to drink out of! What! when you are hungry, do you despise every thing but peacock and turbot? *and* when your passions are inflamed, and a common gratification is at hand, would you rather be consumed with desire, than possess it? *If you would,* I would not: for I love such pleasures as are of easiest attainment: But she whose language is, "by and by," "but for a small matter more," "if my husband should be out of the way," *is only* for petits maitres: and for himself, Philodenus says, he chooses her who neither stands for a great price, nor delays to come when she is ordered. Let her be fair and straight, and so far decent, as not to appear desirous of seeming fairer than nature has made her. When I am in the company of such a one, *says he,* she is my Ilia and Egeria: *in short* I give her any *tender* name. Nor am I apprehensive, while I am in her company lest her husband should return from the country; the door should be broken open; the dog should

Pulsa domul strepitu resonet;* vel pallida lecto
Desiliat mulier; miseram se conscia clamet; 130
Cruribus hæc metuat, doti deprensa, egomet mî.
Discinctâ tunicâ fugiendum, est ac pede nudo;
Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama.
Deprendi miserum est: Fabio vel judice vincam.

SATYRA III.

In amicorum vitiis connivendum, neque peccata omnia in scelerum numero ponenda.

Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non 5
Quidquam proficeret: si collibuisset, ab ovo
Usque ad mala† citaret, Iô Bacche, modô summâ.
Voce, modô hâc, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.

* Ne pallida.

† Iteraret, Iô Bacche.

bark; the house shaken, should resound on all sides with a great noise; lest the woman, pale *with fear*, should bound away from me; lest *the maid*, conscious *of guilt*, should cry out she is undone; lest she should be in apprehension for her limbs, the detected *wife* for her portion, *and* I for myself: lest I must run away with my clothes all loose, and barefooted, for fear my money, or my person, or, finally, my character, should be demolished. It is a dreadful thing to be catched: I could prove this, even if Fabius* was the judge.

SATIRE III.

We ought to connive at the faults of our friends, and all faults are not to be ranked in the catalogue of crimes.

THIS is a fault *common* to all singers, that amongst their friends they never are inclined to sing when they are asked, *but* unrequested they never desist. Tigellius, that *singer* of Sardinia, had this *fault*. Had Cæsar, who could have forced him to compliance, beseeched him on account of his father's friendship, and his own, he would have had no success: *But* if *he himself* was disposed *to sing*, he would chant Io Bacche† over and over, from the beginning‡ of an entertainment to the very conclusion of it; one while at the highest pitch of his voice, at another time with that which answers

* An eminent lawyer, who had himself been detected in a frolic of this nature.

† The two initial words of some drinking song, from which the whole took its appellation.

‡ From the egg to the apple: the former of which was served up at the opening the latter at the conclusion, of the feast.

Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem; persæpe velut qui 10
Junonis sacra ferret; habebat* sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos: modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: modò, Sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus
Quamvis crassa queat. Decies centena dedisses 15
Huic parco, paucis contento; quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Mane; diem to tum stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi, Quid tu?
Nullane habes vitia? Imò alia, et† fortasse minora.
Mænius absentem Novium cùm carperet: Heus tu, 21
Quidam ait, ignoras te? an ut ignotum dare nobis
Verba putas? Egomet mî ignosco, Mænius inquit.
Stultus et improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.
Cùm tua pervideas‡ oculis mala lippus inunctis;
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum, 26
Quām aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi contrā
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursùs et illi.
Iracundior est paulò; minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum: rideri possit, eò quod 30

* Alebat. *Bentl.*
† Haud fortasse minora.
‡ Prætereas. *Sanad.*

to the deepest string of the tetrachord. There was nothing uniform in that fellow: frequently would he run along as one flying from an enemy; more frequently *he walked* as if he bore *in procession* the sacrifice of Juno: he had often two hundred slaves, *and* often *but* ten; one while, talking of kings and potentates, *and* every thing that was magnificent; at another, "Let me have *only* a three legged table, and a shell of clean salt, and a gown, which though coarse, may be sufficient to keep out the cold." Had you given ten hundred thousand sesterces to this moderate man, who was content with such small matters, in five days' time there would be nothing in his bags. He sat up at nights, *even* to day-light; he snored out all the day. Never was there any thing so inconsistent with itself. Now some person may say to me, what *are* you? have you no faults? but *they are* others, and perhaps of a less culpable nature.

When Mænius railed at Novius in his absence: hark ye, says a certain person, are you ignorant of your own *character*? or do you think to impose yourself upon us as *a person* we do not know? As for me, I forgive myself, quoth Mænius. This is a foolish and impious *self-love*, and worthy to be stigmatized. When you look over your own vices, winking *wilfully* at them, as it were, with sore eyes, why are you, with regard to those of your friends, as sharp-sighted as an eagle, or the Epidaurian serpent; but on the other side of the question, it is your fate, that your friends should inquire into your vices in turn. *A certain person* is a little too hasty in his temper, *and* not well calculated *to bear* the sharp-witted sneers of these men:

Rusticiùs tonso toga defluit, et malè laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus; at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. Denique teipsum
Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim 35
Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala. Namque
Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.
Illuc prævertamur; amatorem quò amicæ
Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsi hæc
Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus* Agnæ. 40
Vellem in amicitiâ sic erraremus, et isti
Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.
At, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus, amici
Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire: strabonem
Appellat pætum pater; et pullum, malè parvus 45
Si cui filius est, ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus; hunc Varum, distortis cruribus; illum
Balbutit Scaurum, pravis fultum malè talis.
Parciùs hic vivit; frugi dicatur: ineptus
Et jactantior hic paulò est; concinnus amicis 50

* Polypus Hagnæ.

give yourself a good shaking

he may be made a jest of, because his gown hangs awkwardly, he *at the same time* being trimmed in a very rustic manner, and his wide shoe hardly sticks to his foot. But he is *so* good, that no man can be better; but he is your friend; but an immense genius is concealed under this unpolished person of his. Finally, sift yourself thoroughly, whether nature has originally sown the seeds of any vices in you, or even an ill habit *has done it*. For the fern, fit *only* to be burned, overruns the neglected fields.

But let us return from our digression. As his mistress' disagreeable failings escape the blinded lover, or even these give him pleasure, as Agna's wen does to Balbinus, I could wish that we erred in this manner with regard to friendship, and that virtue had affixed a reputable appellation to such an error. And as a father ought not to contemn his son if he has any defect, in the same manner we ought not to *contemn* our friend. The father calls his squinting boy, a pretty leering rogue; and if any man has a little despicable brat, such as the abortive Sisyphus* formerly was, he calls it a sweet moppet: this *child*, with distorted legs, *the father*, in a fondling voice, calls one of the Vari;† and another, who is club-footed, he calls a Scaurus.† *Thus, if* this friend of yours lives more sparingly than ordinary, let him be styled a man of frugality: Another is impertinent, and apt to brag a little; he requires to be reckoned entertaining to his friends: But *another* is too rude, and takes greater liberties

* Sisyphus, the son of M. Antony, the triumvir, was only two feet high.

† The Vari and Scauri were very noble families, and had their names originally from some of these defects.

Postulat ut videatur; at est truculentior, atque
Plùs æquo liber: simplex, fortisque habeatur.
Caldior est: acres inter numeretur. Opinor,
Hæc res et jungit, junctos et servat amicos.
At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque 55
Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
Nobiscum vivit, multùm dimissus homo:* illi
Tardo cognomen pingui damus: hic fugit omnes
Insidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum.
(Cùm genus hoc inter vitæ† versetur, ubi acris 60
Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina) pro bene sano
Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
Simplicior quis et est; (qualem me sæpe libenter
Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas) ut forte legentem
Aut tacitum‡ impellat quovis sermone molestus:
Communi sensu planè caret, inquimus. Eheu 66
Quam temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!
Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur. Amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,
Cùm mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce 70
(Si modò plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet, amari
Si volet; hac lege in trutinâ ponetur eâdem.
Qui ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Postulat; ignoscat verrucis illius. Æquum est
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursùs. 75

* Homo ille. † Hoc inter vitæ versemur.
‡ Aut tacitum appellet, Impediat. *Bentl.*

than are fitting: let him be esteemed a man of sincerity and bravery: Is he too fiery? let him be numbered amongst persons of spirit. This method, in my opinion, both unites friends, and preserves them in a state of union. But we invert the very virtues themselves, and are desirous of throwing dirt upon the untainted vessel. If a man of probity live amongst us, *and is* a person of singular diffidence, we give him the name of a dull and fat headed fellow. This man avoids every snare, and lays himself open to no ill-designing *villain;* (since we live amidst such a *wicked* race, where keen envy and flagitiousness are flourishing) instead of a sensible and wary man, we call him a disguised and subtle fellow. And if any one is more open *and less reserved* than usual (in such a degree as I have often presented myself to you, Mæcenas) so as perhaps impertinently to interrupt a person reading, or musing, with any kind of prate, we cry *this fellow* actually wants common sense. Alas! how indiscreetly do we ordain a severe law against ourselves. For no one is born without vices: *and* he is the best man who is encumbered with the least. When my dear friend, as is *no more than* just, weighs my good qualities against my bad ones, let him, if he is willing to be beloved, turn the scale to the majority of the former, (if I have indeed a majority of good qualities:) on this condition he shall be placed in the same balance. He who requires that his friend should not take offence at his own *great* protuberances, should excuse his friend's *little* warts. It is *but* fair, that he who entreats a pardon for his faults, should *be ready* to grant one in his turn.

Denique, quatenùs excidi penitùs vitium iræ,
Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia; cur non
Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur? ac, res
Ut quæque est, ita suppliciis delicta coërcet?
Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus 80
Semesos pisces tepidumque ligurrierit jus,
In cruce suffigat; Labeone insanior inter
Sanos dicatur. Quanto hoc furiosius, atque
Majus peccatum est? paulùm deliquit amicus;
Quod nisi concedas, habeare insuavis, acerbus; 85
Odisti et fugis, ut Drusonem debitor æris;
Qui nisi, cùm tristes misero venêre Calendæ,
Mercedem, aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras,
Porrecto jugulo, historias, captivus ut, audit.
Comminxit lectum potus, mensâve catillum 90
Evandri manibus tritum* dejecit: ob hanc rem,
Aut positum ante meâ quia pullum in parte catini
Sustulit esuriens, minùs hoc jucundus amicus
Sit mihi? quid faciam, si furtum fecerit, aut si
Prodiderit, commissâ fide, sponsumque negârit? 95
Queis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant
Cùm ventum ad verum est: sensus, moresque repugnant,
Atque ipsa utilitas, justi prope mater et æqui.

* Tortum. *Bentl.*

Upon the whole, forasmuch as the vice anger, as well as others inherent in weak *mortals*, cannot be totally eradicated, why does not *human* reason make use of its own *just* weights and measures, and so punish faults as the nature of the thing demands? If any man should punish with the cross a slave, who, being ordered to take away the dish, should gorge the half-eaten fish, and warm sauce, he would amongst people in their senses be called a madder man than Labeo.* *But* how much more an irrational and heinous crime is this? Your friend, *perhaps*, has been guilty of a small error, which, unless you forgive, you ought to be reckoned a sour, an ill-natured fellow; *and yet* you hate him, and avoid him, as a *poor* debtor does Druso, who, when the woful Calends come upon the unfortunate man, unless he procures the interest or capital by hook or by crook, *is compelled* to hear his spiteful precedents with his neck stretched out like a slave. *Should my friend*, in his liquor, water *my* couch, or has he thrown down a jar carved by the hands of Evander; shall he for this *trifling* affair, or because in his hunger he has taken a chicken before me out of my part of the dish, be the less agreeable friend to me? *If so*, what could I do if he was guilty of theft, or had betrayed things committed to him in confidence, or broke his word? *They* who are pleased to *rank all* faults nearly on an equality are gravelled, when they come to the truth of the matter; *sound* sense and morality are against them, and utility itself, *which is* the *very* mother almost of right and equity.

* Labeo, a petulant, abusive lawyer, who did not spare even Augustus himself.

Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter, 100
Unguibus, et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ pòst fabricaverat usus:
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nominaque invenêre: dehìnc absistere bello,
Oppida cœperunt munire, et ponere leges, 105
Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.
Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrìma belli
Causa: sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
Quos, Venerem incertam rapientes more ferarum,
Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus. 110
Jura ìnventa metu ìnjustì fateare necesse est,
Tempora si fastosque velis evolvere mundi.
Nec Natura potest justo secernere iniquum,
Dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis.
Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet, idemque, 115
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit* hortì,
Et qui nocturnus Divûm sacra legerìt. Adsìt
Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas:
Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectêre flagello.
Nam, ut ferula cædas meritum majora subire 120
Verbera, non vereor: cùm dicas esse pares res
Furta latrociniis; et magnis parva mineris
Falce recisuram simili te, si tibi regnum

* Infregerit. *Bentl.*

When rude animals, they crawled forth upon the first-formed earth, the mute and dirty herd *of them* fought with their nails and fists for their acorns and caves, afterwards with clubs, and finally with *regular* arms, which experience had forged; till they found out words and names, by which they ascertained their language and sensations: henceforward they began to abstain from war, to fortify towns, and establish laws, that no person *with impunity*, might be a thief, a robber, or an adulterer. For before Helen's time, there existed *many* a woman, who was the dismal cause of war: but, those *savage heroes* fell by unknown deaths, whom ravishing uncertain venery, as the bull *does* in the herd, the strongest slew. It must of necessity be acknowledged, if you have a mind to turn over the eras and annals of the world, that laws were invented from an apprehension of the *natural* injustice *of mankind.* Nor can *mere* nature separate what is unjust from what is just, in the same manner as she distinguishes what is good from its reverse, and what is to be avoided from that which is to be sought after: nor will reason persuade men to this, that he, who breaks down the cabbage-stalk of his neighbour, sins in as great a measure, and in the same manner, as he who steals by night things consecrated to the Gods. Let there be a standard *settled*, that may inflict adequate punishments upon crimes, lest you should persecute *any one* with the horrible thong, who is *only* deserving of a slight whipping. For I am not *in the least* apprehensive, that you should correct with the rod one that deserves to suffer severer stripes, since you assert that pilfering is an equal *crime* to high

SATYRA IV.

Satyricorum poëtarum, ac suam præsertim in scribendo licentiam excusat.

Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque Poëtæ,
Atque alii quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quòd malus aut fur,
Quòd mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus; multâ cum libertate notabant 5
Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hosce secutus,
Mutatis tantùm pedibus numerisque; facetus,
Emunctæ naris, durus componere versus:
Nam fuit hoc vitiosus: in horâ sæpe ducentos,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno: 10
Cùm flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles:
Garrulus, atque piger scribendi ferre laborem;
Scribendi rectè: nam ut multum, nil moror. Ecce
Crispinus* minimo me provocat: Accipe, si vis,
†Accipe jam tabulas: detur nobis locus, hora, 15
Custodes; videamus, uter plus scribere possit.
Dî benè fecerunt, inopis me, quòdque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, rarò et perpauca‡ loquentis:
At tu conclusas hircinis follibus auras,

* Mimo me provocat. *Heins.* Nummo me. *Bentl.*
† Accipiam tabulas. ‡ Loquentem. *Lamb.*

SATIRE IV.

He apologizes for the liberties taken by satiric poets in general, and particularly by himself.

THE poets Eupolis, and Cratinus, and Aristophanes, and others, who are authors of the ancient comedy, if there was any person deserving to be distinguished for being a rascal, or a thief, an adulterer, or a cut-throat, or in any shape an infamous fellow, they branded him with great freedom. Upon these *models* Lucilius entirely depends, having imitated them, changing only their feet and numbers: a man of wit, of great keenness, of singular execution in the composition of verses; for in this respect he was faulty; he would often, as a great feat, dictate two hundred verses in an hour, standing in the same position. As he flowed muddily, there was *always* something that one would wish to erase: *he was* verbose, and *too* lazy to endure the fatigue of writing; of writing accurately; for with regard to the quantity of *his works*, I make no account of it. *But* see! Crispinus challenges me *even* for ever so little *a wager*. Take, if you dare, at this instant take your tablets; let there be a place, a time, and persons to see fair play, appointed, *and* let us see who can write the most. The Gods have done a good part by me, since they have framed me of an humble and meek disposition, speaking but seldom, *and then* but briefly: But do you, *Crispinus*, as much as you will, imitate air which is shut up in leathern* bellows, which is perpetually puffing, till the fire softens

* Literally goat's leather.

Usque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis, 20
Ut mavis, imitare. Beatus Fannius ultrò
Delatis capsis et imagine: cùm mea nemo
Scripta legat, vulgo recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
Quod sunt, quos genus hoc minimè juvat, utpote plures
Culpari dignos. Quemvis* mediâ erue turbâ; 25
Aut† ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat.
Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum:
Hunc capit argenti splendor: stupet Albius ære:
Hic mutat merces surgente à sole ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mala præceps 30
Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine: ne quid
Summâ deperdat metuens, aut ampliet ut rem.
Omnes hi metuunt versus; odêre poëtas.
Fœnum habet in cornu, longè fuge; dummodò risum
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico: 35
Et quodcunque semel chartis illeverit, omnes
Gestiet à furno redeuntes scire lacuque,
Et pueros et anus. Agedùm, pauca accipe contrà.
Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poëtas,‡
Excerpam numero; neque enim concludere versum 40

* Mediam eripe turbâ—elige. † Ab avaritiâ. *Douza.*
‡ Poëtis. *Heins.*

the iron. Fannius is a happy man, who, of his own accord, has presented his manuscripts and pictures *to the Palatine Apollo*;* when not a soul will peruse my writings, who am afraid to rehearse in public, on this account, because there are certain persons who can by no means relish this kind *of satiric writing;* as there are very many who deserve censure. Single any man out of the crowd; he either labours under a covetous disposition, or through wretched ambition. One is mad in love with married women, another with children, a third the splendour of silver captivates: Albius is in raptures with † brass; another exchanges his merchandise from the ‡ rising sun, *even* to that with which the western regions are warmed; but he is hurried headlong through dangers, as dust wrapped up in a whirlwind; in dread lest he should lose any thing out of his capital, or *in hope* that he may increase his store. All these are afraid of verses; they hate poets. "He has hay on his horn, *they cry;* avoid him at a great distance: if he can but raise a laugh for his own *diversion*, he will not spare any friend: and whatever he has once blotted upon his paper, he will take a pleasure in letting all the boys and old women know, as they return from the bakehouse, or the lake." *But* come on, *please* to attend to a few words on the other side of the question.

In the first place, *then*, I will except myself out of the number of those I will allow to be poets: for one must not call it sufficient to tag a verse;

* The Augustan repository for the writings and effigies of men of genius.

† Brazen busts and vases. ‡ From the east.

Dixeris esse satis; neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poëtam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum des, nominis hujus honorem.
Id circò quidam, comœdia, necne poëma 45
Esset, quæsivere: quòd acer spiritus ac vis,
Nec verbis nec rebus inest; nisi quòd pede certo
Differt sermoni, sermo merus. At pater ardens
Sævit, quòd meretrice nepos* insanus amicâ
Filius, uxorem grandi cum dote recuset; 50
Ebrius et (magnum quod dedecus) ambulet ante
Noctem cum facibus. Numquid Pomponius istis
Audiret lêviora, pater si viveret? Ergo
Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis;
Quem si dissolvas, quivis stomachetur eodem, 55
Quo personatus pacto pater. His, ego quæ nunc,
Olim quæ scripsit Lucilius, eripias si
Tempora certa modosque, et quod prius ordine verbum est,
Posterius facias, præponens ultima primis;
Non, ut si solvas, *Postquam discordia tetra* 60
Belli ferratos postes portasque refregit;
Invenias etiam disjecti membra poëtæ.

* Meretrice nepos insanit amicâ.

nor if any person, like me, writes in a style bordering on conversation, must you esteem him to be a poet. Who has genius, who has a soul of a divinner cast, and a greatness of expression, give him the honour of this appellation. On this account some have queried whether comedy be a poem or not; because an animated spirit and force is neither in the style nor the subject-matter; bating, that it differs from prose by a certain measure, it is mere prose. But *one may object to this, that even in comedy* an inflamed father rages, because his dissolute son, mad after a prostitute mistress, refuses a wife with a large portion; and (what is an egregious scandal) rambles about drunk with flambeaux by day-light. Yet could Pomponius, were his father alive, hear less severe reproofs? Wherefore it is not sufficient to write verses *merely* in proper language, which, if you take to pieces, any person may storm in the same manner as* the father in the play. If from these verses which I write at this present time, or those that Lucilius did formerly, you take away certain pauses and measures, and make that which was first in order hindermost, by placing the latter words before those that preceded *in the verse*, you will not discern the† limbs of a poet *when* thrown in pieces, in the same manner as you would, were you to transpose ever so *these lines of Ennius:*

When discord dreadful bursts the brazen bars,
And iron rocks she rends to thunder forth her wars.

* Demea, in the Adelphi of Terence.

† Divest these lines as much as you please of the measure, nevertheless the poetical spirit will remain.

Hactenus hæc: aliàs, justum sit necne poëma,
Nunc illud tantum quæram; meritòne tibi sit
Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer 65
Ambulat et Caprius, rauci malè, cumque libellis;
Magnus uterque timor latronibus: at benè si quis
Et puris vivat manibus; contemnat utrumque.
Ut sis tu similis Cœli Byrrhîque latronum:
Non ego sim Caprî neque Sulcî: cur metuas me?
Nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos: 71
Queis manus insudet vulgi, Hermogenisque Tigellî.
Non recito cuiquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus;
Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet. In medio qui
Scripta foro recitent, sunt multi; quique lavantes:
Suave locus voci resonat conclusus. Inanes 76
Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentes, num sine sensu,
Tempore num faciant alieno, Lædere gaudes,
*Inquit, et hoc studio pravus facis. Unde petitum
Hoc in me jacis? est auctor quis denique eorum 80
Vixi cum quibus? absentem qui rodit amicum;
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est; hunc tu, Ramane, caveto.

* Inquis: et hoc.

So far of this matter; at another opportunity, *I may investigate* whether *a comedy* be a true poem or not: now I shall only consider this point, whether this *satiric* kind of writing be deservedly an object of your suspicion *or not*. Sulcius the virulent, and Caprius, *both* hoarse with their malignancy, walk *openly*, and with their * libels too *in their hands;* each of them a singular terror to robbers: but if a man lives honestly, and with clean hands, he may despise them both. Though you be like the highwaymen Cœlus and Byrrhus, I am not *a common accuser*, like Caprius and Sulcius: why *therefore* should you be afraid of me? No shop nor stall holds my books, which the sweaty hands of the vulgar, and of Hermogenes Tigellius, may soil. I repeat to nobody, except my intimates, and that *only when I* cannot possibly avoid it; not any where, and before any body. There are many who recite their writings in the middle of the forum, and who *do it* while bathing: the closeness of the place, *it seems*, gives melody to the voice. This pleases coxcombs, who never consider whether they do this to no purpose, or at an improper time. But you, says he, delight to hurt people, and this you do out of a mischievous disposition. From what source do you throw this calumny upon me? Is any one then your voucher, with whom I have lived *in intimacy?* He who backbites his absent friend, *nay more*, who does not defend at another's accusing him; who affects to raise loud laughs in company, and the reputation of a funny fellow, *at other's expense;* who can make things he never saw; who cannot keep secrets; he is a dangerous man: be

* Tablets containing articles of indictment.

Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos:
E quibus* unus avet quâvis aspergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam; post, hunc quoque potus,
Condita cùm verax aperit præcordia Liber.
Hic tibi comis et urbanus, liberque videtur, 90
Infesto nigris: ego si risi, quòd ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum,
Lividus et mordax videor tibi? Mentio si qua
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petillî
Te coram fuerit; defendas, ut tuus est mos; 95
Me Capitolinus convictore usus amicoque
A puero est, causâque meâ permulta rogatus
Fecit; et incolumis lætor quòd vivit in Urbe:
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacta judicium illud
Fugerit. Hic nigræ succus loliginis; hæc est 100
Ærugo mera: quod vitium procul abfore chartis,
Atque animo priùs, ut si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud, verè promitto. Liberiùs si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum veniâ dabis. Insuevit pater optimus hoc me, 105
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo quod mî ipse parasset;
Nonne vides, Albî ut male vivat filius? utque

* E quibus unus amet.

you aware of him. You may often see it, *even in crowded companies*, where twelve sup together on three couches; one of which shall delight at any rate to asperse the rest, except him* who furnishes the bath; *and* him too afterwards in his liquor, when truth-telling Bacchus opens the secrets of his heart. *Yet* this man seems entertaining, and well-bred, and frank to you, who are an enemy to the malignant: but do I, if I have laughed because the fop Rufillus smells all perfumes, and Gorgonius like a he-goat, appear invidious and a snarler to you? If by any means mention happen to be made of the thefts of Petillus Capitolinus in your company, you defend him after your manner: *as thus*, Capitolinus has had me for a companion and friend, *even* from childhood, and, on being applied to, has done many things on my account; and I am glad that he lives secure in the city: but I wonder, notwithstanding, how he evaded that sentence ~~*that was passed against him*~~. This is the very essence of invidious poison; this is mere malice itself; which crime, that it shall be far remote from my writings, and prior to them from my mind, I sincerely promise, if I can take upon me to promise any thing of myself. If I shall say any thing *in my writings* too freely, if perhaps too ludicrously, you must favour me, by your indulgence, with this allowance. *For my* excellent father inured me to this custom, that by noting each particular vice, I might avoid it by the example *of others*. When he exhorted me that I should live thriftily, frugally, and content with what he had provided for me: do not you see, *would he say*, how wretchedly the son of Albius lives? and

* The host, master of the feast.

Barrus inops? magnum documentum, ne patriam
rem 110
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore
Cùm deterreret? Sectani dissimilis sis.
Ne sequerer mœchas, concessâ cùm Venere uti
Possem: Deprensi non bella est fama Trebonî,
Aiebat. Sapiens, vitatu quidque petitu 115
Sit melius, causas reddet tibi: mî satis est, si
Traditum ab antiquis morem servare, tuamque,
Dum custodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
Incolumem possim. Simul ac duraverit ætas
Membra animumque tuum, nabis sine cortice. Sic
me 120
Formabat puerum dictis: et sive jubebat
Ut facerem quid, Habes auctorem, quo facias hoc:
Unum ex judicibus selectis objiciebat:
Sive vetabat, An hoc inhonestum et inutile factu
Necne sit, addubites, flagret rumore malo cùm 125
Hic atque ille?* Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit:
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
Absterrent vitiis. Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis,
Perniciem quæcunque ferunt: mediocribus, et
queis 130
Ignoscas, vitiis teneor: fortassis et isthinc
Largitur abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
Consilium proprium: neque enim, cùm lectulus,
aut me

* Vides vicinum funus.

how miserably Barrus? An affecting lesson to hinder any one from squandering away his patrimony. When he would deter me from filthy fondness for a strumpet: *take care, said he*, that you do not resemble Sectanus. That I might not follow adulteresses, when I could enjoy a lawful amour: the character, cried he, of Trebonius, who was caught in the fact, is by no means clever. The philosopher may tell you the reasons what is better to be avoided, and what to be pursued. It is sufficient for me, if I can preserve the morality traditional from my forefathers, and keep your life and reputation inviolate, so long as you stand in need of a guardian: As soon as age shall have strengthened your limbs and mind, you will swim without cork. In this manner he formed me, as yet a boy: and whether he ordered me to do any particular thing, You have an authority, *boy*, for doing this; *then* he instanced some one out of the select magistrates: or did he forbid me *any thing*, can you doubt, *says he*, whether this thing be dishonourable, and against your interest to be done, when this person and the other is become such a burning shame for his bad character *on these accounts?* As a neighbouring funeral dispirits sick gluttons, and, through fear of death, forces them to have mercy upon themselves, so other men's disgraces often deter tender minds from vices. From this *method of education*, I am clear from all such vices as bring destruction along with them: By lesser foibles, and such as you may think venial, I am possessed. And even from these, perhaps, a maturer age, the sincerity of a friend, *or* my own judgment, may make great reductions.

Porticus excepit, desum mihi: rectius hoc est;
Hoc faciens vivam meliùs, sic dulcis amicis 135
Occurram: hoc quidam non bellè: numquid ego illi
Imprudens olim faciam simile? Hæc ego mecum
Compressis agito labris. Ubi quid datur otî,
Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum: cui si concedere nolis, 140
Multa poëtarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi (nam multò plures sumus) ac veluti te
Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

SATYRA V.

Iter quoddam suum Româ Brundusium usque singulari cum festivitate describit.

Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ
Hospitio modico: rhetor comes Heliodorus,
*Græcorum longè doctissimus: inde Forum Appî,
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi divisimus, altiùs ac nos 5
Præcinctis, unum: minus est gravis Appia tardis.
Hic ego, propter aquam, quòd erat deterrima, ventri
Indico bellum, cœnantes haud animo æquo
Expectans comites. Jam nox inducere terris
Umbras, et cœlo diffundere signa parabat: 10

* Græcorum linguæ doctissimus.

For neither when I am in bed, or *walking* in the piazzas, am I wanting to myself: this way of proceeding is better: by doing such a thing, I shall live more comfortably: by this means, I shall render myself agreeable to my friends: such a transaction was not clever: what, shall I at any time impudently commit any thing like it? These things I revolve in silence by myself. When I have any leisure, I amuse myself with my papers. This is one of those lesser foibles *I was speaking of:* to which, if you do not grant your indulgence, a numerous band of poets will come, which will take my part: (for we are many more in number *now than ever;*) and, like the Jews, we will force you to come over to our numerous party.

SATIRE V.

He describes a certain journey of his, from Rome to Brundusium, with great pleasantry.

Having left magnificent Rome, Aricia received me in *but* a middling inn: Heliodorus the rhetorician, by far the most learned of the Grecians, *was* my fellow-traveller: Thence we proceeded to Forum-Appii, stuffed with sailors and surly landlords. This stage, but one for persons more expedite than we, being laggard, we divided into two: the Appian Way is less tiresome to bad travellers. Here I, on account of the water, which was execrable, proclaim war against my belly, waiting not without impatience for my companions, whilst at supper. Now the night was preparing to spread her shadows upon the earth, and to display the constellations in the heavens. Then our slaves

Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
Ingerere. Huc appelle. Trecentos inseris: ohe
Jam satis est. Dum æs exigitur, dum mula ligatur
Tota habit hora. Mali culices, ranæque palustres
Avertunt somnos.* Absentem cantat amicam 15
Multâ prolutus vappâ nauta, atque viator
Certatim: tandem fessus dormire viator
Incipit; ac missæ pastum retinacula mulæ
Nauta piger saxo religat, stertitque supinus.
Jamque dies aderat, cùm nil procedere lintrem 20
Sentimus; donec cerebrosus prosilit unus,
Ac mulæ nautæque caput lumbosque saligno
Fuste dolat. Quartâ vix demum exponimur horâ.
Ora manusque tuâ† lavimus, Feronia, lymphâ.
Millia tum pransi tria repimus, atque subimus 25
Impositum saxis latè candentibus Anxur.
Huc venturus erat Mæcenas optimus atque
Cocceius, missi magnis de rebus uterque
Legati; aversos soliti componere amicos.
Hîc oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus 30
Illinere. Intereà Mæcenas advenit atque
Cocceius, Capitoque simul Fonteius, ad unguem
Factus homo, Antonî, non ut magis alter, amicus.

* Absentem ut cantat amicam. † Lavimur. *Heins.*

began to be liberal of their abuse to the watermen, and the watermen to our slaves. "Here, bring to, *ye dogs*." "You are stowing in hundreds: hold, now *sure* there is enough." Thus, while the fare is paid, and the mule fastened, a whole hour is passed away. The cursed gnats, and frogs of the fens, drive off repose. While the waterman, and a passenger well soaked with plenty of thick wine, vie with one another in singing the praises of their absent mistresses; at length the passenger, being fatigued. begins to sleep; and the lazy waterman ties the halter of the mule, turned out a-grazing, to a *great* stone, and snores, lying flat on his back. And now the day approached, when we saw the boat made no way: until a choleric fellow, one of the passengers, leaps out of the boat, and drubs the head and sides of *both* mule and waterman with a willow cudgel. At last, we were scarcely set ashore at the fourth hour.* We *instantly* wash our faces and hands in thy water, O Feronia. Then having dined, we crawled on three miles *farther*; and arrived under Anxur, which is built upon rocks that look white to a great distance. Mæcenas was to come here, as was the excellent Cocceius, both sent ambassadors on matters of great importance, having been *before* accustomed to reconcile† friends at variance. Here, having got sore eyes, I was obliged to the use of th black ointment. In the meantime came Mæcenas, and Cocceius, and Fonteius Capito along with them, a nobleman of the greatest accomplishments, and intimate with Mark Antony, no man more so.

* Our ten o'clock. † Octavius and Antony.

Fundos Aufidio Lusco prætore libenter
Linquimus, insani ridentes præmia scribæ, 35
Prætextam, et latem clavum, prunæque vatillum.
In Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus,
Murenâ præbente domum, Capitone culinam.
Postera lux oritur multò gratissima namque
Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque . 40
Occurrunt: animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit; neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
O, qui complexus, et guadia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
Proxima Campano ponti quæ villula, tectum 45
Præbuit; et parochi, quæ debent, ligna salemque.
Hinc muli Capuæ clitellas tempore ponunt.
Lusum it Mæcenas; dormitum ego Virgiliusque:
Namque pilâ lippis inimicum et ludere crudis.
Hinc nos Cocceii recipit plenissima villa, 50
Quæ super est Caudî cauponas. Nunc mihi paucis
Sarmenti scurræ pugnam Messîque Cicerri,
Musa, velim memores; et quo patre natus uterque
Contulerit lites. Messî clarum genus—Osci:

Without regret, we *next* passed Fundi, where Aufidius Luscus was prætor, laughing *heartily* at the honours of *that* crazy scribe, *namely*, his prætexta, laticlave, and pan of incense. At our next *stage*, being weary, we tarry in the city of the Mamurræ,* Murena complimenting us with his house, and Capito with his kitchen.

The next day arises by much the most agreeable of all: for Plotius and Varius, and Virgil, met us at Sinuessa: souls, more candid ones than which the world never produced, nor is there a person in the world more devoted to them than myself. O what embraces, and what transports, were there *amongst us! While I am* in my senses, nothing *on earth* can I prefer to a companionable friend. The village which is next adjoining to the bridge of Campania accommodated us with lodging *at night;* and the public officers with such a quantity of fuel and salt as they are obliged to *by law*. From this place, the mules deposited their pack-saddles at Capua by times *in the morning*. Mæcenas goes to play *at tennis;* but I and Virgil to our repose: for to play at tennis is hurtful to weak eyes and feeble constitutions.

From this place, the villa of Cocceius, situated above the Caudian inns, which abounds with plenty *of every thing that is good*, receives us. Now, my muse, I beg of you briefly to relate the *notable* engagement between the buffoon Sarmentus and Messius Cicerrus; and from what ancestry descended, each entered to the contest. The illustrious race of Messius—Oscian;† Sarmentus' mistress is

* *Formiæ*, from whence the family of the Mamurræ was derived.

† A very strong irony, for the Oscians were infamous to a proverb.

Sarmenti domina extat. Ab his majoribus orti 55
Ad pugnam venêre. Prior Sarmentus: Equi te
Esse feri similem dico. Ridemus; et ipse
Messius, Accipio; caput et movet. O! tua cornu
Ni foret exsecto frons, inquit, quid faceres; cùm
Sic mutilus minitaris! at illi fœda cicatrix 60
Setosam levi frontem turpaverat oris.
Campanum in morbum, in faciem permulta jocatus,
Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa, rogabat:
Nil illi larvâ aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.
Multa Cicerrus ad hæc. Donâsset jamne catenam
Ex voto Laribus, quærebat: scriba quòd esset, 66
Deterius nihilo dominæ jus esse. Rogabat
Denique, Cur unquam fugisset, cui satis una
Farris libra foret, gracili sic, tamque pusillo.
Prorsùs jucundè cœnam produximus illam. 70
Tendimus hinc rectâ Beneventum; ubi sedulus hospes
Penè arsit, macros dum turdos versat in igne:
Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum:

still alive.* Sprung from such families as these, they came to the combat. *And* first Sarmentus, "I pronounce thee to have the very look of a mad horse." We laugh; and Messius himself *says*, "I accept your challenge;" and wags his head, "O!" cries he, "if the horn was not cut off your forehead, what would you not do; since, maimed as you are, you bully at such a rate!" For a foul scar had disgraced the left part of Messius's grisly forehead. *Then*, cutting many jokes upon his Campanian disease, *and* upon his face, he desired him to exhibit Polyphemus's dance; that he had no occasion for a mask, or the tragic buskins. Cicerrus *retorted* largely to these; he asked, whether he had consecrated his chain to the household Gods, according to his vow; though he was a scribe, *he told him*, his mistress's property *in him* was not the less *on that account*. Lastly, he asked, how he ever came to run away; such a lank, meagre fellow, for whom a pound of corn *a day*† would be *more than sufficient*. *In short*, we were so diverted, that we continued that supper to an unusual length.

From hence we proceed straight on for Beneventum, where the bustling landlord almost burnt himself in roasting some lean thrushes; for the fire falling through the old kitchen *floor*, the spreading flame made a very great progress to the highest part of the roof. Then you might have seen the hungry guests and frightened slaves snatching the

* Sarmentus was consequently a slave.

† By the laws of the twelve tables, slaves were allowed a pound of corn a-day each.

Convivas avidos cœnam, servosque timentes 75
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.
Incipit ex illo montes Appulia notos
Ostentare mihi, quos torret Atabulus; et quos
Nunquam erepsêmus, nisi nos vicina Trivici
Villa recepisset, lachrymoso non sine fumo; 80
Udos cum foliis ramos urente camino.
Hîc ego mendacem stultissimus usque puellam
Ad mediam noctem expecto: somnus tamen aufert
Intentum Veneri: tum immundo somnia visu
Nocturnam vestem maculant, ventremque supinum.
Quatuor hinc rapimur viginti et millia rhedis, 86
Mansuri oppidulo, quod versu dicere non est,
Signis perfacile est. Venit vilissima rerum
Hîc aqua: sed panis longè pulcherrimus, ultrà
Callidus ut soleat humeris portare viator: 90
Nam Canusî lapidosus: aquæ non ditior urna;
Qui locus à forti Diomede est conditus olim.
Flentibus hinc Varius discedit mœstus amicis.
Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus; utpote longum
Carpentes iter, et factum corruptius imbri. 95
Postera tempestas melior, via pejor, ad usque

supper out *of the flames*, and every body endeavouring to extinguish the fire.

After this, Apulia began to discover to me her * well-known mountains, which the Atabulus † scorches *with his blasts;* and through which we should never have crept, unless the neighbouring village of Trivicus had received us, *but* not without a smoke that brought tears in our eyes, *occasioned* by a hearth's burning some green boughs with the leaves upon them. Here, like a great fool as I was, I wait till midnight for a deceitful mistress: Sleep, however, overcomes me, whilst meditating love; and disagreeable dreams make me ashamed of myself, and every thing about me.

From hence we were bowled away in chaises twenty-four miles, intending to stop at a little town which one cannot name in a verse,‡ but is easily enough known by description. For water is sold here, though it is the worst in the world: but their bread is exceeding fine, insomuch that the wary traveller is used to carry it willingly on his shoulders; for *the bread* is gritty at Canusium; which place was formerly built by the valliant Diomedes, and has not a pitcherful more water *than the former*. Here Varius departs dejected from his weeping friends.

From hence we came to Rubi *very much* fatigued; because we made a long journey, and it was rendered still more troublesome by the rains. Next day the weather was better, *but* the road worse,

* Appulia was Horace's native country.

† A wind the same as Iapyx. *Vide* Ode III. *Lib.* 1.

‡ *Æquotuticum* was the town, whose name cannot stand in a hexameter verse.

Barî mœnia piscosi. Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque;
Dum flammâ sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus Apella; 110
Non ego: namque Deos didici securum agere ævum;
Nec, si quid miri faciat natura, Deos id
Tristes ex alto cœli demittere tecto.
Brundusium longæ finis chartæque viæque.

SATYRA VI.

AD MÆCENATEM.

De verâ nobilitate.

Non, quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quicquid Etruscos
Incoluit fines, nemo generosior est te;
Nec quòd avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Olim qui magnis* legionibus imperitârint;
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco 5

* Legionibus imperitarent.

even to the very walls of Barium, that abounds in fish. In the next place Egnatia, which *seems to have* been built* on troubled waters, gave us occasion for jests and laughter; for *they* wanted to persuade us, that at this sacred portal the incense melted without *the help* of fire. The Jew Appella † may believe this: not I: For I have learned *from Epicurus*, that the Gods dwell in a state of tranquillity; nor, if nature effect any wonder, that the anxious Gods send it from the high canopy of the heavens.

Brundusium ends both my long journey and my paper.

SATIRE VI.

TO MÆCENAS.

Of true nobility.

O MÆCENAS, though of all the Lydians ‡ that *ever* inhabited the Tuscan territories, no one is of a nobler family than yourself; and though you have ancestors both on father and mother's side, that in times past have had the command of great armies, yet you do not, as the generality are wont, toss up your nose at obscure people, such as me,

* There are two meanings in the original, *iratis lymphis*, &c. The first says, the town was built in despite of the waters, as if they were offended at its being built. The second, that its inhabitants were visionaries, lunatics, LYMPHATICI. Francis.—But there is a third interpretation, which seems more plausible, *viz.* that the water was very bad at this place.

† *Or*, the circumcised Jew.

‡ There is a tradition, that the Lydians under Tyrrhenus, the son of Hercules, came into Italy, and possessed themselves of Tuscany.

Ignotos, ut me libertino patre natum:
Cùm referre negas, quali sit quisque parente
Natus, dum ingenuus. Persuades hoc tibi verè,
Ante potestatem Tullî, atque ignobile regnum,
Multos sæpe viros nullis majoribus ortos, 10
Et vixisse probos, amplis et honoribus auctos.
Contrà, Lævinum, Valerî genus, unde Superbus
Tarquinius* regno pulsus fuit, unius assis
Non unquàm pretio pluris licuisse, notante
Judice, quem nôsti, populo; qui stultus honores
Sæpe dat indignis, et famæ servit ineptus; 16
Qui stupet in titulis, et imaginibus. Quid oportet
Nos facere, à vulgo† longè latèque remotos?
Namque esto, populus Lævino mallet honorem,
Quàm Decio mandare novo; censorque moveret
Appius, igenuo si non essem patre natus: 21
Vel meritò, quoniam in propriâ non pelle quiêssem.
Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru

* Regno pulsus fugit. † Longo latèque remotos.

who had *only* a freedman for my father; since you deny that it is of any consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit. You persuade yourself, with *great* truth, that before the dominion of Tullius, and the reign* of one born a slave, frequently numbers of men, descended from ancestors of no rank, have both lived *with the reputation of* men of merit, and have been distinguished by the greatest honours; *while*, on the other hand, Lævinus, the descendant of that famous Valerius, by whose means Tarquinius Superbus fled, being expelled from his kingdom, was not a farthing more esteemed *on account of his family, even* in the judgment of the people, whose disposition you are *perfectly* acquainted with, *and* who frequently foolishly bestow honours on the unworthy, and are, out of their stupidity, slaves to a name; who are struck with admiration by inscriptions and statues. What *then* is it fitting for us to do, who are far, very far removed from the vulgar *in our sentiments?* For grant it, that the people had rather confer a dignity on Lævinus than on Decius, who is a new man;† and the censor Appius would expel me the *senate-house*, because I was not sprung from a sire of distinction; and that too deservedly, inasmuch as I rested not content in my own condition. But *yet* glory captivates in her dazzling car the obscure, as closely fettered as those of nobler birth. What

* Ignoble, because Servius Tullius was the son of a female captive.

† *Novus homo*, literally *a new man*, was a term of reproach for an obscure person, or one that was the first great man of his family.

Non minùs ignotos generosis.* Quò tibi, Tulli,
Sumere depositum clavum, fierique trib uno? 25
Invidia accrevit, privato quæ minor esset.
Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit crus
Pellibus, ac latum demisit pectore clavum;
Audit continuò: Quis homo hic; et quo patre natus?
Ui si qui ægrotet quo morbo Barrus, haberi 30
Et cupiat formosus; eat quâcunque, puellis
Injiciat curam quærendi singula; quali
Sit facie, surâ quali, pede, dente, capillo:
Sic qui promittit, cives, Urbem sibi curæ,
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra Deorum; 35
Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus,
Omnes mortales curare et quærere cogit.
Tune Syri, Damæ, aut Dionysî filius, audes
Dejicere è saxo cives, aut tradere Cadmo?
At Novius collega gradu post me sedet uno; 40
Namque est ille, pater quod erat meus. Hoc tibi Paulus,
Et Messala videris? At hic, si plaustra ducenta,
Concurrantque foro tria funera, magna sonabit,

* Quo tibi Tilli.

would it profit you, O Tullius, to resume the robe that you *were forced* to lay aside, and become a tribune *again?* Envy increased upon you, which had been less, if you had remained in a private station. For when any crazy fellow has *once* laced the middle of his leg with the sable buskins, and hath let flow the purple robe from his breast, he immediately hears: "Who is this man? Whose son is he?" Just as if there be any one who labours under the same distemper as Barrus does, and is ambitious of being reckoned handsome, let him go where he will, he excites a curiosity amongst the girls of inquiring into particulars; as, what sort of face, leg, what sort of foot, teeth, hair, he has. Thus he, who engages to his *fellow*-citizens to take care of the city, the empire and Italy, and the sanctuaries of the Gods, forces every mortal to be solicitous, and to interrogate from what sire he is descended, or whether he is base by the obscurity of his mother. What, do you, the son of a Syrus,* a Dama, or a Dionysius, dare to cast down the citizens of Rome from the *Tarpeian* rock, or deliver them up to Cadmus *the executioner?* But, *you may say*, my colleague Novius sits below me one degree: for he is *only* what my father was. And therefore do you esteem yourself a Paulus or a Messala? But he (*Novius*) if two hundred carriages and three funerals were to meet in the forum, could make noise† enough to drown all their horns

* Names of slaves.

† Had such a strength of voice. Noise is so apt to take with the vulgar; and thus he was raised, by no other merit, to honours in the state.

Cornua quod vincatque tubas: saltem tenet hoc nos.
Nunc ad me redeo libertîno patre natum: 45
Quem rodunt omnes libertîno patre natum.
Nunc, quia, Mæcenas, tibi sum convictor; at olim,
Quŏd mihi parêret legio Romana tribuno.
Dissimile hoc illi est: quia non, ut forsit honorem
Jure mihi invideat quivis, ita te quoque amicum;
Præsertim cautum dignos assumere, pravâ 51
Ambitione procul. Felicem dicere non hoc
Me possum, casu quŏd te sortitus amicum;
Nulla* etenim tibi me fors obtulit: optimus olim
Virgilius, post hunc Varius, dixêre quid essem. 55
Ut veni coram, singultim pauca locutus,
(Infans namque pudor prohibebat plura profari)
Non ego me claro natum patre, non ego circum
Me Satureiano vectari rura caballo,
Sed quod eram, narro: respondes, ut tuus est mos, 60
Pauca: abeo; et revocas nono post mense, jubesque,
Esse in amicorum numero: magnum hoc ego duco,

* Nulla etenim mihi te.

and trumpets: this kind *of merit* at least has its weight with us.

Now I return to myself, who am descended from a freedman; whom every body nibbles at, as being descended from a freedman. Now *they do it*, because, Mæcenas, I am a constant guest of yours; but formerly *they did it*, because a Roman legion was under my command, as being *then a military* tribune. This latter *case* is different from the former; for, though any person perhaps might justly envy me that post of honour, yet could he not do so with regard to your being my friend; especially as you are *very* cautious to admit *only* such as are worthy of *your esteem;* and are far from having any sinister ambitious *views in soliciting it.* I cannot reckon myself a lucky fellow, on this account, *viz.* that it was by accident that I got you for my friend; for no kind of accident threw me in your way. That best of men, Virgil, long ago, and after him Varius, told what I was. When first I came into your presence, I spoke *only* a few words in a broken manner; (for childish bashfulness hindered me from speaking more;) I did not *pretend to* tell you that I was the issue of an illustrious father: I did not *pretend* that I rode about the country (*or*, about my country estate) on a Saturcian* horse, but plainly tell what I really was: You answer, as your custom is, a few words: I depart; and you re-invite me after the ninth month, and command *me* to be in the number of your friends. I esteem it a singular *honour* that I pleased you, who distinguish probity from baseness, not by the

* *Satureium*, or *Saturum*, was a town or district in Calabria, near Tarentum, famous for the breed of horses.

Quòd placuit tibi, qui turpi secernis honestum,
Non patre præclaro, sed vitâ et pectore puro.
Atqui si vitiis mediocribus ac mea paucis 65
Mendosa est natura, alioqui recta (velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos)
Si neque avaritiam, neque sordes, ac mala lustra
Objiciet verè quisquam mihi; purus et insons,
(Ut me collaudem) si et vivo carus amicis, 70
Causa fuit pater his: qui macro pauper agello
Noluit in Flavî ludum me mittere, magni
Quò pueri magnis è centurionibus orti,
Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto,
Ibant octonis referentes Idibus æra: 75
Sed puerum est ausus Romam portare, docendum
Artes, quas doceat quivis eques atque senator,
Semet prognatos; vestem, servosque sequentes
In magno ut populo, si quis vidisset, avitâ
Ex re præberi sumptus mihi crederet illos. 80
Ipse mihi custos incorruptissimus omnes
Circum doctores aderat. Quid multa? pudicum
(Qui primus virtutis honos) servavit, ab omni
Non solùm facto, verùm opprobrio quoque turpis
Nec timuit, sibi ne vitio quis verteret olim. 85
Si præco parvas, aut (ut fuit ipse) coactor
Mercedes sequerer; neque ego essem questus.
*Ob hoc nunc

* Ad hæc nunc.

illustriousness of a father, but by the purity of heart, and the manner of living.

But if my disposition be culpable for a few faults, and those small ones, *and is* otherwise perfect; as if you should condemn moles scattered over a beautiful skin; if no one can justly lay to my charge avarice, nor sordidness, nor impure pursuits; if, *in fine*, to speak in my own praise, I live undefiled and innocent, and dear to my friends; my father was the cause of all this, who, *though* a poor man, on a lean farm, was unwilling to send me to a *country* school, under the *pedant* Flavius, where great boys, sprung from great centurions, having their satchels and copy-book swung over their left arm, went with money in their hands, the very day it was due; but had the spirit to bring me, *as yet* a child, to Rome, to be taught those arts which any Roman knight and senator can teach his own children. That if any person had considered my dress, and the slaves that attended me in so populous a city, he would have concluded that those expenses were supplied to me out of some *great* hereditary estate. He himself, of all others the most faithful guardian, was constantly about every one of my preceptors. *But* why should I multiply words? he preserved me chaste, (which is the first honour of virtue,) not only from every actual guilt, but likewise from every foul imputation: nor was he afraid lest any should turn it to his reproach, if I should come to follow a business attended with small profits, in capacity of an auctioneer, or (what he was himself) a tax-gatherer. Nor (*had that been the case*) should I have complained. On this account the more praise is due to him, and from me a greater degree of gratitude. As long as I am

Laus illi debetur, et à me gratia major.
Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus: eòque
Non, ut magna dolo factum negat esse suo pars,
Quòd non ingenuos habeat clarosque parentes, 91
Sic me defendam. Longe mea discrepat istis
Et vox et ratio. Nam si natura juberet
A certis annis ævum remeare peractum,
Atque alios legere ad fastum quoscunque parentes 95
Optaret sibi quisque: meis contentus, honestos
Fascibus et sellis nollem mihi sumere; demens
Judicio vulgi, sanus fortasse tuo; quòd
Nollem onus, haud unquam solitus, portare molestum.
Nam mihi continuò major quærenda foret res, 100
Atque salutandi plures; ducendus et unus
Et comes alter, uti ne solus rusve peregrève
Exirem; plures calones, atque caballi
Pascendi; ducenda petorrita. Nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum; 105
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret, atque eques armos.
Objiciet nemo sordes mihi,* quas tibi, Tulli,
Cùm Tiburte viâ prætorem quinque sequuntur
Te pueri, lasanum portantes œnophorumque.
Hoc ego commodiùs, quàm tu, præclare senator,
Millibus atque aliis vivo. Quâcunque libido est, 111
Incedo solus: pecunctor quanti olus, ac far:
Fallacem Circum, vespertinumque pererro

* Quas tibi Tilli.

in my senses, I can never be ashamed of such a father as this: and therefore shall not apologize for my *birth*, in the manner that numbers do, by denying it to be a fault of theirs. My language and way of thinking are remotely different from such persons. For if nature was to make us, from a certain term of years to go over our past time again, and *suffer* us to choose other parents, such as every man for ostentation's sake would wish for himself, I, content with my own, would not assume those that are honoured with the ensigns and seats of state; *for this I should seem* a madman in the opinion of the mob, but in yours, I hope, a man of sense; because I would be unwilling to sustain a troublesome burden, being by no means used to it. For I must *then* immediately set about acquiring a larger fortune, and more people must be complimented; and this and that companion must *always* be taken along, that I could neither take a jaunt into the country, or a journey by myself: more domestics and more horses must be fed; coaches *too* must be drawn *in train*. Now, if I please, I can go as far as Tarentum on my bob-tailed mule, whose loins the portmanteau galls with its weight, as does the ~~awkward~~ horseman his shoulders. *Yet for all this*, no one can lay to my charge such sordidness as he may, Tullius, to you, when five slaves follow you, a prætor, along the Tiburtian Way, carrying a travelling kitchen, and a vessel* of wine. Thus I live more comfortably, O illustrious senator, than you, and than thousands of others. Whereever I have a fancy, I walk by myself: I inquire into the price of herbs and bread: I traverse the tricking Circus,† and the Forum often in the even-

* In order to prevent the expense of stopping at the inns.

† The resort of the cheating augurs and fortune-tellers.

Sæpe forum: assisto divinis: inde domum me
Ad porri et ciceris refero laganique catinum. 115
Cœna ministratur pueris tribus; et lapis albus
Pocula cum cyatho duo sustinet; adstat echinus
Vilis, cum paterâ guttus, Campana supellex.
Deinde eo dormitum, non solicitus, mihi quòd cras
Surgendum sit mane, obeundus Marsya, qui se 120
Vultum ferre negat Noviorum posse minoris.
Ad quartam jaceo; post hanc vagor, aut* ego lecto
Aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet, ungor olivo,
Non quo fraudatis immundus Natta lucernis.
Ast ubi me fessum sol acrior ire lavatum 125
Admonuit,† fugio rabiosi tempora signi.
Pransus non avidè, quantum interpellet inani
Ventre diem durare, domesticus otior. Hæc est
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.
His me consolor, victurum suaviùs, ac si 130
Quæstor avus, pater atque meus, patruusque fuissent.

* Ego, lecto aut scripto quod me tacitum juvet, ungor olivo, *Disparent hæc verba, in participia migrantia, suntque, Abl. casus absol. pos.* Ains.

† Campum lusumque trigonem.

ing: I stand listening amongst the fortune-tellers: thence I take myself home to a plate of onions, pulse, and pancakes. My supper is served up by three slaves; and a white stone *slab* supports two cups and a tumbler: near them stands a homely ewer, and a cruet, with a little bowl, *all* earthenware from Campania. Then I go to rest; by no means concerned because I must rise in the morning, and pay a visit to *the statue of* Marsyas,* who *absolutely* disclaims that he is able to bear the look of the younger Novius. I lie a-bed to the fourth hour: after that, I take a ramble, or write or read what may amuse me in my privacy. I am anointed with oil, but not with such as the nasty *niggard* Natta is, when he robs the lamps. But when the sun, become more violent, has reminded me to go to bathe, I escape the hour of his scorching influence. Having dined in a temperate manner, just enough to hinder me from having an empty stomach during *the rest* of the day, I trifle in my own house. This is the life of those who are free from wretched and burdensome ambition; with such things as these, I comfort myself in a way to live more delightfully than if my grandfather had been a quæstor,† and father and uncle too.

* The statue of Marsyas the satyr, who contended with Apollo, and was flayed for his presumption, was erected in the Forum, opposite the seat of the Magistrates; and the poet pleasantly goes on to say, it stood in such an attitude as showed his indignation to behold a man, who had been a slave, now sitting among the magistrates of Rome. The satyr, in his resentment at such a sight, forgets the pain of his being flayed alive. This was likewise the usual place of bankers.

† The Quæstorship was a place of great honour and profit.

SATYRA VII.

Rupilii et Persii rixam facetè describit.

Proscripti Regis Rupilî pus atque venenum
Hybrida quo pacto sit Persius ultus, opinor
Omnibus et lippis notum et tonsoribus esse.
Persius hic permagna negotia dives habebat
Clazomenis, etiam lites cum Rege molestas; 5
Durus homo, atque odio qui posset vincere Regem;
Confidens, tumidusque; adeò sermonis amari,
Sisennas, Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.
Ad Regem redeo. Postquam nihil inter utrumque
Convenit; hoc etenim sunt omnes jure molesti, 10
Quo fortes, quibus adversum bellum incidit. Inter
Hector Priamiden, animosum atque inter Achillem
Ira fuit capitalis, ut ultima dĭvideret mors:
Non aliam ob causam, nisi quòd virtus in utroque
Summa fuit. Duo si* discordia vexet inertes, 15

* Discordia vexet inertes.

SATIRE VII.

He humorously describes a squabble betwixt Rupilius and Persius.

In what manner the mongrel Persius* revenged the filth and venom of Rupilius, surnamed King, is, I think, known to all the blind and barbers *in Rome.* This Persius, being a man of fortune, had a very great deal of business at Clazomene,† and, into the bargain, *certain* troublesome litigations with King; a hardened fellow, and one who was able to exceed *even* King in virulence; confident, blustering, *and* of such a bitterness of speech, that he would outstrip the Sisennæ and Barri,‡ if ever so well equipped § *for the purpose.*

But I return to King. After nothing could be settled betwixt them; for people amongst whom adverse war breaks out are proportionably vexatious, on the same account as they are brave. Thus, between Hector, the son of Priam, and the high-spirited Achilles, the rage was of so capital a nature, that only the final destruction *of one of them* could determine it; *and this* on no other account than that valour in each of them was consummate. If discord sets two cowards to work, or if an engagement happens between two that are not of a match,

* Persius was a Greek, by his father, and an Italian by his mother. † A city of the Lesser Asia.

‡ Sisennæ and Barri were infamous in all respects, but especially for virulence of speech.

§ On white horses; a proverbial expression: White horses were deemed the swiftest.

Aut si disparibus bellum incidat, ut Diomedi
Cum Lycio Glauco, discedat pigrior, ultrò
Muneribus missis. Bruto prætore tenente
Ditem Asiam, Rupilî et Persî par pugnat, uti non
*Compositi meliùs cum Bitho Bacchius. In jus 20
Acres procurrunt: magnum spectaculum uterque.
Persius exponit causam; ridetur ab omni
Conventu; laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem;
Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat, stellasque salubres
Appellat comites, excepto Rege: canem illum, 25
Invisum agricolis sidus venisse: ruebat
Flumen ut hibernum, fertur quò rara securis.
Tum Prænestinus† salso multoque fluenti
Expressa arbusto regerit convitia; durus
Vindemiator, et invictus, cui sæpe viator 30
Cessisset, magna compellans voce cuculum.
At Græcus, postquam est Italo perfusus aceto,
Persius exclamat: Per magnos, Brute, Deos te
Oro, qui reges consuêris tollere, cur non
Hunc Regem jugulas? operum hoc mihi crede,
tuorum est. 35

* Compositus meliùs. † Salso multùmque fluenti.

as that* of Diomede and the Lycian Glaucus; the worse man will walk off, *buying his peace* by sending presents. When Brutus held, as prætor, the fertile Asia, this *notable* pair, Rupilius and Persius encountered, in such a manner, that *the gladiator* Bacchius was never better matched with Bithus. Impetuous, they hurry to the cause; each of them a fine sight.

Persius *first* opens his case; and is laughed at by all the assembly; he extols Brutus, and extols the guard; he styles Brutus the sun of Asia, and his attendants he styles salutary stars, all except King: that he, *he says*, came like that dog, the constellation hateful to husbandmen: *in short*, he poured along like a wintry flood, where the axe seldom comes.

Then, upon his running on in so smart and fluent a manner, the Prænestine *king* directs some witticisms squeezed from the vineyard, himself a hardy vine-dresser, never defeated, to whom the passenger had often been obliged to yield, bawling cuckow with roaring voice.

But the Grecian Persius, as soon as he had been *well* sprinkled with Italian vinegar, bellows out: O Brutus, by the great Gods I conjure you, who art accustomed to take off kings,† why do you not despatch this king? Believe me, this is a piece of work which of right belongs to you.

* Homer's Iliad, Book IV.

† It was an hereditary glory in the family of Brutus, to abolish tyranny and punish tyrants.

SATYRA VIII.

Conqueritur Priapus Esquilinum montem veneficarum incantationibus infestari.

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum:
Cùm faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum: Deus inde ego, furum aviumque
Maxima formido: nam fures dextra coërcet
Obscœnoque ruber porrectus ab inguine palus: 5
Ast importunas volucres in vertice arundo
Terret fixa, vetatque novis considere in hortis.
Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
Conservus vili portanda locabat in arcâ:
Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulchrum, 10
Pantolabo scurræ, Nomentanoque nepoti.
Mille pedes in fronte, trecentos cippus in agrum
Hîc dabat; hæredes monumentum ne sequeretur.
Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus, atque
Aggere in aprico spatiari; quò* modò tristes 15
Albis informem spectabant ossibus agrum.

* Quâ modo tristes. *Bentl.*

SATIRE VIII.

Priapus complains that the Esquilian mount is infested with the incantations of sorceresses.

FORMERLY I was the trunk of a wild fig-tree, an useless log: when the artificer, in doubt whether he should make a stool or a Priapus* of me, determined *at last* that I should be a God. Henceforward I *became* a God, the greatest terrror of thieves and birds; for my right hand restrains thieves, and a bloody-looking pole is stretched out from my frightful middle: but a reed, fixed upon the crown of my head, terrifies the mischievous birds, and hinders them from settling in *these* new gardens. Before this, the fellow-slave bore dead corpses, thrown out of their narrow cells, to this place, in order to be deposited in paltry coffins. This place stood a common seculchre for the miserable mob, for the buffoon Pantolabus, and Nomentanus the rake. Here a column assigned a thousand feet *of ground* in front, *and* three hundred towards the fields; that the burial-place should not descend to the heirs of the estate. Now one may live in the Esquiliæ, *since it is made* † a healthy place, and walk upon an open terrace, where lately the melancholy *passengers* beheld the ground frightful with white bones: though both the thieves and wild beasts

* He was the son of Bacchus and Venus, and presided over and was a protector to the gardens. In fact, he was nothing but a scare-crow.

† By Mæcenas.

Cùm mihi non tantùm furesque, feræque suëtæ
Hunc vexare locum, curæ sunt atque labori,
Quantum carminibus quæ versant atque venenis
Humanos animos: has nullo perdere possùm, 20
Nec prohibere modo, simul ac vaga luna decorum
Protulit os, quin ossa legant herbasque nocentes.
Vidi egomet nigrâ succinctam vādere pallâ
Canidiam, pedibus nudis, passoque capillo,
Cum Saganâ majore ululantem: pallor utrasque
Fecerat horrendas aspectu: scalpere terram 26
Unguibus, et pullam divellere mordicùs agnam
Cœperunt. Cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.
Lanea et effigies erat, altera cerea: major 30
Lanea, quæ pœnis compesceret inferiorem.
Cerea suppliciter stabat,* servilibus, utque
Jam peritura, modis. Hecaten vocat altera, sævam
Altera Tisìphonen: serpentes, atque videres
Infernas errare canes; lunamque rubentem, 35
Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.
Mentior at si quid, merdis caput inquiner albis
Corvorum; atque in me veniant mictum atque cacatum
Julius, et fragilis Pediatia, furque Voranus.
Singula quid memorem? quo pacto alterna loquentes 40
Umbræ cum Saganâ resonarent† triste et acutum?

* Servilibus ut quæ. † Resonarint. *Bentl.*

used to infest this place, *put together*, do not occasion me so much care and trouble, as do *these hags*, that turn people's minds by their incantations and drugs. These I cannot by any means destroy nor hinder, but that they will gather bones and noxious herbs, as soon as the fleeting moon has shown forth her beauteous face.

I myself saw Canidia, with her sable garment tucked up, walk with bare feet and dishevelled hair, yelling together with the elder Sagána. Paleness had rendered each of them horrible to behold. They began to claw up the earth with their nails, and to tear a black ewe lamb to pieces with their teeth. The blood was poured into a ditch, that from thence they might charm out the shades of the dead, ghosts that were to give them answers. There was a woollen effigy too, another of wax: the woollen one larger, which was to inflict *some sort of* punishment on the little one *of wax*. The waxen stood in a suppliant posture, as ready to perish, in a servile manner. One of the hags invokes Hecate, and the other fell Tisiphone. Then might you see serpents and infernal bitches crawl about *them;* and the moon with blushes withdrawing behind the lofty monuments, that she might not be a witness to these *infamous doings*.—But if I lie, even a tittle, *about this affair*, may my head be contaminated with the white filth of ravens; and may Julius, and the effeminate *Miss* Pediatia, and the knave Voranus, come to urine upon me, and befoul me. Why should I mention every particular? *viz.* in what manner, speaking alternately with Sagana, the ghosts uttered dismal and piercing shrieks; and how clandestinely they

Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
Abdiderint furtim terris? et imagine cereâ
Largior arserit ignis? et ut non testis inultus
Horruerim voces Furiarum et facta duarum? 45
Nam, displosa sonat quantùm vesica, pepedi
Diffissâ nate ficus: at illæ currere in urbem.
Canidiæ dentes, altum Saganæ caliendrum
Excidere, atque herbas, atque incantata lacertis
Vincula, cum magno risuque jocoque videres. 50

SATYRA IX.

Quantas ab importuni hominis loquacitate habuerit molestias.

Ibam* fortè Viâ Sacrâ; sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis:
Accurrit quidam, notus mihi nomine tantùm:
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?
Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam; et cupio omnia quæ vis. 5
Cùm adsectaretur; numquid vis? occupo: at ille,

* Ibam ut fortè viâ sacrâ. *Bentl.*

hid in the earth a wolf's beard, with the teeth of a spotted snake; and *how* great a blaze flamed forth from the waxen image? and how I was shocked at the voices and actions of these two furies, a spectator, however, by no means incapable of revenge; for from my cleft* bum of fig-tree I let a fart, which made as great an explosion as a bursten bladder. But they *immediately* ran into the city: and *then*, with exceeding laughter and diversion might you have seen Canidia's artificial teeth, *and* Sagana's towering tete of false hair falling off, and the herbs, and the enchanted bracelets from her arms.

SATIRE IX.

He describes his sufferings from the loquacity of an impertinent fellow.

I WAS accidentally going along the Via Sacra, meditating on some trifle or other, as is my custom, and totally intent upon it. A certain person, known to me by name only, runs up; and having seized my hand, "How do you do, my dearest man alive?" Tolerably well, says I, as times go; and I wish you every thing you can desire. When *I perceived* he *still* followed me, Would you any thing? says I to him. But he, † "You know me," says he: "I am a man of learning." Upon this account, says

* The wood of which he was made, not being perfectly dry, his Godship burst; the witches took the crack for what the poet says it was, and the God boasts of it, as a signal mark of his vengeance.

† *Or*, but, says he, you know me.

Nôris nos, inquit: docti sumus. Hic ego, Pluris
Hoc, inquam, mihi eris. Miserè discedere quærens,
Ire modò ociùs, interdum consistere, in aurem
Dicere nescio quid puero: cum sudor ad imos 10
Manaret talos; O te, Bollane, cerebri
Felicem! aiebam tacitus. Cùm quidlibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret; ut illi
Nil respondebam: Miserè cupis, inquit, abire,
Jamdudum video; sed nil agis; usque tenebo: 15
*Persequar. Hinc quo nunc iter est tibi? Nil opus est te
Circumagi: quendam volo visere non tibi notum;
Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, propè Cæsaris hortos
Nil habeo quod agam, et non sum piger; usque sequar te.
Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus, 20
Cùm gravius dorso subiit onus. Incipit ille:
Si bene me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies: nam quis me scribere plures;
Aut citiûs possit versus? quis membra movere
Mollius? invideat quod et Hermogenes, ego canto.
Interpellandi locus hic erat. Est tibi mater, 26
Cognati, queis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam:
Omnes composui. Felices! nunc ego resto.

* Prosequar hinc.

I, you will have more of my esteem. Wanting sadly to get away from him, sometimes I walked on apace, now and then I stopped, *and* whispered something to my boy. When the sweat ran down to the bottom of my ancles; O, says I to myself,* Bollanus, how happy are you in a head-piece! Meanwhile he kept prating on any thing that came uppermost, praised the streets, the city; and when I made him no answer, "You want terribly, says he, to get away; I perceived it long ago; but you are never the nearer: I shall still stick close to you; I shall follow you hence;—where are you at present bound for?" There is no need for your being carried so much about: I want to see a person who is unknown to you; he lives a great way off across the Tiber, just by Cæsar's gardens. "I have nothing to do, and am not lazy; I will attend you thither." I hang down my ears like a surly ass, when a heavier load than ordinary is put upon his back. He begins again: "If I am tolerably acquainted with myself, you will not esteem Viscus, or Varius, as a friend, more than me; for who can write more verses, or in a shorter time, than I? Who can move his limbs with softer grace *in the dance?* And then I sing, that even Hermogenes may envy me."

Here there was an opportunity of interrupting him: Have you, *Sir*, a mother, *or any* relations, that are interested in your welfare? "Not one have I: I have buried them all." Happy *they!* now I

* Nothing is recorded of him, but that he was either a very choleric or a very stupid fellow. The latter sense is preferred.

Confice: namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit, divinâ motâ anus urnâ: 30
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra:
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque: loquaces,
Si sapiet, vitet simul atque adoleverit ætas.
Ventum erat ad Vestæ, quartâ jam parte diei 35
Præteritâ: et casu tunc respondere * vadato
Debebat; quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.
Si me amas, inquit, paulùm hîc ades. Interream, si
Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura:
Et propero, quò scis. Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit; 40
Tene relinquam, an rem. Me sodes. Non faciam, ille:
Et præcedere cœpit. Ego, ut contendere durum est
Cum victore, sequor. Mæcenas quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit. Paucorum hominum, et mentis benè sanæ.
Nemo dexteriùs fortunâ est usus: haberes 45
Magnum adjutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,
Hunc hominem velles si tradere: dispeream, ni
Summôsses omnes. Non † isto vivitur illic,
Quo tu rere, modo: domus hâc nec purior ulla est,

* Vaditus. *Bentl.* † Non isto vivimus illîc.

remain. Despatch *me:* for the fatal moment is at hand, which an old Sabine sorceress, having shaken her divining urn, foretold when I was a boy: "This *child*, neither shall cruel poison, nor the hostile sword, nor the crippling gout, nor pleurisy, nor cough, destroy; a babbler shall one day demolish him: if he is wise, let him avoid talkative people, as soon as he comes to man's estate."

One fourth of the day being now past, we came to Vesta's: and, as good luck would have it, he was obliged to appear to his recognisance; which unless he did, he *must have* lost his cause. "If you love me, says he, step in here a little." May I die, if I be either able to stand it out or have any knowledge of the civil laws: and, besides, I am in a hurry, you know whither. "I am in doubt what I shall do, says he; whether to desert you, or my cause." Me, I beg of you, *Sir.* "I will not do it," says he; and began to take the lead of me. I, as it is difficult to contend with one's master, follow him. "How stands it with Mæcenas and you?" Thus he begins his prate again. "He is one of few intimates, and of a very wise way of thinking. No man ever made use of opportunities with more cleverness. You should have a powerful assistant, who could play an underpart, if you were disposed to recommend this man:* may I perish, if you would not supplant all the rest." We do not live there in the manner you imagine; there is not a house *in Rome* that is freer or more

* Pointing to himself.

Nec magis his aliena malis: nil mî officit unquam,
Ditior hic, aut est quia doctior: est locus uni, 51
Cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. At-
qui
Sic habet. Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus esse. Velis tantummodò: quæ tua vir-
tus,
Expugnabis: et est qui vinci possit: eòque 55
Difficilis aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus servos corrumpam: non, hodiè si
Exclusus fuero, desistam; tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis; deducam: nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus. Hæc dum agit ecce
Fuscus Aristius occurrit, mihi carus, et illum 61
Qui pulchrè nôsset. Consistimus. Unde venis? et
Quò tendis rogat, et respondet. Vellere cœpi,
Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet. Malè salsus
Ridens dissimulare; meum jecur urere bilis. 65
Certè nescio quid secretò velle loqui te
Aiebas mecum. Memini benè; sed meliori

remote from evils* of this nature. It is never of any disservice to me, that any particular person is wealthier, or a better scholar than I am; every individual has his proper rank. "You tell me a marvellous thing, scarcely credible." But it is even so. "You the more inflame my desire to be near his person." You need only be inclined to it: such is your merit, you will accomplish it: and he is *very* capable of being won; and on that account, the first access to him he makes difficult. "I will not be wanting to myself; I will corrupt his servants with presents; if I am excluded to-day, I will not desist; I will seek *proper* opportunities; I will meet him in the public streets; I will wait upon him home. This world allows nothing to mortals without great labour." While he was running on at this rate, lo! Fuscus Aristius comes up, a dear friend of mine, and one who knew the fellow well. We make a stop. "Whence come you? Whither are you going?" he asks and answers. I began to twitch him *by the elbow*, and to take hold of his arms *that were affectedly* passive, nodding and distorting my eyes, that he might rescue me. Cruelly arch, he laughs, and pretends not to take the hint: anger galled my liver. Certainly, *says I, Fuscus*, you mentioned, that you wanted to communicate something to me in private. "I remember it very well; but will tell it you at a better opportunity: to-day is the thir-

* Family broils and jealousies.

Tempore dicam: hodiè tricesima sabbata. Vin' tu
Curtis Judæis oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam, 70
Religio est. At mî: sum paulò infirmior, unus
Multorum. Ignosces: alias loquar. Hunccine solem
Tam nigrum surrexe mihi? fugit improbus, ac me
Sub cultro linquit. Casu venit obvius illi
Adversarius; et, Quò tu, turpissimè? magnâ 75
Exclamat voce, et, Licet antestari? Ego vero
Oppono auriculam: rapit in jus, clamor utrinque,
Undique concursus. Sic me servabit Apollo.

SATYRA X.

Suum de Lucilio judicium tuetur, et egregia scribendarum satyrarum præcepta aspergit.

Nempe incomposito dixi pede currere versus
Lucilî. Quis tam Lucilî fautor ineptè est,
Ut non hoc fateatur? At idem, quod sale multo

tieth Sabbath.* Would you affront the circumcised Jews?" I reply, that I had no scruple of conscience *on that account.* "But I have: I am something weaker, one of the multitude. You must forgive me: I will speak with you at another time." And hath this sun arose so disastrous upon me? The wicked rogue runs away, and leaves me under the harrow. *But* by *good* luck his adversary met him:† and "Whither *are* you *going*, you infamous fellow?" roars he with a loud voice: And, "do you witness the arrest?" I *instantly* ‡ assent. He hurries him into court: there is a great clamour on both sides, *and* a mob *came up* from all parts. Thus Apollo preserved me.

SATIRE X.

He supports the judgment he had before given of Lucilius, and intersperses some excellent precepts for the writing of Satire.

To be sure I did § say that the verses of Lucilius did not run smoothly. Who is so foolishly fond of Lucilius, that he would not own this? But the

* The Jews began their year the first of September, and celebrated their Passover about the middle of April, at the expiration of thirty weeks; it continued eight days, the two first and two last of which, it was not permitted amongst them even to *talk* upon business.

† The impertinent fellow.

‡ Literally, "I offer my ear" for the person to touch; which was a particular form on these occasions, and without which the person called on was not obliged to appear. The reason of this Pliny gives, *Est in aure ima memoriæ locus, quam tangentes attestamur.*

§ See Satire iv. of this Book. ver 11.

Urbem defricuit, chartâ laudatur eâdem.
Nec tamen hoc tribuens, dederim quoque cætera: nam sic 5
Et Laberî mimos, ut pulchra poëmata, mirer.
Ergo non satis est risu diducere rictum
Auditoris; et est quædam tamen hîc quoque virtus:
Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures: 10
Et sermone opus est, modò tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modò rhetoris atque poëtæ;
Interdum urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò. Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs ac meliùs magnas plerumque secat res. 15
Illi, scripta quibus comœdia prisca viris est,
Hoc stabant, hoc sunt imitandi: quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, neque simius iste,
Nil præter Calvum et doctus cantare Catullum.
At magnum fecit, quòd verbis Græca Latinis
Miscuit. O seri studiorum! quine putetis 21
Difficile et mirum, Rhodio quod Pitholeonti
Contigit. At sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque

same *writer* is applauded in the same satire, on account of his having lashed the town with great humour. Nevertheless, granting him this, I will not therefore give up other *considerations;* for at that rate I might even admire the farces of Laberius as fine poems. Wherefore it is by no means sufficient to make an auditor grin with laughter: and yet there is some degree of merit even in this. There is a conciseness requisite, that the sentence may run *off*, nor embarrass itself in a *multiplicity* of words, that overload the sated ear: and sometimes a grave, frequently a jocose style is necessary, supporting the character one while of the orator, and *at another* of the poet, now and then that of a graceful rallier that curbs the force of his pleasantry, and weakens it on purpose. For ridicule often decides matters of importance more effectually, and in a better manner than the severe. Those *poets* by whom the ancient comedy was wrote, stood upon this *foundation*, and in this are they worthy of imitation: Whom neither the smooth-faced Hermogenes ever read, nor that baboon* who is skilled in nothing but singing ~~the wanton compositions of~~ Calvus and Catullus.

But *Lucilius, say they,* did a great thing, when he intermixed Greek words with Latin. O late-learned *dunces!* what, do you think that arduous and admirable, which was done by Pitholeo the Rhodian? But (*still they cry*) the style elegantly composed of both tongues is the more pleasant;

* Demetrius a poet and actor, very remarkable for his deformity.

Suavior, ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.
Cùm versus facias, teipsum percontor, an, et cùm
Dura tibi peragenda rei sit causa Petilli, 26
Scilicet oblitus* patriæque patrisque, Latinè
Cùm Pedius causas exsudet, Poplicola, atque
Corvinus, patriis intermiscere petita
Verba foris malis, Canusini more bilinguis? 30
Atqui ego cùm Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
Versiculos, vetuit me tali voce Quirinus
Post mediam noctem visus, cùm somnia vera:
In silvam non ligna feras insaniùs, ac si
Magnas Græcorum malis implere catervas. 35
Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona dumque
Diffingit† Rheni luteum caput; hæc ego ludo;
Quæ nec in æde sonent certantia, judice Tarpa;
Nec redeant iterùm atque iterùm spectanda theatris.
Argutâ meretrice potes, Davoque Chremeta 40
Eludente senem, comis garrire libellos,
Unus vivorum, Fundani: Pollio regum

* Patriæ patrisque Latini. † Defingit Rheni lutei.

as when the Falernian * wine is mixed with Chian. When you make verses, I ask you this question, where you to undertake the difficult cause of the accused Petillus,† whether, for instance, forgetful of your country, and your father's *language*, while Pedius, Poplicola, and Corvinus, elaborately pleaded against you in Latin, would you choose to intermix words borrowed from abroad like the double-tongued Canusinian?‡ But as for myself, who was born on this side of the water when I was upon making Greek verses, Romulus, appearing to me after midnight, when dreams are true, forbade me, in words to this effect: "You could not be guilty of more folly by carrying timber into a wood, than if you are desirous to throng in amongst the great crowds of Grecian writers.

Therefore, while the bombastical Alpinus murders *poor* Memnon,§ and while he deforms‖ the muddy source of the Rhine, I amuse myself with these *satires;* which can neither be recited in the temple *of Apollo*, as contesting for the prize, when Tarpa presides as judge, nor can have a run over and over again represented in the theatre. You, O Fundanus, of all men breathing, are the most capable of prattling tales in a comic vein, how an artful courtesan and a Davus impose upon an old Chre-

* One of these wines was sweet, and the other rough; consequently they drank best mixed.

† See Satire IV. ver. 94, of this Book.

‡ Canusium was a town of Apulia, whose inhabitants were of Grecian extraction, and spoke, as a modern would say, broken Latin.

§ The name of a wretched tragedy, wrote by this Alpinus.

‖ In his wretched description of it: the name of the river, in the Celtic language, signifying *pure*.

Facta canit pedester percusso: forte epos acer,
Ut nemo, Varius ducit; molle atque facetum
Virgilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camœnæ. 45
Hoc erat, experto frustrà Varrone Atacino,
Atque quibusdam aliis, meliùs quod scribere possem,
Inventore minor: neque ego illi detrahere ausim
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.
At dixi fluere hunc lutulentum, sæpe ferentem 50
Plura quidem tollenda relinquendis. Age, quæso,
Tu nihil in magno doctus reprendis Homero?
Nil comis tragici mutat Lucilius Accî?
Non ridet versus Ennî gravitate minores,
Cùm de se loquitur, non ut majore reprensis? 55
Quid vetat et nosmet Lucilî scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos et euntes
Mollius? ac si quis, pedibus quid claudere senis
Hoc tantùm contentus, amet scripsisse ducentos 60
Ante cibum versus totidem cœnatus: Etrusci

mes! Pollio sings the actions of kings in Iambic measure:* the sublime Varius composes the manly Epic in a manner that no one can *equal: And to* Virgil, the muses, that delight in rural scenes, have granted the delicate† and the elegant. It was this kind *of satiric writing*, the Attacinian Varro and some others having attempted it without success, which I may have some slight merit in, inferior to the inventor: nor would I presume to pull off the *laurel* crown, placed upon his brow with *such* great applause.

But I said that he flowed muddily, frequently carrying along more things which certainly ought to be taken away than left. Be it so; do you, who are a great scholar find no fault with any thing in the great Homer, I pray? Does the facetious Lucilius make no alterations in the tragedies of Accius? Does not *the same poet* ridicule many of Ennius's verses, which are too light for the gravity *of the subject?* When, *at the same time*, he speaks of himself by no means as superior to what he blames. What, *therefore*, should hinder me, likewise, while I am reading the works of Lucilius, from inquiring whether it is his *genius*, or the difficult nature of his subject, that will not suffer his verses to be more finished, and to run more smoothly, than if any one, thinking it sufficient (attending to this only) to conclude a something of six feet, be fond of writing two hundred verses before he eats, and as many after supper! Such was the genius of the Tuscan Cassius, more impetuous than a

* Had three measures, each consisting of two feet. Hence sometimes *senarii*, and sometimes *trimetra*.

† The Æneid was not published when this satire was written.

Quale fuit Cassî rapido ferventius amni
Ingenium; capsis quem fama est esse librisque
Ambustum propriis. Fuerit Lucilius, inquam,
Comis et urbanus, fuerit limatior idem, 65
Quàm rudis, et Græcis intacti carminis auctor,
Quàmque poëtarum seniorum turba: sed ille
Si foret hoc nostrum fato delatus in ævum,
Detereret sibi multa; recideret omne quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur: et in versu faciendo 70
Sæpe caput scaberet, vivos et roderet ungues.
Sæpe stylum vertas, iterùm quæ digna legi sint
Scripturus; neque, te ut miretur turba, labores,
Contentus paucis lectoribus. An tua demens
Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis? 75
Non ego: nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere: ut audax,
Contemptis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.
Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? aut crucier,* quòd
Villicet absentem Demetrius? aut quòd ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigellî? 80

* Aut crucior quòd.

rapid river; who, as it is *currently* reported, was burnt *at the funeral pile*, with *the fuel of* his own books and papers. Let it be allowed, I say, that Lucilius was a humorous and polite writer: that he was also more correct than the author of a *kind of* poetry *not yet* well cultivated, nor at all attempted by the Grecians, and *more correct likewise* than the tribe of *our* old poets: but yet he, if he had been brought down by the fates to this age of ours, would have retrenched a great deal from his writings: he would have pruned off every thing that should transgress the limits of perfection; and, in the composition of verses, would often have scratched his head, and bit his nails to the quick.

You, that intend to write what is worthy to be read more than once,* blot frequently: and take no pains to make the multitude admire you, content with the few *judicious* readers. What, would you be such a fool as to be ambitious that your verses should be taught in petty schools? That is not my case. It is enough for me that the knight applaud: as the courageous *actress* Arbuscula expressed herself, in contempt of the rest of the audience, when she was hissed *by the populace.* What, shall that grub-worm Pantilius have any effect on me? Or can I be vexed, that Demetrius carps at me behind my back? or because the

* Literally, *often turn your stylus.* The stylus was an instrument to write in wax with; one end of which was sharp, in order to form the letters, and the other flat, like a trowel, to erase them occasionally.

Plotius, et Varius, Mæcenas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius, et probet hæc Octavius, optimus atque
Fuscus; et hæc utinam Viscorum laudet uterque:
Ambitione relegatâ, te dicere possum,
Pollio; te, Messala, tuo cum fratre; simulque 85
Vos* Bibulo et Servi; simul his te, candide Furni;
Complures alios, doctos ego quos et amicos
Prudens prætereo: quibus hæc, sint qualiacunque,
Arridere velim; doliturus, si placeant spe
Deterius nostrâ. Demetri, teque Tigelli, 90
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
I puer, atque meo citus hæc subscribe libello.

* Vos Bibule, et Servi. *Heins.*

trifler Fannius, that hanger-on to Hermogenes Tigellius, *attempts* to hurt me? May Plotius, and Varius, Mæcenas, and Virgil, Valgius, and Octavius, approve these *satires*, and the excellent Fuscus likewise; and I could wish that both the Visci would join in their commendations: Ambition apart, I may mention you *too*, O Pollio; you also, Messala, together with your brother; and at the same time, you, ye Bibuli and Servi; and along with these, you, candid Furnius; *I could name* many others, whom, though men of learning and my friends, I purposely omit: to whom I could wish these satires, such as they are, may give satisfaction; and I should be very much chagrined, if they pleased in a degree below my expectation. *You*, Demetrius, and you, Tigellius, I bid *lament* amongst your female disciples.

Go, boy,* and instantly copy this satire more into the end of my book.

* His amanuensis.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

SATYRARUM.

LIBER II.

SATYRA I.

Fingit se cum Trebatio deliberare utrum à scribendis satyris abstineat.

Sunt quibus in satyrâ videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus: sine nervis altera quicquid
Composui pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebati,
Quid faciam, prescribe. Quiescas. Ne faciam, inquis. 5
Omninò versus? Aio. Peream malè, si non
Optimum erat; verùm nequeo dormire. Ter uncti
Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.

THE

SATIRES OF HORACE.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I.

He supposes himself to consult with Trebatius, whether he should desist from writing satires, or not.

THERE are some persons to whom I may seem too severe in the writing of satire, and to extend the affair too far: Another set are of opinion that all I have written is nerveless, and that a thousand verses like mine might be spun out in one day. Trebatius, give me your advice, what I shall do. "Be quiet." I shall not make, you say, verses at all. "I do say so." May I be hanged if that would not be best: but I cannot sleep. "Let those who want sound sleep, anointed, swim three times cross the Tiber; and have their clay well moistened with wine over-night. Or, if such a great love

Aut, si tantus amor* scribendi te rapit, aude 10
Cæsaris invicti res dicere, multa laborum
Præmia laturus. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentes equo describat vulnera Parthi. 15
Attamen et justum poteras et† scribere fortem
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius. Haud mihi deero,
Cùm res ipsa feret: nisi dextro tempore, Flacci,
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsaris aurem;
Cui malè si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus. 20
Quantò rectius hoc, quàm tristi lædere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumque nepotem?
Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, et odit?
Quid faciam? Saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis. 25
Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,
Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
Millia: me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

* Scribendi te capit. † Dicere, *Sanad.*

of scribbling hurries you on, venture to celebrate the achievements of the invincible Cæsar, certain of ample rewards for your pains." Desirous I am, my good father, *to do this*, yet my strength fails me: nor can any one describe the troops bristled with spears, nor the Gauls dying on their shivered darts, nor the wounded Parthian falling from his horse. "Nevertheless, you may describe him just and brave, as the wise Lucilius did Scipio." I will not be wanting to myself, when I can bring matters to bear: no verses of Horace's, unless well-timed, will gain the attention of Cæsar; whom, *like a generous steed*, if you stroke awkwardly, he will kick back upon you, being at all quarters on his guard. "How much better would this be, than to cut with severe satire Pantolabus the buffoon, and the rake Nomentanus? when, *besides*, every body is afraid for himself, *lest he should be the next*, and hate you, though he is not meddled with?" What shall I do? Milonius falls a dancing the moment he becomes light-headed and warm, and the candles appear multiplied. Castor delights in horsemanship; and he, who sprang from the same egg,* in boxing. As many thousands of people *as there are in the world*, so many different inclinations are there. I am amused with putting words into metre, in the manner of Lucilius, who had greater

* Castor and Pollux were born of, or rather hatched by, Leda, in consequence of her amour with Jupiter in the shape of a swan.

Lucilî ritu, nostrûm meliòris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim 30
Credebat libris* neque, si malè cesserat, usquam
Decurrens aliò; neque si benè: quò fit, ut omnis
Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ,
Vita senis. Sequor hunc, Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus, 35
Missus ad hoc, pulsis (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
Quò ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
Sive quòd Appula gens, seu quòd Lucania bellum
Incuteret vîolenta. Sed hic stylus haud petet ultrò
Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis 40
Vaginâ tectus: quem cur distringere comer,
Tutus ab infestis latronibus? O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum;
Nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit, melius non tangere, clamo, 45
Flebit, et insignis totâ cantabitur Urbe.

* Neque, si malè gesserat.

abilities than you and I put together. He long ago communicated his secrets to his books, as to faithful friends, never having recourse elsewhere, whether things went well or ill with him: whence it happens that the whole life of this old *poet* is as open to the view, as if it had been painted on a *votive tablet. His example I follow,† though in doubt whether I am a Lucanian or an Apulian: for the Venusian farmers plough upon the boundaries of both *countries*, who (as the ancient tradition has it) were a *colony* sent, on the expulsion of the Samnites, for this purpose, that the enemy might not make incursions on the Romans, through a vacant *unguarded frontier:* or lest the Apulian nation, or the fierce Lucanian, should make an invasion. But this pen of mine shall not wilfully attack any man breathing, and shall defend me like a sword that is sheathed in the scabbard: which, why should I attempt to draw, *while I am* safe from hostile villains? O Jupiter, father and sovereign, may my weapon, laid aside, wear away with rust, and may no one injure me, who am desirous of peace! But that man who shall provoke me (I give notice that it is better to let me alone) shall weep *his folly*, and a distinguished character shall be sung through all the streets of Rome.

* The Romans had often pictures drawn of certain events in their lives, which they bound themselves by a vow to consecrate to the Gods.

† A tedious parenthesis, in which he burlesques Lucilius's manner of writing.

Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes.
Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat; utque 50
*Imperet hoc natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; undè, nisi intùs
Monstratum? Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera; mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos; 55
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.
Ne longum faciam; seu me tranquilla senectus
Exspectat; seu mors atris circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color. O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus 61
Frigore te feriat. Quid? cùm est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere et pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsùm turpis; num Lælius, aut qui 65
Duxit ab oppressâ meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluêre Metello?
Famosisque Lupo coöperto versibus? atqui

* Imperitet natura. *Sanad.*

Cervius, when he is offended, threatens one with the laws and the *judiciary** urn; Albutius' Canidia poison to those with whom she is at enmity; Turius *threatens* great damages *against you*, if you contest any thing while he presides as judge. How every thing terrifies those, taken for its enemies, with that in which it is most powerful, and how strong natural instinct commands this, thus infer with me. The wolf attacks with his teeth, the bull with his horns. From what principle is this, if not a suggestion from within? Intrust that debauché Scæva with the custody of his ancient mother; his pious hand will commit no outrage: A wonder indeed! just as the wolf does not attack any one with his hoof, nor the bull with his teeth: but a honied potion may take off the old dame.

That I may not be tedious, whether a placid old age awaits me, or whether death now hovers about me with his sable wings; rich, *or* poor, at Rome, or if fortune should so order it, an exile abroad; whatever be the colour of my life, I will write. "O my child, I fear you cannot be long-lived; and that some creature of the great ones will strike you stiff." What? When Lucilius had the courage to be the first in composing verses after this manner, and to pull off that mask, by the means of which each man strutted with a fair outside, though foul within; what, was Lælius, or † he who derived a well-deserved title from the destruction of Carthage, offended at his wit? or were they hurt at

* A criminal was acquitted or condemned by the number of votes which the judges cast into an urn.

† Scipio Africanus.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis. 70
Quin, ubi se à vulgo et scenâ in secretâ remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Lælî;
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. Quicquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum ingeniumque; tamen me 75
Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido: nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,
Dissentis. Equidem nihil hîc diffindere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne fortè negotî 80
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:
Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
Judiciumque. Esto, si quis mala: sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit* laudatus Cæsare; si quis
Opprobriis dignum† latraverit, integer ipse— 85
Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

* Laudatur Cæsare. † Laceraverit. *Bentl.*

Metelus's being lashed, or Lupes covered over with *Lucilius's* lampoons? But he took to task the heads of the people, and the people themselves, class by class; in short, he spared none but virtue and her friends. But yet, when the valorous Scipio, and the mild philosophical Lælius, had withdrawn themselves from the crowd, and the public scene, they used to divert themselves with him, and joke in a free manner, while a few vegetables boiled *for supper*. Of whatever rank I am, though below the estate and wit of Lucilius; yet envy must be obliged to own, that I have lived well with great men; and wanting to fasten her tooth* upon some weak part, will strike it against the solid; unless you, learned Trebatius, disapprove of any thing *I have said!* "For my part, I cannot make any objection to this. But, however, that, forewarned, you may be upon your guard, lest an ignorance of our sacred laws should bring you into trouble, *be sure of this:* if any person shall make bad verses against a particular man, an action lies, and sentence may be *passed against him.*" It is granted, if *they are* bad: but if a man composes good ones, *and* is praised *for them* by such a judge as Cæsar? if a man falls foul upon him only who deserves his invectives, while himself is unblameable? *In such a case*, the process will be cancelled *with laughter:* and you, being dismissed, may depart in peace.

* Alluding to the fable of the viper and the file.

SATYRA II.

De frugalitate.

Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo—
Nec meus hic sermo est,* sed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
Rusticus, abnormis sapiens, crassâque Minerva;
Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes;
Cùm stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, et cùm 5
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
Verùm hîc impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, si potero. Malè verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. Leporem sectatus, equove
Lassus ab indomito; vel si Romana fatigat 10
Militia assuetum Græcari; seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco;
Cùm labor† extuderit fastidia; siccus, inanis, 14
Sperne cibum vilem; nisi Hymettia mella Falerno
Ne biberis diluta: foris est promus, et atrum
Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum benè leniet. Undè putas, aut
Quî partum? Non in caro nidore voluptas 19
Summa, sed in teipso est. Tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando: pinguem vitiis albumque nec ostrea,

* Sed quem præcepi. † Expulerit. *Bentl.*

SATIRE II.

On Frugality.

WHAT and how great the virtue to live *contentedly* on a little, (*though* this is no doctrine of mine; but what Ofellus the peasant, a philosopher without the rules, and of a homespun wit, taught me,) learn, my good friends, not amongst *luxurious* dishes and splendid tables, when the eye is dazzled with the vain glare *of the plate*, and the mind, intent upon false appearances, refuses *to admit* better things; but here, before dinner, discuss this point with me. Why so, *say you?* I will inform you, if I can. Every corrupted judge examines *but* badly into the truth *of a cause.* After hunting the hare, or being spent by an unruly horse; or if the Roman exercise fatigues *you, more* accustomed to Grecian effeminacies; or the swift ball, while eagerness softens and prevents your perceiving the severity of the game; or if quoits *delight you,* smite the yielding air with the quoit: when exercise has worked off *your* squeamishness; dry *and* hungry, *then let me see you* despise mean viands; and not drink Falernian, unless qualified with Hymettian honey. Your butler is abroad, and the tempestuous sea preserves the fish by its wintry storms: a bit of bread and salt will sufficiently appease an importunate stomach. From whence do you think *this comes?* and how is it obtained? The consummate pleasure is not in the costly flavour, but in yourself. Do you seek for sauce by sweating. Neither oysters, nor scar, nor the far-fetched * lagois, can give

* A bird whose flesh tasted like hare; probably a curlew.

Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
Vix tamen eripiam posito pavone, velis quin
Hoc potiùs, quàm gallinâ tergere palatum,
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro 25
Rara avis, et pictâ pandat spectacula caudâ:
Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris istâ,
Quam laudas, plumâ? cocto num adest honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil, hâc magis illâ;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet: esto. 30
Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
Ostia sub Tusci? Laudas, insane, trilibrem
Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
Ducit te species, video. Quò pertinet ergo 35
Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus rarò stomachus vulgaria temnit.
Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos 40
Præsentes Austri, coquite horum obsonia: quanquam
Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando

any pleasure to one bloated and pale through intemperance. Nevertheless, if a peacock was served up, I should hardly be able to prevent your gratifying the palate with that, rather than a pullet, *since you are* prejudiced by the vanities of things; because the scarce bird is bought with gold, and displays a fine sight with its painted tail: as if that was any thing to the purpose. What, do you eat that plumage which you extol *so much?* or has the bird the same beauty when it is dressed? Since however there is no difference in the meat, in one preferably to the other, it is manifest that you are imposed upon by the disparity of their appearances. *But* let it be granted you.

By what gift are you able to distinguish, whether this lupus, that now opens its jaws before us, was taken in the Tiber or the sea? or whether it was tossed *ashore* between the bridges, or at the mouth of the Tuscan* river? Fool, you praise a mullet that weighs three pounds, which yet you are obliged to cut into small pieces. Outward appearances lead you, I see. To what intent do you contemn large lupuses? because truly those are by nature bulky, and these very light. A hungry stomach seldom loaths common victuals. O that I could see a swinging *mullet* extended upon a swinging dish, cries that gullet, which is fit for the voracious harpies *themselves.* But O (*say I*) ye southern blasts, be present to taint the delicacies of these *gluttons:* though the boar and turbot newly taken are rank, when surfeiting abundance

* So called, because it divides Latium from Tuscany.

Ægrum solicitat stomachum; cùm rapula plenus
Atque acidas mavult inulas. Nec dum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum; nam vilibus ovis, 45
Nigrisque est oleis hodiè locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî * præconis erat acipensere mensa
Infamis: quid? tum rhombos† minùs æquor alebat?
Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit prætorius. Ergo 50
Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana juventus.
Sordidus à tenui victu distabit, Ofello
Judice: nam frustrà vitium vitaveris illud,
‡Si te aliò pravus detorseris. Avidienus, 55
Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas est, et silvestria corna;
Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre, (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, aliosve dierum 60

* Prætoris. *Sanad.* † Minus æquora alebant
‡ Si te aliò pravum.

provokes the sick stomach; and the sated *guttler* prefers turnips and sharp elicampane. However, all appearance of poverty is not quite banished from the banquets of our nobles; for there is, even at this day, a place for paltry eggs and black olives. And it was not long ago, since the table of Gallonius the auctioneer was rendered infamous, by having a sturgeon *served up whole upon it.* What? was the sea at that time less nutritive of turbots? The turbot was secure, and the stork unmolested in her nest, till the* prætorian *Sempronius*, the inventor, first taught you *to eat them.* From whence *I am convinced*, that if any one was to give it out that roasted cormorants are delicious, the Roman youth, so teachable in depravity, would acquiesce *in it.*

But in the judgment of Ofellus, a sordid way of living will differ *widely* from frugal simplicity. For it is to no purpose for you to shun that vice *of luxury*, if perversely you fly to the contrary extreme. Avidienus, to whom the nickname of dog is applied with *great* propriety, eats olives of five years old, and wild cornels; and cannot bear to rack off his wine unless it be turned sour; and the smell of his oil you cannot endure: which (though clothed in white he celebrates the† wedding festival, his birth-day, or any other festal days) he pours out himself, by little and little, from a horn cruet that

* Horace calls him ironically prætorian; for when Sempronius put up for that high office, he had not seven votes.

† Reposia: an entertainment made by the bridegroom, the day after marriage.

Festos albatus celebret,) cornu ipsi bilibri
Caulibus instillat, veteris non parcus aceti.
Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur? et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hâc urget lupus, hâc canis,
aiunt.*
Mundus erit, qui non offendet sordibus, atque 65
In neutram partem cultûs miser. Hic neque servis
Albutî senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit: nec sic ut simplex Nævius, unctam
Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque
magnum.
Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ, quantaque secum
Afferat. In primis valeas benè: nam variæ res 71
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ
Quæ simplex olim tibi sederit. At simul assis
Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum 75
Lenta feret pituita. Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœnâ desurgat dubiâ? Quin corpus onustum

* Angît. *Minel.*

holds two pounds, upon his cabbage, *but at the same time* is lavish enough of his *strong* old vinegar.*

What manner of living, therefore, shall the wise man put in practice, and which of these *examples* shall he copy? On one side the wolf† presses on, and the dog on the other, as the saying is. A person will be accounted decent, inasmuch as he offends not by sordidness, and is despicable through neither extreme of conduct. Such a man will not, after the example of old Albutius, be *tyrannically* cruel, while he assigns his servants their respective offices; nor, *on the contrary*, like simple Nævius, will he offer greasy water to his company: for this too is a great fault.

Now learn what and how great benefits a temperate diet will bring along with it. In the first place, you may enjoy good health; for you may *readily* believe how detrimental a diversity of things is to any man, *when you* recollect that sort of food, which, by its simplicity, sat so well upon your stomach some time ago *when you were a child.* But when you have once mixed boiled and roasted together, together thrushes and shell-fish, the sweet *juices* will turn into bile, and the thick phlegm will bring a jarring upon the stomach. Do not you see how pale each *guest* rises from a ‡ perplexing variety of dishes at an entertainment? Besides this, the body overloaded with the debauch

* To correct the bad taste of the oil, this being cheapest.

† A proverbial expression for being in a difficult situation. Between two fires.

‡ Literally, *a doubtful supper*, i. e. the variety is so great, that the guests hesitate, are in doubt what they shall choose first.

Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unà,
Atque adfigit humo* divinæ particulam auræ.
Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori 80
Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus;
Seu recreare volet tenuatem corpus, ubique
Accedent anni; et tractari molliùs ætas 85
Imbecilla volet; tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
Quam puer et validus præsumis, mollitiem; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?
Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant; non quia nasus
Illis nullus erat; sed, credo, hâc mente, quòd hospes 90
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quàm
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. Hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!
Das aliquid famæ, quæ carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt unà cum damno dedecus. Adde 96
Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustrà mortis cupidum, cùm deërit egenti

* Atque adfligit humo.

of yesterday, depresses the mind along with it, and fixes to the earth that portion of the divine spirit. Another man, as soon as he has taken a repast, and rendered his limbs up to repose in the same instant almost rises vigorous *in the morning* to the duties of his calling. However, he may sometimes have recourse to better cheer; whether the revolving years shall bring on a festival, or if he has a mind to refresh his body impaired *by labour;* and when years shall approach, and feeble age require to be used more tenderly. But as for you, if a troublesome habit of body, or creeping old age, should come upon you, what addition can be made to that soft indulgence, which you, *as yet* young and in health, anticipate?

Our ancestors praised a boar when it was stale; not because they had no noses; but with this view, I suppose, that a visitor coming later than ordinary might *partake of it*, though a little musty, rather than the voracious master should devour it all himself while sweet. I wish that the primitive earth had produced me among such heroes as these.

Have you any regard for reputation, which affects the human ear more agreeably than music? great turbots and *magnificent* dishes bring a great disgrace along with them, together with expense. Add to this, that your relations* and neighbours will be exasperated at you, thus at enmity with yourself, and desirous of death in vain, since you will not, in your poverty, have three farthings left to purchase a rope withal. Trasius, you say, may

* Literally, the uncle by the father's side.

As, laquei pretium. Jure, inquis, Trasius istis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna 100
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. Ergo
Quod superat, non est meliùs quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm? cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo? 105
Uni nimirum tibi rectè semper erunt res?*
O magnus posthâc inimicis risus! uterne
Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certiùs: hic, qui
Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum?
An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri, 110
In pace, ut sapiens, aptârit idonea bello?
Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum
Integris opibus novi non latiùs usum,
Quam nunc accisis. Videas metato in agello,
Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temerè edi luce profestâ 116
Quidquam præter olus fumosæ cum pede pernæ:
Ac mihi, seu longum post tempus venerat hospes,

* Eunt res. *Heins.*

with justice be called to an account with such language as this: *but* I possess an ample revenue, and wealth sufficient for three potentates. Why then have you not a better method of expending your superfluities? Why is any man, undeserving *of distressed circumstances*, in want, while you abound? how comes it to pass that the ancient temples of the Gods are falling to ruin? why do not you, wretch that you are, bestow something on your dear country, out of so vast a hoard? what, *do you think* that matters shall always go well with you alone *of all mankind?* O thou that hereafter shalt be the great derision of thine enemies! which of the two shall depend upon himself in exigencies with most certainty: he, who has used his mind and high-swoln body to redundancies? or he, who, contented with a little, and provident for the future, like a wise man, in time of peace, shall make the necessary preparations for war?

That you may the readier give credit to these things, I myself, when a little boy, took notice that this Ofellus did not use his unincumbered estate more profusely than he does now it is reduced. You may see the industrious husbandman labouring for hire in the land *once his own, but now** assigned *to others*, with his cattle and children, talking to this effect: I never ventured to eat any thing on a work-day, except pot-herbs, with a hock of smoke-dried bacon. And when a friend came to visit me after a long absence, or a neighbour came in, an

* After the civil war, the lands of the beaten party were divided amongst the soldiers of the conqueror.

Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; benè erat, non piscibus urbe petitis, 120
Sed pullo, atque hœdo: tum pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.
Post hoc ludus erat culpâ potare magistrâ:*
Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo surgeret alto,†
Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis. 125
Sæviat, atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet? quantò aut ego parciùs, aut vos,
O pueri, nituistis, ut huc novus incola venit?
Nam propriæ telluris herum natura; neque illum,
Nec me, nec quenquam statuit: nos expulit ille;
Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inscitia juris, 131
Postremò expellet certè vivacior hæres.
Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli,
Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedet in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii: quocirca vivite fortes, 135
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

* Cuppa potare magistra. † Ita culmo surgeret alto.

acceptable guest, upon resting me from work on account of the rain, we lived well, not on fishes sent for from the city, but on a pullet and a kid; then a dried grape, and a nut, with a large fig *or two*, set off our second course. After this, it was our diversion to have no other regulation in our cups, save that against drinking to a fault: then Ceres, worshipped *with a libation*, that *the corn* might arise in lofty stems, smoothed with wine the melancholy of the contracted brow. Let fortune rage, and stir up new tumults; what can she do more to impair *my estate?* How much more savingly have either I lived, and how less neatly have you gone, my children, since this new possessor came? For nature hath appointed to be *perpetual* lord of this earthly property, neither him, nor me, nor any one. He drove us out; either iniquity, or ignorance in the quirks of the law, shall *do the same* by him; certainly in the end his longer-lived heir shall expel him. Now this field goes under the denomination of Umbrenus's, lately it was Ofellus's, *and* it shall be the absolue property of no man; for it will turn to my use one while, and by and by to that of another. Wherefore, *my lads*, live undaunted, and oppose gallant breasts against the strokes of adversity.

SATYRA III.

Colloquutus cum Horatio Damasippus hoc Stoicæ philosophiæ paradoxum probat, omnes propemodùm homines insanire.

Si rarò scribis,* ut toto non quater anno
Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæque retexens,
Iratus tibi, quòd vini somnique benignus
Nil dignum sermone canas: quid fiet? at ipsis†
Saturnalibus huc fugisti sobrius. Ergò‡ 5
Dic aliquid dignum promissis: incipe. Nil est.
Culpantur frustrā calami; immeritusque laborat
Iratis natus paries Diis atque Poëtis.
Atqui vultus erat multa ac præclara minantis,
Si vacuum tepido cepisset villula tecto. 10
Quorsùm pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro?
Eupolin Archilocho?§ comites educere tantos?||
Invidiam placare paras, virtute relicta?
Contemnêre miser: vitanda est improba Siren
Desidia; aut quicquid vitâ meliore parâsti 15
Ponendum æquo animo. Dî te, Damasippe, Deæque
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore: sed unde

* Sic rarò scribis. † Quid fiet? ab ipsis. ‡ Esto. *Bentl.*
§ Eupolin, Archilochum. || Comites educere? quintu. *Rutg.*

SATIRE III.

Damasippus, in a conversation with Horace, proves this paradox of the Stoic philosophy, that most men are actually mad.

If you write so seldom, as not to call for parchment four times in the year, *busied* in reforming your *former* writings, *yet are* you angry at yourself, that indulging in wine and sleep, you produce nothing worthy to be the subject of conversation. What will be the consequence? but you took refuge here, it seems at the very celebration of the Saturnalia out of *pure* sobriety. Dictate, therefore, something worthy of your promises: *come*, begin. There is nothing. The pens are found fault with to no purpose; and the harmless wall, which must have been built under the displeasure of Gods and poets, *suffers to no end.* But you had the look of one that threatened *to perform* many and excellent things, when once your villa had received you, free from avocation, under its warm roof. To what purpose was it to stow Plato upon Menander? Eupolis upon Archilochus? From what end did you bring abroad such companions? What, are you setting about to appease envy, by deserting virtue? Wretch, you will be despised. That improbous Siren, Sloth, must be avoided; or whatever acquisitions you made in the better part of your life, must with equanimity be given up. "May the Gods and Goddesses, O Damasippus, present you with a barber for your sound advice. But by what means

Tam benè me nôsti? Postquam omnis res mea Janum
Ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo,
Excussus propriis: olim nam quærere amabam,
Quo vafer ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære; 21
Quid sculptum infabrè, quid fusum duriùs esset;
Callidus huic signo ponebam millia centum;
Hortos, egregiasque domos mercarier unus
Cum lucro nôram: unde frequentia Mercuriale 25
Imposuêre mihi cognomen compita. Novi:
Et morbi miror purgatum te illius. Atqui,
Emovit veterem mirè novus; ut solet, in cor
Trajecto lateris miseri, capitisve dolore:
Ut lethargicus hic cùm fit pugil, et medicum urget 30
Dum ne quid simile huic, esto ut libet. O bone, ne te
Frustrere; insanis et tu, stultique propè omnes,
Si quid Stertinius veri crepat; unde ego mira
Descripsi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me
Solatus jussit sapientem pascere barbam; 35
Atque à Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.
Nam, malè re gestâ, cum vellem mittere operto,

did you get so well acquainted with me." Since all my fortunes were dissipated at the middle* of the exchange, being detached from all business of my own, I mind that of other people. For formerly I used to take a delight in inquiring, in what vase† the crafty Sisyphus might have washed his feet; what was carved in an unworkmanlike manner, and what rougher cast than it ought to be: being a connoisseur, I offered a hundred thousand sesterces for this statue: I was the only man who knew how to purchase gardens and fine seats to the best advantage: from whence the crowded streets gave me the surname of Mercurial. "I know it well; and am amazed at your being cured of that disorder." Why, a new disorder expelled the old one in a miraculous manner; as it is accustomed to do when the pain of the afflicted side, or the head, is turned upon the stomach; *or*, as it is with a man in a lethargy, when he turns boxer, and attacks his physician. "As long as you do nothing like this, be it even as you please." O my good friend, do not deceive yourself; you likewise are mad, and it is almost fools all, if what Stertinius insists on has any truth in it; from whom, being of a teachable disposition, I derived these amiable precepts, at the very time, when, having given me consolation, he ordered me to encourage a philosophical beard, and to return cheerfully from the Fabrician bridge. For when, my affairs being desperate, I had a mind

* Literally, *the middle Janus.* There was a statue of Janus in the middle of the forum.

† Of such antiquity, that it might have been used in the days of Sisyphus.

Me capite in flumen; dexter stetit, et, Cave faxis
Te quidquam indignum: pudor, inquit, te malus angit,*
Insanos qui inter vereare insanus haberi. 40
Primum nam inquiram, quid sit furere: hoc si erit in te
Solo; nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.
Quem mala stultitia, et quemcunque† inscitia veri
Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi porticus et grex
Autumat. Hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges,
Excepto sapiente, tenet. Nunc accipe, quare
Desipiant omnes, æquè ac tu, qui tibi nomen
Insano posuere. Velut silvis, ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille sinistrorsùm, hic dextrorsùm abit; unus utrique‡ 50
Error, sed variis illudet partibus: hoc te
Crede modo insanum; nihilo ut sapientior ille,
Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. Est genus unum
Stultitiæ, nihilum metuenda timentis; ut ignes,
Ut rupes, fluviosque in campo obstare queratur:
Alterum et huic varium et nihilo sapientius, ignes 56
Per medios, fluviosque ruentis; clamet amica
Mater, honesta soror, cum cognatis, pater, uxor:
Hîc fossa est ingens, hîc rupes maxima; serva!

* Te malus urget. † Cujusque. *Cunn.*
‡ Unus utrinque error. *Cunn.*

to throw myself into the river, having covered my head *for that purpose*, he fortunately was at my elbow, and *addressed me to this effect:* Take care how you do any thing unworthy of yourself. A false shame, says he, afflicts you, who dread to be esteemed a madman amongst *nothing but* madmen. For in the first place I will inquire, what it is to be mad: and if this distemper be in you alone, I will not add a single word to prevent you from dying bravely.

The school and sect of Chrysippus deem every man mad, whom vicious folly, or whomsoever the ignorance of any truth drives blindly on. This definition takes in whole nations, this even great kings *themselves;* the wise man *alone* being excepted. Now learn, why all those that have fixed the name of madman upon you, are as senseless as yourself. As in the woods, where a mistake makes people wander about from the right path, one goes out of the way to the right, another to the left; *but* there is the same blunder on both sides, only the illusion is in different directions: in this manner imagine yourself to be mad; so that he who derides you, hangs his tail, not one jot wiser than yourself. There is one species of folly, that is in dread of things not in the least formidable; insomuch that it will complain of fires, and rocks, and rivers, opposing it in the open plain: there is another, different from this, but not a whit more approaching to wisdom, that runs headlong through the midst of flames and floods. Let the loving mother, the virtuous sister, the father, the wife, together with all the relations, *of a man possessed with this latter folly,* cry out: "Here is a deep ditch, here is a prodigious rock: take care of yourself:" he would

Non magis audierit, quàm Fusius ebrius olim, 60
Cùm Ilionam edormit; Catienis mille ducentis,
Mater, te appello, clamantibus. Huic ego vulgum
Errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.
Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo:
Integer est mentis Damasippi creditor? Esto: 65
Accipe, quod nunquam reddas mihi, si tibi dicam:
Tune insanus eris, si acceperis? an magis excors
Rejectâ prædâ, quam præsens Mercurius fert?
Scribe decem à Nerio: non est satis: adde Cicutæ
Nodosi tabulas centum: mille adde catenas: 70
Effugiet tamen hæc scèleratus vincula Proteus.
Cùm rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis:
Fiet aper, modò avis, modò saxum, et, cum volet, arbor.
Si malè rem gerere insani est; contrà bene sani:
Putidius multò cerebrum est, mihi crede, Perillî 75
Dictantis, quod tu nunquam* rescribere possis.

* Quoi (vel cui) tu nunquam. *Heins.*

give no more attention than did the drunken *player* Fusius,* some time ago, when he overslept the character of Ilione, two hundred thousand Catieni at the same time roaring out, *O mother, I call you to my aid.* I will demonstrate to you, that the generality of all mankind are mad in the commission of some folly similar to this.

Damasippus is a madman for purchasing antique statues: but is Damasippus' creditor in his senses, *think you?* Well: suppose I should say to you, *here*, receive this *sum of money*, which you can never repay; will you be a madman, if you receive it? or would you be more absurd for rejecting a booty, which propitious Mercury offers? Take up of the banker Nerius, ten thousand sesterces: it will not signify: add *all* the forms of Cicuta, so versed in the knotty points of law; add a thousand obligations: yet this wicked Proteus will evade all these ties. *And* when you shall drag him to justice, laughing as if his cheeks were none of his own,† he will be transformed into a boar, sometimes into a bird, sometimes into a stone, and, when he pleases, into a tree. If to conduct one's affairs badly be the part of a madman; and the reverse be that of a man well in his senses; the

* Fusius was an actor, who, playing the character of Ilione, was supposed to be asleep, when the ghost of her son Polydore called to her, *Dear mother, hear me.* Fusius, having drunk too much, fell really asleep; and Catienus, who played Polydore, having called to him without waking him, the whole house, as if each of them was a Catienus, cried out, *Dear mother, hear me.* The number of two hundred thousand is a pleasant exaggeration. FRANCIS.

† A proverbial expression for laughing immoderately.

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore;
Quisquis luxuriâ, tristive superstitione,
Aut alio mentis morbo calet; huc proprius me, 80
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
Danda est ellebori multò pars maxima avaris:
Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.
Hæredes Staberî summam incidêre sepulchro;
Ni sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum 85
Damnati populo paria, atque epulum, arbitrio Arrî;
Frumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego pravè,
Seu rectè, hoc volui; ne sis patruus mihi. Credo
Hoc Staberî prudentem animum vidisse. Quid ergo
Sensit, cùm summam patrimonî insculpere saxo 90
Hæredes voluit? Quoad vixit, credidit ingens
Pauperiem vitium, et cavit nihil acrius: ut, si
Fortè minùs locuples uno quadrante periret,*
Ipse videretur sibi nequior: omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulchris
Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit,† ille 96
Clarus erit, fortis, justus. Sapiensne? Etiam, et rex,
Et quicquid volet. Hoc, veluti virtute paratum,

* Uno quadrante perisset. † Quas qui contraxerit.

brain of Perillius (believe me) who orders you *that sum of money*, which you can never repay, is much more unsound *than yours*.

Whoever is afflicted with evil ambition, or the love of money; whoever is smitten with luxury, or gloomy superstition, or any other disease of the mind, I command him to adjust his garment, and attend: here, all of ye, come near me, in order, while I convince you that you are mad.

By far the largest portion of hellebore is to be administered to the covetous: I know not whether reason does not consign all Anticyra* for their use. The heirs of Staberius engraved the sum *he left them* upon his tomb; unless they acted in this manner, they were under an obligation to exhibit a hundred pair of gladiators to the people, besides an entertainment according to the direction of Arrius; and as much corn as is cut in *all* Africa. Whether I have *willed* this rightly or wrongly, it was my will: be not severe against me, *cries the testator*. I imagine the provident mind of Staberius foresaw this. What then could he think, when he appointed by will, that his heirs should engrave the sum-*total* of their patrimony upon his tombstone? As long as he lived he deemed poverty a great vice and nothing did he more industriously avoid: insomuch, that had he died less rich by one farthing, the more iniquitous would he have appeared to himself. For every thing *in nature*, virtue, fame, glory, divine and human *affairs*, are subservient to the attractions of riches; which, whoever shall have accumulated, he shall be illustrious,

* An island in the Archipelago, famous for the production of a vast quantity of hellebore.

Speravit magnæ laudi fore. Quid simile isti
Græcus Aristippus; qui servos projicere aurum
In mediâ jussit Libyâ, quia tardius irent 101
Propter onus segnes? Uter est insanior horum?
Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.
Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum,
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus uli; 105
Si scalpra ac formas non sutor; nautica vela
Aversus mercaturis; delirus, et amens
Undique dicatur meritò. Quî discrepat istis,
Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum?
Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum 111
Porrectus vigilet cum longo fuste, neque illinc
Audeat esuriens dominus contingere granum,
Ac potius foliis parcus vescatur amaris;
Si positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni 115
Mille cadis; nihil est; tercentum millibus, acre
Potet acetum: age, si et stramentis incubet, unde,
Octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,
Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arca:

brave, just. What, wise too? Ay, and a king, and whatever else he pleases. This he was in hopes would greatly redound to his praise, as if it had been an acquisition of his virtue. In what respect did the Grecian Aristippus act like this, who ordered his slaves to throw away his gold in the midst of Libya; because, incumbered with the burden *of it*, they went too slow? Which is the greater madman of these two? "An example is nothing to the purpose, that decides one controversy by bringing up another." If any person were to buy lyres, and, when he had bought them, stow them up in *some* one *particular* place, *though* neither addicted to the lyre, nor any one muse whatsoever; if a man were *to buy* paring-knives and lasts, who was no shoemaker; sails fit for navigation, *and yet* averse to merchandising; he would every where deservedly be styled delirious, and out of his senses. *And* how does he differ from these *instances*, who hoards up cash and gold, *and* knows not how to make use of them when they are accumulated, and is as afraid to touch them as if they were consecrated? If any person before a great heap of corn should keep perpetual watch with a long club, and *though* he, the owner of it, should not dare to take a single grain therefrom, when an hungered, and should rather feed upon bitter herbs: if, while a thousand hogsheads of Chian, or old Falernian, is stored up within; nay, three hundred thousand; he drinks nothing but what is mere sharp vinegar: again, if, wanting but one year of eighty, he should lie upon straw, who has *good* bed-clothes rotting in his chest, the food of worms and moths, he would

Pauper Opimius argenti positi intùs et auri,
Qui Veientanum festis potare diebus
Campanâ solitus trullâ, vappamque profestis,
Quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus; ut hæres
Jam circum loculos, et clàves lætus ovansque 146
Curreret. Hunc medicus multùm celer atque fidelis
Excitat hoc pacto: mensam poni jubet, atque
Effundi saccos nummorum, accedere plures
Ad numerandum; hominem sic erigit. Addit et illud; 150
Ni tua custodis, avidus jam hæc auferet hæres.
Men' vivo? Ut vivas igitur,* vigila: hoc age. Quid vis?
Deficient inopem venæ te, ni cibus atque
†Ingens accedat stomacho fultura ruenti.
Tu cessas? agedùm; sume hoc ptisanarium oryzæ. 155
Quanti‡ emptæ? Parvo.§ Quanti ergo? Octo assibus. Eheu!
Quid refert morbo an furtis pereamne rapinis?
Quisnam igitur sanus? Qui non stultus. Quid avarus?
Stultus et insanus. Quid? si quis non sit avarus,
Continuò sanus? Minimè. Cur Stoice? Dicam.
Non est cardiacus, Craterem dixisse putato, 161
Hic æger. Rectè est igitur, surgetque? Negabit:

* Vigila: hoc ago. *Sanad.* † Præsens accedit. *Bentl.*
‡ Quanti emptum? *Cunn.* § Quanti ergò? Octussibus.

Opimius, poor amongst *heaps* of silver and gold hoarded up within *his own possession*, who used to drink out of Campanian ware *the meagre* Veintine wine on holidays, and mere dregs on common days, was some time ago taken with a prodigious lethargy; insomuch that his heir was already scouring about his coffers and keys, full of joy and triumph. His physician, a man of much fidelity and despatch, raises him in this manner: he orders a table to be brought, and the bags of money to be poured out, *and* several persons to approach in order to tell it; by this method he sets the man upon his legs again. And at the same time he addressed him to this effect; "Unless you guard your money, your ravenous heir will even now carry off these *treasures* of yours." What, while I am alive? That you may live, therefore, awake; observe this *advice*. What would you have me to do? Why your blood will fail you that are so reduced, unless food and some great restoratives be administered to your decayed stomach. Do you hesitate? come on; and take this ptisane made of rice, How much did it cost? A trifle. How much then? Eight asses.* Alas? what does it matter, whether I die of disease, or by theft and rapine?

Who then is sound? He who is not a fool. What is the covetous man? *Both* a fool and a madman. What? if a man be not covetous, is he *therefore* immediately to be *deemed* sound? By no means. Why so, Stoic? I will tell you. Such a patient (suppose Craterus *the physician* said so) is not sick at the heart. Is he therefore well, and

* The ass was about three farthings of our money.

Quòd latus, aut renes morbo tentantur acuto.
Non est perjurus, neque sordidus: immolet æquis
Hic porcum Laribus. Verùm ambitiosus et au-
dax; 165
Naviget Anticyram: quid enim differt, balatroni
Dones quicquid habes, an nunquam utare paratis?
Servius Oppidius Canusî duo prædia, dives
Antiquo censu, gnatis divisse duobus
Fertur, et hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis 170
Ad lectum: Postquam te talos, Aule, nucesque
Ferre sinu laxo* donare, et ludere vidi:
Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem;
Extimui, ne vos ageret vesania discors;
Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam. 175
Quare per Divos oratus uterque Penates,
Tu cave ne minuas; tu ne majus facias id
Quod satis esse putat pater, et natura coercet.
Præterea, ne vos titillet gloria, jure-
Jurando obstringam ambo: uter ædilis, fueritve
Vestrûm prætor, is intestabilis et sacer esto. 181
In cicere atque faba bona tu perdasque lupinis,
† Latus ut in circo spatiêre, et aëneus ut stes;

* Donare et perdere. *Bentl.* Et credere. *Cunn.*
† Lentus ut in circo. *Heins.* Largus ut. *Markl.*

shall he get up? *No*, he will forbid that: because his side or his reins are vexed with an acute disease. *In like manner*, such a man is not perjured nor sordid. Let him *then* sacrifice a hog to his propitious household Gods. But he is ambitious and assuming. Let him *therefore* make a voyage to Anticyra. For what is the difference, whether you squander whatever you have upon a scoundrel, or make no use of your acquisitions?

Servius Oppidius, rich in the possession of an ancient estate, is reported, when dying, to have divided two farms at Canusium betwixt his two sons, and to have addressed the boys called to his bedside *in this manner:* When I saw you, Aulus, carry your playthings and nuts carelessly in your bosom, *and* to give them, and game them away; you, Tiberius, to count them, and anxious hide them in holes; I was afraid lest a madness of a different nature, should possess you *both;* lest you, *Aulus*, should follow the example of Nomentanus, *and* you, *Tiberius*, that of Cicuta. Wherefore each of you, entreated by your household Gods, do you take care, lest you lessen; you, lest you make that greater, which your father thinks, and the purposes of nature determine, to be sufficient. Furthermore, lest glory should entice you, I will bind each of you by an oath: whichever of you shall be an ædile or a prætor, let him be excommunicated and accursed. Would you destroy your effects in *largesses* of* peas, beans, and lupines, that you may stalk in the circus at large, or stand *represented* in a statue of brass; a madman, stripped of

* Usually given to the populace by candidates for these posts of honour.

Nudus* agris, nudus nummis, insane paternis?
Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,
Astuta ingenuum vulpes imitata leonem? 186
Nequis humâsse velit Ajacem, Atrida, vetas cur?
Rex sum. Nil ultra quæro plebeius. Et æquam
Rem imperito: ac si cui videor non justus; inulto
Dicere, quæ sentit, permitto. Maxime regum, 190
Dî tibi dent captâ† classem deducere Trojâ:
Ergo consulere, et mox respondere licebit?
Consule. Cur Ajax heros ab Achille secundus
Putrescit, toties servatis clarus Achivis;
Gaudeat ut populus Priami, Priamusque inhumato, 195
Per quem tot juvenes patrio caruêre sepulchro?
Mille ovium insanus mortì dedit, inclytum Ulyssem
Et Menelaum unâ mecum se occidere clamans.
Tu cùm pro vitula statuis dulcem Aulide natam
Ante aras, spargisque molâ caput, improbe, salsâ,
Rectum animi servas? Quorsùm? Insanus quid enim Ajax 201
Fecit, cùm stravit ferro pecus? abstinuit vim
Uxore et gnato, mala multa precatus Atridis:
Non ille aut Teucrum, aut ipsum violavit Ulyssem.
Verùm ego, ut hærentes adverso littore naves 205
Eriperem, prudens placavi sanguine Divos.

* Nudus agri. † Classem deducere Troja.

your paternal estate, stripped of your money? To the end, forsooth, that you may gain those applauses which Agrippa gains, a cunning fox imitating a generous lion?

O Agamemnon, why do you prohibit any one from burying Ajax? "I am a king." Being a plebeian, I make no farther inquiry. "And I command a justifiable thing: But if I seem unjust to any one, I permit him to speak his sentiments with impunity." Greatest of kings, may the Gods grant, that, after the taking of Troy, you may conduct your fleet safe home: may I then have the liberty to ask questions, and reply in my turn? "Ask." Why does Ajax, a hero, second *only* to Achilles, rot *above ground*, so often *rendered* glorious for having saved the Grecians, that Priam and Priam's people may exult in his being unburied, by whose means so many youths have been deprived of their country rites of sepulchre? "In his madness he killed a thousand sheep, crying out, *at the same time*, that he was destroying the famous Ulysses and Menelaus, together with me." When you, at Aulis, substituted your sweet daughter in the place of a heifer before the altar, and, impious! sprinkled her head with the salt cake, did you preserve soundness of mind? "Why not?" What then did the mad Ajax do when he slew the flock with his sword? he abstained from any violence on his wife or child, *though* he imprecated many curses on the sons of Atreus he neither hurt Teucer, nor even Ulysses himself. "But I out of prudence appeased the Gods with the blood *of my daughter*, that I might loose the ships that were detained on an adverse shore." What, madman! with your own blood? "With

Nempe tuo, furiose. Meo, sed non furiosus.
Qui* species alias veris, scelerisque tumultu
Permistas capiet, commotus habebitur; atque
Stultitiâne erret, nihilum distabit, an irâ. 210
Ajax immeritos dum occidit, desipit, agnos?
†Cùm prudens scelus ob titulos admittis inanes,
Stas animo? et purum est vitio tibi, cùm tumidum est cor?
Si quis lecticâ nitidam gestare amet agnam?
Huic vestem, ut gnatæ, paret, ancillas paret, aurum; 215
Pusam, aut Pusillam appellet, fortique marito
Destinet uxorem; interdicto huic omne adimat jus
Prætor, et ad sanos abeat tutela propinquos.
Quid? si quis gnatam pro mutâ devovet agnâ,
Integer est animi? Ne dixeris. Ergo ubi prava
Stultitia, hîc summa est insania: qui sceleratus,
Et furiosus erit: quem cepit vitrea fama, 222
Hunc, circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis.
Nunc, age, luxuriam et Nomentanum arripe mecum:
Vince enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes. 225
Hic simul accepit patrimonî mille talenta,
Edicit, piscator uti, pomarius, auceps,
Unguentarius, ac Tusci turba impia vici,
Cum scurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum,

* Quis species alias veri.
† Tu, prudens scelus ob titulos cùm admittis. *Bentl.*

my own, but *yet* I was not mad." Whoever shall form images foreign from truth, and confused in the tumult of impiety, will always be reckoned disturbed in mind: and it will not matter whether he do a wrong thing through folly or rage. Is Ajax delirious, while he kills the harmless lambs? Are you right in your head when you carefully commit a crime for empty titles? and is your heart pure, while it is swoln with the vice *of ambition?* If any person should take a delight to carry about with him in his sedan a pretty lambkin; *and* should provide clothes, should provide maids, and gold for it, as for a daughter; should call it child, or little baby, and should destine it a wife for some stout husband; the prætor would take power from him, being interdicted, and the management of him would devolve to his relations that were in their senses. What? if a man devote his daughter instead of a dumb lambkin, is he right of mind? Never say it. Therefore, where there is a foolish depravity, there will be the height of madness: he who is wicked will be frantic too: Bellona, who delights in bloodshed, has thundered about his *head*, whom precarious fame has captivated.

Now, come on, arraign with me luxury and Nomentanus: for reason will evince that foolish spendthrifts are mad. This *fellow*, as soon as he received a thousand talents of patrimony, issues an order, that the fishmonger, the fruiterer, the poulterer, the perfumer, and the impious gang of the Tuscan alley, prompters and buffoons, the whole shambles, together with *all* Velabrum,*

* A place in Rome where oil was sold.

Manè domum veniant.* Quid tum? Venêre frequentes; 230
Verba facit leno: Quicquid mihi, quicquid et horum
Cuique domi est, id crede tuum; et vel nunc pete, vel cras.
Accipe, quid contrà juvenis responderit æquus.
In nive Lucanâ dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
Cœnem ego: ut pisces hiberno † ex æquore verris: 235
Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum possideam: aufer:
Sume tibi decies: tibi tantundem; tibi triplex,
Unde uxor mediâ currat de nocte vocata.
Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ,
Scilicet ut decies solidûm exsorberet, aceto 240
Diluit insignem baccam, qui sanior, ac si
Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve cloacam?
Quinti progenies Arrî, par nobile fratrum,
Nequitiâ et nugis, pravorum et amore gemellum
Luscinias soliti impenso prandêre coëmptas 245
Quorsùm abeant ‡ sani? cretâ àn carbone notandi?
Ædificare casas, plostello adjungere ures,
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longâ,
Si quem delectet barbatum; amentia verset.
Si puerilius his ratio esse evincet amare; 250

* Quid enim? venere. Qui cùm venêre. *Bentl.*
† Ex æquore vellis.
‡ Sanin? an cretâ, an carbone notati?

should come to his house in the morning. What was the consequence? *why*, they came in crowds. The pander makes a speech: "Whatever I, or whatever each of these, has at home, believe it to be *entirely* yours; and give your order for it either directly or to-morrow." *Now* hear what reply the considerate youth made. "You sleep with your boots on in Lucanian snow, that I may feast on a boar; you sweep the wintry seas for fish: I am indolent, *and* unworthy to possess so much. Here, away with it; do you take for your *share* ten hundred thousand sesterces; you as much; you thrice the sum, from whose *house* your spouse runs, when called for, at midnight." The son of Æsopus, *the actor*, that he might forsooth swallow a million of sesterces at a draught, dissolved a precious pearl, which he had taken from the ear of Metella, in vinegar: how much wiser was he *in doing this*, than if he had thrown the same into a rapid river, or the common sewer? The progeny of Quintus Arrius, an illustrious pair of brothers, *true* twins in wickedness and trifling, and the love of depravity, used to dine upon nightingales, bought at a vast expense: how do these turn out to be in their senses? Are they to be marked with chalk or charcoal?*

If an *aged person* with a long beard should take a delight to build baby houses, to yoke mice to a go-cart, to play at odd and even, *and* to ride upon a long cane, madness must be his motive. If reason shall evince, that to be in love is a more childish thing than these; and that there is no differ-

* A proverbial expression for being either acquitted or condemned.

Nec quidquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
Quale priùs, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
Solicitus plores: quæro, faciasne, quod olim
Mutatus Polemon; ponas insignia morbi,
Fasciolas, cubital, focalia: potus ut ille 255
Dicitur ex collo furtim carpsise coronas,
Postquam est impransi correptus voce magistri?
Porrigis irato puero cùm poma, recusat;
Sume Catelle; negat: si non des, optat. Amator
Exclusus quî distat, agit ubi secum, eat, an non,
Quò rediturus erat non arcessitus; et hæret 261
Invisis foribus?* ne nunc, cum me vocat ultrò,
Accedam? an potiùs mediter finire dolores?
Exclusit, revocat; redeam? non, siobsecret. Ecce
Servus non paulò sapientior: O here, quæ res 265
Nec modum habet neque consilium, ratione modoque
Tractari non vult: in amore hæc sunt mala: bellum,
Pax rursum: hæc si quis tempestatis propè ritu
Mobilia, et cæcâ fluitantia sorte, laboret
Reddere certa sibi, nihilo plus explicet, ac si 270
Insanire paret certâ ratione modoque.
Quid? cùm Picenis excerpens semina pomis,

* Nec nunc, cùm me vocet.

ence whether you play the same games in the dust, as when three years old, or anxious wine for the love of an harlot; I beg to know, if you will act as the reformed Polemon* did of old; will you lay aside those ensigns of your disease, your rollers, your mantle, your mufflers? as he in his cups is said to have privately torn the chaplet from his neck, after he was corrected by the speech of his fasting master. When you offer apples to a cross boy, he refuses them: here, take them, you little dog; he denies you: if you give them not, he wants them. In what does an excluded lover differ *from such a boy*, when he argues with himself whether he should go, or not, to that very place he was returning to, without being sent for, and cleaves to the hated door? "What, shall I not go to her now when she invites me of her own accord? or shall I rather think of putting an end to my pains? She has excluded me; she recalls me: shall I return? No, not if she should beseech me." Observe the servant not a little wiser: "O master, that which has neither moderation nor conduct cannot be guided by reason or method. In love these evils are inherent: war *one while*, then peace again. If any one should endeavour to ascertain these things, that are various as the weather, and fluctuating by blind chance, he will make no more of it, than if he should set about raving by right reason and rule." What! when picking the pippins from the Picenian apples you rejoice if haply you have struck the vault-

* Polemon, a notorious rake, that went drunk into the school of Xenocrates, by whom he was reformed, and afterwards became his disciple.

Gaudes, si cameram percûsti fortè; penes te es?
Quid? cùm balba feris annoso verba palato,
Ædificante casas quî sanior? Adde cruorem 275
Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare: modò, inquam,
Hellade percussâ, Marius cùm præcipitat se,
Cerritus fuit? an commotæ crimine mentis
Absolves hominem, et sceleris damnabis eundem,
Ex more imponens cognata vocabula rebus? 280
Libertinus erat, qui circum compita siccus
*Lautis manè senex manibus currebat, et, Unum,
(† Quid tam magnum? addens;) unum me surpite morti,
Dîs etenim facile est, orabat; sanus utrisque
Auribus, atque oculis: mentem, nisi litigiosus,
Exciperet dominus, cùm venderet. Hoc quoque vulgus 286
Chrysippus ponit fœcundâ in gente Menenî.
Jupiter, ingentes qui das, adimisque dolores,
Mater ait pueri menses jam quinque cubantis,
Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit, illo 290
Manè die, quo tu indicis jejunia, nudus
In Tiberi stabit. Casus medicusve levârit

* Lotis manè senex manibus. † Quiddam magnum?

ed roof; are you yourself? What! when you strike out faltering accents from your antiquated palate, how much wiser are you than a *child* that builds houses *of clay? Then* to the folly *of love* add bloodshed, *its consequence*, and stir the fire with a sword.* I ask you, when Marius lately, after he had stabbed Hellas, threw himself down a precipice, was he raving mad? or will you absolve the man from the imputation of a disturbed mind, and condemn him for the crime according to *your* custom, imposing on things names that have an † affinity *in signification.*

There was a *certain* freedman, who, an old man, ran about the streets in a morning fasting, with his hands washed, and prayed *thus:* "Snatch me alone from death; adding, for what so great thing is it? me alone, for it is an easy matter for the Gods." *This man* was sound in both his ears and eyes: *but* his master, when he sold him, would except his understanding, unless he was fond of lawsuits. This crowd too Chrysippus places in the fruitful family of Menenius.‡

O Jupiter, who inflictest and takest away the greatest afflictions, cries the mother of a boy now lying *sick* a-bed for five months, if *this* cold quartan *ague* should leave the child, that day, in the morning on which you enjoin a fast, he shall stand naked in the Tiber. Should chance, or the physician, relieve the patient from his imminent danger,

* A proverbial expression for making bad worse.

† In order to make a distinction where there is no difference, for wickedness (argues he) is madness.

‡ The family of Menenius—a crazy person, of a numerous and illustrious family.

Ægrum ex præcipiti; mater delira necabit
In gelidâ fixum ripâ, febrimque reducet. 294
Quone malo mentem concussa? timore Deorum.
Hæc mihi Stertinius sapientum octavus, amico
Arma dedit: posthac ne compellarer inultus.
Dixerit insanum qui me, totidem audiet; atque
Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.
Stoice, post damnum sic vendas omnia pluris, 300
Quâ me stultitiâ,* quoniam non est genus unum,
Insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.
Quid? caput abscissum † manibus cùm portat Agave
Gnati infelicis, sibi tum furiosa videtur?
Stultum me fateor, liceat concedere veris, 305
Atque etiam insanum: tantùm hoc edissere, quo me
Ægrotare putes animi vitio. Accipe: primùm
Ædificas; hoc est, longos imitaris, ab imo
Ad summum totus moduli bipedalis; et idem
Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis 310

* Quam me stultitiam.
† Abscissum demens cùm portat.

the infatuated mother will destroy *the boy* placed on a cold bank, and will bring back the fever. With what disorder of the mind is she stricken? why, with a *superstitious* fear of the Gods.

These arms Stertinius, the eighth of the wise men, gave to me, *as* to a friend, that for the future I might not be roughly accosted without revenging myself. Whosoever shall call me madman, shall hear as much from me *in return;* and shall learn to look back on the bag* that hangs behind him.

O Stoic, so may you, after your damage, sell all *your merchandises* the better: what folly (for *it seems* there are more kinds than one) do you think I am infatuated with? for to myself I seem *quite* sound. What! when Agave† carries the amputated head of her unhappy son in her hands, does she then seem mad to herself? I allow myself a fool (let me yield to the truth) and a madman likewise: only declare this, with what *particular* distemper of mind you think me afflicted. Hear, then: in the first place, you build; that is, *though* from top to bottom *you are but* of the two foot size, you imitate the tall: and *yet* you, the same person, laugh at the spirit and strut of Turbo‡ in armour, too

* Alluding to the fable of Æsop, where Jupiter is feigned to have put two bags upon every man, the one filled with his neighbour's faults before, the other filled with his own behind, so that he sees the former, but not the latter,

† Agave slew her son Pentheus, for despising the Bacchanalian ceremonies.

‡ Turbo was a little strutting gladiator.

Spiritum et incessum: quî ridiculus minùs illo?
An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, te quoque verum est,
Tanto dissimilem, et tanto certare minorem?
Absentis ranæ pullis vituli pede pressis,
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat, ut ingens 315
Bellua cognatos eliserit: illa rogare,
Quantane? *num tandem, se inflans, sic magna fuisset?
Major † dimidio. Num tantò? cùm magis atque
Se magis inflaret; Non, si te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris. Hæc à te non multŭm abludit imago. 320
Adde poëmata nunc: hoc est, oleum adde camino;
Quæ si quis sanus fecit, sanus facis et tu.
Non dico horrendam rabiem. Jam desine. Cùltum
Majorem censu. Teneas, Damasippe, tuis te.
Mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores. 325
O major tandem parcas insane minori.

* Num tantum, sufflans se, magna fuisset?
† Major perinimio; num tantum? *Bentl.*

great for his *little* body: *pray*, how are you less ridiculous than him? What, is it fitting, that in every thing Mæcenas does, you, who are so very much unlike him, and so much his inferior, should vie with him? The young ones of a frog being in her absence crushed by the foot of a calf, when one of them had made his escape, he told his mother what a huge beast had dashed his brethren to pieces. She began to ask, how big? What, prithee, was it so great, *says she*, puffing up herself? Then *the young one answered*, greater by half; what, so big? when she had swelled herself more and more: If you should burst yourself, says he, you will not be equal to it. This image bears no ill allusion to you. Now add poems: that is, add oil to the fire; which, if ever any man in his senses *made*, why, so do you. I do not mention your horrid rage *of temper*.—At length have done.—Your way of living beyond your fortune.—Confine yourself to your own affairs, Damasippus.—Those thousand passions for the fair.—Thou greater madman, at last spare thy inferior:

SATYRA IV.

Catii nescio cujus fatuitatem irridet, qui summam hominis felicitatem in arte culinariâ poneret.

Unde, et quò Catius? Non est mihi tempus aventi
Ponere signa novis præceptis; qualia vincant
Pythagoram, Anytique reum, doctumque Platona.
Peccatum fateor, cùm te sic tempore lævo
Interpellarim: sed det veniam bonus, oro. 5
Quòd si interciderit tibi nunc aliquid, repetes mox;
Sive est naturæ hoc, sive artis, mirus utroque.
Quin id erat curæ, quo pacto cuncta tenerem;
Utpote res tenues, tenui sermone peractas.
Ede hominis nomen;* simul an Romanus, an hospes. 10
Ipsa † memor præcepta canam: celabitur auctor.
Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut succi meliori, et ut ‡ magis alba rotundis,
Ponere; namque marem cohibent callosa vitellum.
Caule suburbano, qui siccis crevit in agris. 15
Dulcior: irriguo nihil est elutius horto.

* Nomen simul, an Romanus.
† Ipse memor præcepta canam.
‡ Magis alma rotundis. *Bentl.* Alta (*i. e.* alentiora.) *Cuan.*

SATIRE IV.

He ridicules the absurdity of one Catius, who placed the summit of human felicity in the culinary art.

WHENCE, and whither, Catius? I have not time *to inform you*, being desirous of impressing *on my memory* some new precepts; such as may excel Pythagoras, and * he that was accused by Anytus, and the learned Plato. I acknowledge my offence, since I have interrupted you at so unlucky a juncture: but grant me your pardon, good sir, I beseech you. If any thing should have slipped you now, you will presently recollect it: whether this *talent* of yours be of nature, or of art, for you are amazing in both. Nay, but I was solicitous how I might retain all *these precepts*; as being things of a delicate nature, and in a delicate style. Tell me the name of this personage; and, at the same time, whether he is a Roman, or a foreigner? As I have them by heart, I will recite the precepts: the author must be concealed.

Observe, *in the first place*, to serve up those eggs that are of an oblong make, as being of sweeter flavour, and finer colour, than the round ones; for, being tough shelled, they contain a male-yolk. Cabbage that grows in dry lands is sweeter than that about town: nothing is more flashy than a garden much watered. If a visiter should come unexpectedly upon you in the evening, lest the

* Socrates, who was falsely accused, by Melitus and Anytus, of contemning the Gods.

Si vespertinus subitò te oppresserit hospes,
Ne gallina malum responset dura palato,
Doctus eris vivam * misto mersare Falerno:
Hoc teneram faciet. Prætensibus optima fungis 20
Natura est; aliis malè creditur. Ille salubres
Æstates peraget, qui nigris prandia moris
Finiet, ante gravem quæ legerit arbore solem.
Aufidius forti miscebat mella Falerno,
Mendosè: quoniam vacuis committere venis 25
Nil nisi lene decet: leni præcordia mulso
Prolueris melius. Si dura morabitur alvus,
Mitulus et viles pellent obstantia conchæ,
Et lapathi brevis herba, sed albo non sine Coö.
Lubrica nascentes implent conchylia lunæ. 30
Sed non omne mare est generosæ fertile testæ:
Murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris,
Ostrea Circæis, Miseno oriuntur echini;
Pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum.
Nec sibi cœnarum quivis temerè arroget artem, 35
Non priùs exactâ tenui ratione saporum.
Nec satis est carâ pisces averrere mensâ,
Ignarum, quibus est jus aptius, et quibus assis
Languidus in cubitum jam se conviva reponet,

* Musto mersare Falerno. *Bentl.*

old hen, being tough, prove disagreeable to his palate, you must be instructed to drown it in Falernian wine, mixed *with water;* this will make it tender. The mushrooms that grow in meadows are of the best kind: all others are dangerously trusted. That man shall spend his summers healthy, who shall finish his dinners with mulberries black *with ripeness*, which he shall have gathered from the tree before the sun is too powerful. Aufidius used to mix honey with strong Falernian, injudiciously; because it is fitting to commit nothing to the empty veins but what is emollient: you will, with more propriety, wash your stomach with soft mead. If your belly should be hard bound, limpets and coarse cockles will remove all obstructions, likewise leaves of the small sorrel; but not without Coan white wine. The increasing moons fill out the lubricating shell-fish. But every sea is not *alike* productive of the exquisite sorts. The Lucrine muscle is better than the Baian burret: *the best* oysters come from the Circean promontory: crayfish from Misenum: the soft Tarentum plumes herself on her broad scallops. Let no one presumptuously arrogate to himself the science of banqueting, unless the nice doctrine of taste had been previously considered by him with great exactness. Nor is it enough to sweep away a parcel of fishes from the expensive stall, *while he remains* ignorant for what sort stewed sauce is more proper, and what being roasted, the sated guest will presently replace himself on his elbow.* Let the boar from

* Such was the eating posture of the Romans.

Umber, et ilignâ nutritus glande, rotundas 40
Curvat aper lances carnem vitantis inertem;
Nam Laurens malus est, ulvis et arundine pinguis.
Vinea submittit capreas non semper edules.
Fœcundi leporis sapiens sectabitur armos.
Piscibus atque avibus quæ natura, et foret ætas, 45
Ante meum nulli patuit * quæsita palatum.
Sunt quorum ingenium nova tantùm crustula promit.
Nequaquam satis in re unâ consumere curam:
Ut si quis solùm hoc, mala ne sint vina, laboret;
Quali perfundat pisces securus olivo. 50
Massica si cœlo supponas vina sereno,
Nocturnâ, si quid crassi est, tenuabitur aurâ,
Et decedit odor nervis inimicus: at illa
Integrum perdunt lino vitiata saporem.
Surrentina vafer qui miscet fæce Falernâ 55
Vina, columbino limum benè colligit ovo;
Quatenus ima petit volvens aliena vitellus.
Tostis marcentem squillis recreabis et Afrâ
Potorem cochleâ: nam lactuca innatat acri
Post vinum stomacho: pernâ magis, ac magis hillis 60
Flagitat in morsus refici: quin omnia malit,
Quæcunque immundis fervent allata popinis.
Est operæ pretium duplicis pernoscere juris
Naturam: simplex è dulci constat olivo:

* Quæsita palato.

Umbria, and that which has been fed with the acorns of the scarlet oak, bend the round dishes of that person who dislikes all flabby meat: for the Laurentian *boar*, fattened with flags and reeds, is bad. The vinyard does not always afford the most eatable kids. A man of sense will be fond of the wings of a pregnant hare. What is the proper age and nature of fish and fowl, *though* inquired after, never was discovered before my *distinguishing* palate. There are some whose genius invents nothing but new kinds of pasty. *But* to waste one's care upon one thing is by no means sufficient: just as if any person should use all his endeavours for this only, that the wine be not bad; quite careless, *at the same time*, what oil he pours upon his fish. If you put out *your* Massic wine in fair weather, if there is any thing thick in it, it will be attenuated by the nocturnal air; and *that* smell, *which* is unfriendly to the nerves, will go off; but, if filtrated through linen, it will lose its entire flavour. He who skilfully mixes the Surrentinian wine with Falernian lees, collects the sediment with a pigeon's egg; because the yolk tends to the bottom, rolling *down with it* all the heterogeneous parts. You may rouse the jaded toper with roasted shrimps and African cockles; for lettuce after wine floats upon the soured stomach: by ham preferably, and by sausages rather, it craves to be restored to its *true tone and* appetite: nay, it will prefer every thing, which is brought smoking hot from the nasty eating-houses. It is worth while to be acquainted with the two sorts of sauce. The simple consists of sweet

Quod pingui miscere mero muriâque decebit, 65
Non aliâ, quàm quà* Byzantia putuit orca.
Hoc ubi confusum sectis inferbuit herbis,
Corycioque croco sparsum stetit, insuper addes
Pressa Venafranæ quod bacca remisit olivæ.
Picenis cedunt pomis Tiburtia succo: 70
Nam facie præstant. Venucula convenit ollis.
Rectiùs Albanam fumo duraveris uvam.
Hanc ego cum malis, ego fæcem primus, et alec,
†Primus et invenior piper album cum sale nigro
Incretum, puris circumposuisse catillis. 75
Immane est vitium, dare millia terna macello,
Angustoque vagos pisces urgere catino.
Magna movet stomacho fastidia; seu puer unctis
Tractavit calicem manibus, dum furta ligurrit:
Sive gravis veteri crateræ limus adhæsit. 80
Vilibus in scopis, in mappis, in scobe, quantus
Consistit sumptus? neglectis, flagitium ingens.
Ten' lapides varios lutulentâ radere palmâ,
Et Tyrias dare circum illota toralia vestes,
Oblitum, quantò curam sumtumque minorem 85
Hæc habeant, tantò reprendi justiùs illis,
Quæ nisi divitibus nequeunt contingere mensis?

* Byzantia putruit orca. † Primus et inveni.

oil; but it will be proper to mix with rich wine and pickle, *but with* no other *pickle* than that with which the Byzantian jar has been tainted. When this, mixed with shredded herbs, has boiled, and sprinkled with Corycian saffron, has stood *some time*, you shall, over and above, add what the berry of the Venafran olive yields, when pressed. The Tiburtian yield to the Picenian apples in juice, though they excel in look. The Venusian grape is proper for *preserving in* pots. The Albanian you had better harden in the smoke. I am found to be the first that served up this grape with apples in neat little plates; to be the first *likewise that served up* wine-lees and herring-brine, *and* white pepper finely mixed with black salt. It is an enormous fault to bestow three thousand sesterces on the fish market, and to cramp the roving fishes in a narrow dish. A great nauseating disturbs the stomach, if either the slave touches the cup with greasy hands while he licks up snacks, or if offensive grime has adhered to the ancient goblet. In trays, in mats, in saw-dust, *that are so* cheap, what great expense can there be? *But* if they are neglected, it is a heinous shame. What, is *it fitting* that you should sweep Mosaic pavements with a dirty broom made of palm, and throw Tyrian carpets over the unwashed furniture of your couch; not remembering, that by how much less care and expense these things are attended with, so much the more justly may *the want of them* be found fault with, than with those things which cannot be obtained but at the tables of the rich?

Docte Cati, per amicitiam Divosque rogatus,
Ducere me auditum, perges* quocunque, memento.
Nam quamvis referas memori mihi pectore cuncta;
Non tamen interpres tantundem juveris. Adde 91
Vultum habitumque hominis; quem tu vidisse beatus
Non magni pendis, quia contigit: at mihi cura
Non mediocris inest, fontes ut adire remotos,
Atque haurire queam vitæ præcepta beatæ. 95

SATYRA V.

Hereditatum captatores quibus artibus uterentur faceto Ulyssem inter et Tiresiam dialogo exponit.

Hoc quoque, Tiresia, præter narrata, petenti
Responde: quibus amissas reparare queam res
Artibus atque modis? Quid rides? †Jamne dolose,
Non satis est Ithacam revehi, patriosque penates
Aspicere? O nulli quidquam mentite, vides, ut 5
Nudus inopsque domum redeam, te vate: neque illic
Aut apotheca procis intacta est, aut pecus: atqui
Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.

* Quumcunque. *Cunn.* † Jamne doloso.

Learned Catius, entreated by our friendship and the Gods, remember to introduce me to an audience *with this great man*, whenever you shall go to him. For though by your memory you relate every thing *faithfully* to me, yet, as a relater, you cannot delight me in so high a degree. Add to this, the countenance and deportment of the man, whom you, happy in having seen, do not much regard, because it has been your lot; but I have no small solicitude that I may approach the distant fountain-heads, and imbibe the precepts of *such* a blessed life.

SATIRE V.

In a humorous dialogue between Ulysses and Tiresias, he exposes those arts which the fortune-hunters made use of, in order to be appointed the heirs of rich old men.

Besides what you have already told me, O Tiresias, answer to this petition of mine: by what arts and expedients may I be able to repair my ruined fortunes? Why do you laugh? Does it already seem little to you, thou cozener, to be brought back *safe* to Ithaca, and to behold *again* your family household Gods? O thou who never spakest false to any one, you see how naked and destitute I return home, according to your prophecy: nor is there either my magazine or cattle unembezzled by the suitors *of Penelope*. But birth and virtue, unless *attended* with substance, is viler *trash* than sea-weed.

Quando pauperiem, missis ambagibus, horres;
Accipe, quâ ratione queas ditescere. Turdus, 10
Sive aliud privum dabitur tibi, devolet illùc,
Res ubi magna nitet, domino sene: dulcia poma,
Et quoscunque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,
Ante Larem gustet venerabilior Lare dives:
Qui quamvis perjurus erit, sine gente, cruentus 15
Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus; ne tamen illi
Tu comes exterior, si postulet, ire recuses.
Utne tegam spurco Damæ latus? haud ita Trojæ
Me gessi, certans semper melioribus. Ergo
Pauper eris. Fortem hoc animum tolerare jubebo;
Et quondam majora tuli. Tu protenùs, unde 21
Divitias, ærisque ruam, dic, augur, acervos.
Dixi equidem, et dico. Captes astutus ubique
Testamenta senum: neu, si vafer unus et alter
Insidiatorem præroso fugerit hamo, 25
Aut spem deponas, aut artem illusus omittas.
Magna minorve foro si res certabitur olim;
Vivet uter locuples sine gnatis, improbus, ultrò
Qui meliorem audax vocet in jus, illius esto
Defensor: famâ civem causâque priorem 30
Sperne, domi si gnatus erit, fœcundave conjux.

Since (circumlocution apart) you are in dread of poverty, hear by what means you may grow wealthy. If a thrush, or any *dainty* thing for your own private *eating*, shall be given you, let it speed away to that place where shines a great fortune, the possessor being an old man: delicious apples, and whatever dainties your well-cultivated ground brings forth for you, let the rich man, *as* more to be reverenced than your household God, taste before him; who, though he be perjured, of no family, stained with his brother's blood, a runaway, if he desires it, do not refuse to go along with him, his companion on the* exterior side. What, shall I walk cheek by jole with a filthy Damas? I did not behave myself in that manner at Troy, contending always with the best. You must then be poor. I will command my indignant soul to bear this *evil;* and formerly I have endured greater. Do you, *however*, O prophet, tell me directly how I may amass riches, and heaps of money. In troth, I have told you, and tell you again; Use your craft to lie at catch for the last wills of old men; nor, if one or two cunning chaps escape *the angler*, by biting the bait off the hook, neither lay aside hope, nor quit the art, though disappointed in your aim. If an affair, *either* of little or great consequence, shall be contested at any time at the bar, whichever of the parties lives wealthy, without heirs, *should he be* a rogue, who daringly takes the law of a better man, be you his advocate: Despise the citizen who is superior in reputation and *the justness* of his cause, if at home he has a son or a fruitful wife.

* The left side; that is, give him the wall.

Quinte, puta, aut Publi, gaudent prænomine molles
Auriculæ, tibi me virtus tua fecit amicum:
Jus anceps novi: causas defendere possum:
Eripiet quivis oculos citius mihi, quàm te 35
Contemptum* cassâ nuce pauperet: hæc mea cura est,
Ne quid tu perdas, neu sis jocus: ire domum, atque
Pelliculam curare jube: fi cognitor ipse:
Persta, atque obdura: seu rubra canicula findet
Infantes statuas: seu pingui tentus omaso 40
Furius hibernas canâ nive conspuet Alpes.
Nonne vides, (aliquis cubito stantem probè tangens
Inquiet,) ut patiens, ut amicis aptus, ut acer?
Plures† adnabunt thunni, et cetaria crescent.
Si cui præterea validus malè filius in re 45
Præclarâ sublatus aletur; ne manifestum
Cœlibis obsequium nudet te, leniter in spem
Adrepe officiosus, ut et scribare secundus
Hæres; et, si quis casus puerum egerit Orco,
In vacuum venias: perrarò hæc alea fallit. 50
Qui testamentum tradet tibi cunque legendum,
Abnuere, et tabulas à te removere memento:

* Quassâ nuce pauperet.
† Annabunt cygni et vivaria crescent.

Address him thus: "Quintus, for instance, or Publius, (delicate ears delight in the* additional name) your virtue has made me your friend. I am acquainted with all the precarious quirks of the law: I can plead causes. Any one shall sooner snatch my eyes from me, than he shall think meanly of, and defraud you of *the value of* a deaf nut. This is my care, that you lose nothing, that you be not made a jest of." *Then* bid him go home, and make much of himself. Be his solicitor yourself: persevere, and be steadfast: whether the glaring dog-star shall cleave the infant statues; or Furius,† distended with his greasy paunch, shall spew white snow over the wintry Alps. Do not you see (shall some one say, jogging the person that stands next to him by the elbow) how indefatigable he is, how serviceable to his friends, how acute? *By this means*, more gudgeons shall swim in, and your fish-ponds shall increase.

Further, if any one in affluent circumstances has reared an ailing son, lest a *too* open complaisance to a single man should detect you, creep gradually into the hope *of succeeding him*, and that you may be set down as second heir; and, if any casualty should despatch the boy to his long home, you may come into the vacancy: This die seldom fails. Whoever delivers his will to you to read, be mindful to decline it, and push the parchments from you: *do it*, however, in such a manner, that you may catch, with an oblique glance, what the first

* The prænomen was the first name of the three, which Romans of condition generally had, as Marcus Tullius Cicero, Publius Virgilius Maro.

† A parody upon a bombastic line of Furius Bibaculus.

Sic tamen, ut limis rapias, quid prima secundo
Cera velit versu: solus, multisne cohæres,
Veloci percurre oculo. Plerumque recoctus 55
Scriba ex quinqueviro corvum deludet hiantem;
Captatorque dabit risus Nasica Corano.
Num furis? an prudens ludis me, obscura canendo?
O Laërtiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non:
Divinare etenim magnus mihi donat Apollo. 60
Quid tamen ista velit sibi fabula, *si licet, ede.
Tempore quo juvenis Parthis horrendus, ab alto
Demissum genus Æneâ, tellure marique
Magnus erit; forti nubet procera Corano
Filia Nasicæ metuentis reddere soldum. 65
Tum gener hoc faciet: tabulas socero dabit, atque
Ut legat, orabit: multùm Nasica negatas
Accipiet tandem, et tacitus leget; invenietque
Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.
Illud ad hæc jubeo: mulier si fortè dolosa, 70
Libertusve senem delirum temperet; illis
Accedas socius: laudes, lauderis ut absens.
Adjuvat hoc quoque: sed vincit longè priùs ipsum

* Scilicet ede.

*page intimates to be in the second clause; run over, with a quick eye, whether you are sole heir, or co-heir with many *others*. Sometimes, a well-seasoned lawyer, *risen* from a † Quinque Vir, shall delude the gaping raven; and the fortune-hunter Nasica shall be laughed at by Coranus.

What, do you rave? or do you play upon me designedly, by uttering obscurities? O son of Laertes, whatever I shall say will *actually* come to pass, or *it will* not; for the great Apollo gives me the power to divine. Then, if it is proper, relate what that tale means.

At that time when the youth, dreaded by the Parthians, an offspring derived from the noble Æneas, shall be mighty by land and sea, the tall daughter of Nasica, *so* averse to pay the sum-total of his debts, shall wed the stout Coranus. Then the son-in-law shall proceed thus: he shall deliver his will to his father-in-law, and entreat him that he would read it: Nasica will at length receive it, after it has many times been refused by him, and shall silently peruse it; and will find no other legacy left to him and his, except *leave* to lament.

To these *directions I have already given*, I subjoin that *following:* if haply a cunning woman, or a freedman, have the management of an old driveller, join with them as an associate; praise them, that you may be praised in your absence. This

* Literally, the first wax; for they used to cut their letters with the stylus (already described) upon wax, spread upon vellum, or tablets.

† Quinque Vir, one of five commissioners to execute a transaction; an officer (it should seem by this passage) of no great consequence.

Expugnare caput. Scribet mala carmina vecors?
Laudato. Scortator erit? cave te roget: ultrò 75
Penelopen facilis potiori trade. Putasne,
Perduci poterit tam frugi, tamque pudica,
Quam nequière proci recto depellere cursu?
*Venit enim magnum donandi parca juventus,
Nec tantùm Veneris, quantùm studiosa culinæ. 80
Sic tibi Penelope frugi est: quæ si semel uno
De sene gustârit, tecum partita lucellum,
Ut canis, ā corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto.
Me sene, quod dicam, factum est: anus improba Thebis
Ex testamento sic est elata: cadaver 85
Unctum oleo largo nudis humeris tulit hæres;
Scilicet elabi si posset mortua: credo,
Quŏd nimiùm institerat viventi. Cautus adito:
Neu desis operæ: neve immoderatus abundes.
Difficilem et morosum † offendet garrulus ultrò. 90
Non etiam sileas. Davus sis comicus; atque
Stes capite obstipo, multùm similis metuenti.
Obsequio grassare: mone, si increbruit aura,
Cautus uti velet carum caput: extrahe turbâ
Oppositis humeris: aurem substringe loquaci. 95

* Venit enim magno donandi. *Bos.* Venit enim (indignum.) *Bentl.*
† Offendes garrulus. Utrò. *Bentl.*

too is of service: but to storm the capitol itself, excels this method by far. Shall he, a dotard, scribble wretched verses? applaud them. Shall he be a wencher? take care *you do not suffer* him to ask you; of your own accord, complaisantly deliver up *your* Penelope to him, *as* preferable *to yourself.* What, do you think so sober and so chaste *a woman* can be brought over, whom *so many* wooers could not divert from the right course? *May be so:* because a parcel of young fellows came, *who were too* parsimonious to give a great price, nor so much desirous of an amorous intercourse, as of the kitchen. So far, your Penelope is chaste: who, had she once tasted of one old *doating gallant*, and shared with you the profit, *she would have been* like a hound, which will never be frightened away from the reeking skin of *the new killed game.*

What I am going to tell you, happened when I was an old man: A wicked hag at Thebes was, according to her will, carried forth in this manner: her heir bore her corpse, anointed with a large quantity of oil, upon his naked shoulders; with the intent, that if possible, she might escape from him, *even* when dead, because, I imagine, he had pressed upon her too much when living. Be cautious in your addresses, neither be wanting in your pains, nor be immoderately exuberant. By voluntary garrulity, you will offend the splenetic and morose. You must not, *however*, be silent. Be Davus in the play, and stand with your head on one side, much like one who stands in great awe. Attack him with complaisance: if the air freshens, advise him care-

Importunus amat laudari? donec, ohe jam!
Ad Cœlum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge, et
Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.
Cùm te servitio longo curâque levârit;
Et certum vigilans, Quartæ sit partis Ulysses, 100
Audieris hæres: Ergo nunc Dama sodalis
Nusquam est? unde mihi tam fortem, tamque fidelem?
Sparge subinde: * et, si paulùm potes, illacrimare. Est
†Gaudia prodentem vultum celare. Sepulchrum
Permissum arbitrio, sine sordibus exstrue: funus
Egregiè factum laudet vicinia. Si quis 106
Fortè cohæredum senior male tussiet, huic tu
Dic, ex parte tuâ, seu fundi, sive domus sit
Emptor, gaudentem nummo te addicere. Sed me
Imperiosa trahit Proserpina; vive, valeque. 110

* Et sic paulùm potes illachrymare et gaudia prudenter vultu celare. *Bentl.*

† Gaudia prudentum vultu celare.

fully to cover up his precious head: disengage him from the crowd, by opposing your shoulders *to it:* closely attach your ear to him if chatty.* Is he immoderately fond of being praised? ply him home, till he shall cry out, with his hands lifted up to heaven, Ohe! and puff up the swelling bladder with tumid speeches. When we shall have *at last* released you from long servitude and anxiety, and being certainly awake, you shall hear *this article in his will:* "Let Ulysses be heir of one-fourth of my estate." Is then my companion Damas now no more? Where shall I find *another* so brave and so faithful? Throw out *something of this kind* every now and then; and, if you can a little, weep for him. It is fit to disguise your countenance, which *otherwise* would betray your joy. *As for* the monument, which is left to your own discretion, erect it without meanness. The neighbourhood will commend the funeral handsomely performed. If haply any of your co-heirs, being advanced in years, should have a dangerous cough, whether he has a mind to be a purchaser of a farm or a house, out of your share, tell him, you will *come to any terms he shall propose, and* make it over to him gladly for a trifling sum. But the imperious Proserpine drags me hence. Live, and prosper.

* *Aurem subtringere* signifies, putting the hair behind the ears, to be able to hear better.

SATYRA VI.

Rusticani otii commoda cum urbanæ vitæ molestiis contendit.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulùm silvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dî melius fecêre: benè est; nihil ampliùs oro,
Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis;
Si neque majorem feci ratione malâ, rem, 6
Nec sum facturus vitio culpâve minorem:
Si veneror stultus nihil horum: O si angulus ille
Proximus accedat, qui nunc denormat agellum!
O si urnam argenti* fors quæ mihi monstret, ut illi, 10
Thesauro invento qui mercenarius agrum
Illum ipsum mercatus aravit, dives amico
Hercule! si quod adest, gratum juvat: hâc prece te oro,
Pingue pecus domino facias, et cætera, præter
Ingenium; utque soles, custos mihi maximus adsis 15

* Fors quà mihi monstret.

SATIRE VI.

He sets the conveniences of a country retirement in opposition to the trouble of a life in town.

THIS was *ever* amongst the number of my wishes; a portion of ground not over large, in which was a garden, and a fountain with a continual stream close to my house, and a little woodland besides. The Gods have done more abundantly and better for me *than this*. It is well: O son of Maia,* I ask nothing more, save that you would make these donations lasting for me. If I have neither made my estate larger by bad means, nor am I in the way to render it less by vice or misconduct: If I do not foolishly make any petition of this sort: O that yon neighbouring angle, which now spoils the regularity of my field, could be joined *to it!* O that some accident would discover to me an urn *full* of money! as it *did* to him, who, a treasure being found by him, bought that very ground he before tilled in capacity of a hired servant, enriched by Hercules† being his friend: if what I have at present satisfies my grateful *mind*, I supplicate you with this prayer: Make my cattle fat for the use of their master, and every thing else, except my genius: and as you are wont, be my chief guardian. Wherefore, when I have removed myself from the city to the mountains and

* Mercury.

† He was supposed to preside over hidden treasures and unexpected gain.

Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex Urbe removi,
Quid priùs illustrem Satyris Musâque pedestri?
Nec mala me ambitio perdit, nec plumbeus Auster,
Autumnusque gravis, Libitinæ questus acerbæ.
Matutine pater, seu Jane libentiùs audis, 20
Undè homines operum primos vitæque labores
Instituunt, sic Dîs placitum, tu carminis esto
Principium. Romæ sponsorem me rapis. Eia,
Ne prior officio quisquam respondeat, urge:
Sive aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem 25
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.
Postmodò, quod mî obsit, clarè certumque locuto,
Luctandum in turba; facienda injuria tardis.
*Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? improbus urget
Iratis precibus. Tu pulses omne quod obstat, 30
Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli est; non mentiar. At simul atras
Ventum est Esquilias, aliena negotia centum
Per caput, et circa saliunt latus. Ante secundam,
Roscius orabat sibi adesses ad Puteal cras. 35
De re communi scribæ magnâ atque novâ te

* Quid tibi vis, insane, et quam rem agis? *Bentl.*

my cattle, what can I adorn preferably to my satires and prosaic muse? *There* neither evil ambition destroys me, nor the heavy south-wind, or the sickly autumn, the gain of baleful Libitina.*

Father of the morning, or Janus, if with more pleasure you hear yourself *called by that name*, from whom men commence the toils of their business and *ways* of life, such is the will of the Gods, be thou the beginning of my song. At Rome you hurry me away to be bail *for some one:* Away, despatch, *you* cry, lest any one should be beforehand with you in doing that *friendly office:* I must go at all events, whether the north wind sweep the earth, or winter contracts the snowy day into a narrower circle. After this, having uttered in a clear and determined manner *the legal form* which may be a detriment to me, I must bustle through the crowd; must disoblige the tardy. What's your will, madman, and what are you about? *So* a wicked fellow accosts me with his passionate curses. You jostle every thing that is in your way, if, with an appointment full in your mind, you are posting away to Mæcenas. This pleases me, and is as honey *to my palate;* I will not tell a lie *about the matter.* But by the time I reach the gloomy Esquiliæ, a hundred affairs of other people's† encompass me on every side. Roscius begged the favour you would be with him at the court-house to-morrow before the second hour.‡ The secreta-

* The Goddess of funerals or death.

† Literally, *leap through my head and about my side.*

‡ Before eight o'clock in the morning.

Orabant hodiè meminisses, Quinte, reverti.
Imprimat his, cura, Mæcenas signa tabellis.
Dixeris, Experiar: Si vis, potes, addit, et instat.
Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus. 40
Ex quo Mæcenas me Cœpit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas
Hoc genus: Hora quota est? Threx est Gallina Syro par?
Matutina parùm cautos jam frigora mordent; 45
Et quæ rimosâ benè deponuntur in aure.
Per totum hoc tempus, subjectior in diem et horam
*Invidiæ. Noster ludos spectaverat unâ,
Luserat in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes.
Frigidus à Rostris manat per compita rumor, 50
Quicunque obvius est, me consulit, O bone, (nam te
Scire, Deos quoniam propiùs contingis, oportet,)
Numquid de Dacis audisti? Nil equidem. Ut tu
Semper eris derisor! At omnes Dî exagitent me,
Si quidquam. Quid? militibus promissa Triquetrâ 55
Prædia Cæsar, an est Italâ tellure daturus?

* Invidiæ noster. Ludos spectaverit unà,
Luserit. *Bentl.*

ries requested you would remember, Quintus,* to return to-day about an affair of public concern, and of great consequence. *Pray*, get Mæcenas to put his signet to these tablets. Should one say, I will endeavour at it: if you will, you can, adds he, and is *more* earnest. The seventh year, approaching to the eighth, is now elapsed from the time Mæcenas began to reckon me in the number of his friends: only thus far, as one he would like to take along with him in *his* chariot, when he went a journey, and to whom he would trust such kind of trifles as these:—What is the hour? Is Gallina, the Thracian, a match for *the gladiator* Syrus? The cold morning air begins to pinch those that are ill provided *against it;* and such things as are well enough intrusted to a leaky ear. For all this time, every day and hour, I have been more subjected to envy. Our son of fortune here, *says every body;* saw all the shows in company with *Mæcenas*, and played with him in the Campus Martius. Does any disheartening report spread from the rostrum through the streets; whoever comes in my way consults me *concerning it;* Good sir, have you, for you must know, since you approach nearer the Gods† *than we*, heard any thing relating to the Dacians? Nothing at all, for my part, *I reply.* How, you ever are a sneerer! But may all the Gods torture me, if I know any thing of the matter. What! will Cæsar give the lands he promised the soldiers, in Sicily,‡ or Italy? As I am swearing I know nothing about it, they wonder

* The first of Horace's three names, Quintus Horatius Flaccus. † The principal persons in power.

‡ Sicily was called Triquetra, from its triangular form.

Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum*
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silentî.
Perditur hæc inter misero lux, non sine votis:
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit, 60
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?
O quando faba Pythagoræ cognata, simulque
Uncta satis pingui ponentur oluscula lardo?
O noctes, cœnæque Deûm! quibus ipse, meique
Ante larem proprium vescor: vernasque procaces 66
Pasco libatis dapibus. Prout cuique libido est,
Siccat inæquales calices conviva, solutus
Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis
Pocula, seu modicis uvescit lætiùs.† Ergo 70
Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, ac nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati: 74
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos:
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

* Miratur, ut unum.
† Modicis humescit lætiùs,

at me, *thinking* me, to be sure, a creature of extraordinary and profound secrecy.

Amongst things of this nature the day is wasted by me, mortified as I am, not without such wishes as these: O rural retirement, when shall I behold thee? and when shall it be in my power to contract a pleasing oblivion of a life full of solicitude, one while with the books of the ancients, another in sleep and leisure? O when shall the bean* related to Pythagoras, and at the same time herbs well larded with fat bacon, be set before me? O evenings and suppers fit for Gods! with which I and my friends regale ourselves in the presence of my household Gods; and feed my saucy slaves with viands, of which libations have been made. The guest, according to every one's inclination, takes off the glasses, *which are* of different sizes, free from mad laws: whether one of a strong constitution chooses hearty bumpers; or *another*, more joyously, waxes mellow with moderate ones. Then conversation arises, not concerning other people's villas and houses, nor whether Lepos dances well, or not; but we debate on what is more to our purpose, and *what* it is a bad thing not to know: whether men are made happy by riches or virtue; and what engages us into intimacies, interest or moral rectitude: and what is the nature of good, and what its perfection. Meanwhile, *my* neighbour Cervius prates away old stories relative to the sub-

* Alluding to that philosopher's believing the metempsychosis in such an extent, as to imagine souls sometimes transmigrated into beans. This is supposed to have arisen from some conceited likenesses between some parts of a bean and others of the human body.

Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas. Si quis nam laudat Arelli
Solicitas ignarus opes, sic incipit: Olim
Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur 80
Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;
Asper, et attentus quæsitis; ut tamen arctum
Solveret hospitiis animum. Quid multa? neque illi*
Sepositi ciceris, nec longæ invidit avenæ;
Aridum et ore ferens acinum, semesaque lardi 85
Frusta dedit, cupiens variâ fastidia cœnâ
Vincere tangentis malè singula dente superbo:
Cùm pater ipse domus paleâ porrectus in hornâ
Esset ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice, 90
Prærupti nemoris patientem vivere dorso?
Vis tu homines urbemque feris præponere silvis?
Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
Mortales animas vivunt sortita, neque ulla est
Aut magno aut parvo lethi fuga: quo, bone, circa,
Dùm licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus: 96
Vive memor, quàm sis ævi brevis. Hæc ubi dicta
Agrestem pepulere; domo levis exsilit: inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Mœnia nocturni subrepere. Jamque tenebat 100
Nox medium cœli spatium, cùm ponit uterque

* Neque ille.

ject. For if any one ignorantly commends the troublesome riches of Arellius, he thus begins: On a time a country mouse is reported to have received a city mouse into his poor cave; an old host his old acquaintance; a blunt fellow, and attentive to his acquisitions; yet so as he could, *on occasion*, enlarge his narrow soul in acts of hospitality. What need of many words? he neither grudged him the hoarded vetches, nor the long oats; and bringing in his mouth a dry plum-stone, and nibbled scraps of bacon, presented them to him, being desirous, by the variety of the supper, to get the better of the daintiness of his guest, who hardly touched, with his delicate tooth, the several things; while the father of the family himself, extended on fresh straw, eat a *little* burnt crust and darnel, leaving that which was better *for his guest*. At length the citizen addressing him, "Friend, (says he,) what delight have you to live laboriously on the ridge of a rugged thicket? will you not prefer men and the city to *these* savage woods? Take my advice, *and* go along with me; since mortal lives are allotted to all terrestrial animals, neither any escape from death, either for the great or small. Wherefore, my good friend, while it is in your power, live happy about in joyous circumstances: *in short*, live mindful of how brief an existence you are." Soon as these speeches had wrought upon the peasant, he leaps nimbly from his cave; thence they both pursue their intended journey, being desirous to steal under the city walls by night. And now the night possessed

In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos,
Multaque de magnâ superessent fercula cœnâ,
Quæ procul exstructis inerant hesterna canistris.
Ergo ubi purpureâ porrectum in veste locavit 106
Agrestem; veluti succinctus cursitat hospes,
Continuatque dapes; nec non vernaliter ipsis
Fungitur officiis,* prælibans omne quod affert.
Ille cubans gaudet mutatâ sorte, bonisque 110
Rebus agit lætum convivam: cùm subitò ingens
Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magisque
Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
Personuit canibus. Tùm rusticus, Haud mihi vitâ
Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me silva cavusque
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo. 117

* Prælambens omne quod affert.

the middle region of the heavens, when each of them set foot in a gorgeous palace; where carpets died with *crimson* grain glittered upon ivory couches, and many dishes of yesterday's magnificent entertainment remained, which had yesterday been set by in baskets piled upon one another. After, therefore, he had placed the peasant, stretched *at ease*, upon a splendid carpet, he bustles about like an adroit host, and keeps bringing up one dish close to another; and, with an affected civility, performs all the ceremonies, first tasting of every thing he serves up. He, lying at his ease, rejoices in the change of his situation, and acts the part of a boon companion in his good cheer; when, on a sudden, a prodigious rattling of the folding doors shook them both off their couches. Terrified, they began to scamper all about the room; and more and more heartless, to be in confusion, whilst the lofty house resounded with *the barking of* mastiff dogs: upon which, says the country mouse, I have no desire for a life like this, and *so* farewell; my wood and cave, secure from surprises, shall, with homely tares, comfort me *for this disappointment.*

SATYRA VII.

Horatii servus libertate usus Saturnalitia festive illum et acriter objurgat.

JAMDUMUM ausculto; *et cupiens tibi dicere servus
Pauca, reformido. Davusne? Ita, Davus, amicum
Mancipium domino, et frugi, quod sit satis: hoc est,
Ut vitale putes. Agê, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere: narra. 5
Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, et urget
Propositum; pars multa natat, modò recta capessens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus anellis, modò lævâ Priscus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas; 10
Ædibus ex magnis subitò se conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè:
Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis

* (*Hor.*) Jamdudum ausculto. (*Dav.*) at cupiens. *Rutg.*

SATIRE VII.

One of Horace's slaves, making use of that freedom which was allowed them at the Saturnalia rates his master in a droll and severe manner.*

I HAVE a long while been attending *to you;* and would fain speak a few words *in return, but, being* a slave, I am afraid. What, Davus? Yes, Davus, a faithful servant to his master, and an honest one, at least sufficiently so: that is, for you to think his life in no danger.† Well, since our ancestors would have it so, use the freedom of December: speak on.

One part of mankind are fond of their vices with *some* constancy, and adhere to their purpose: a considerable part fluctuates; one while embracing the right, another liable to depravity. Priscus, frequently observed with three rings, sometimes with his left hand bare, lived so irregularly, that he would change his robe every hour; from a magnificent edifice, he would on a sudden hide himself in such a place, from whence a decent freedman would scarce come out in a reputable manner; one while he would choose to lead the life of a rake at Rome, another that of a scholar at Athens; born

* A feast instituted in honour of Saturn, in whose reign all men were upon a footing. It was held in December, and the slaves in that time were permitted to treat their masters with great familiarity.

† Ignorant people have a common proverb, *Such a child is too good* (or *too witty*) *to be long-lived.*

Vivere; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus inquis.
Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi justa chiragra 15
Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret, atque
*Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit; quantò constantior idem
In vitiis, tantò leviùs miser, ac prior ille,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat 20
Non dicies hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendant.
Furcifer? Ad te, inquam. Quo pacto, pessime? Laudas
Fortunam ac mores antiquæ plebis, et idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus subitò te agat, usque recuses:
Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse; 25
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, et hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas; absentem rusticus Urbem
Tollis ad astra levis. Si nusquam es fortè vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus: ac, velut usquam 30
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amasque,
Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum. Jusserit ad se
Mæcenas serum sub lumina prima venire

* Mitteret in pyrgum.

in the despite of every attribute of Vertumnus.* That buffoon, Volanerius, when the deserved gout had crippled his fingers, maintained *a fellow* that he had hired at a daily price, who took up the dice, and put them into the box for him: *yet* by how much more constant he was in his vice, by so much less wretched was he than the former person, who one while is in difficulties by *too* loose, another by *too* tight a reign.

Will you not tell to-day, thou varlet, whither such wretched stuff tends? *Why*, to you I say, In what respect to me, scoundrel? You praise the happiness and manners of ancient *Roman* people; and *yet* if any God was on a sudden to reduce you to them, you the same man would earnestly beg to be excused; either because you are not *really* of opinion, that what you bawl about is right, or because you are irresolute in defending the right, and hesitate, in vain desirous to extract your foot from the mire. At Rome, you long for the country: when you are in the country, *ever* fickle, you extol the absent city to the skies. If haply you are invited out no where to supper, you praise your salad, *that you enjoy* in tranquillity; and, as if *whenever* you go abroad it were upon compulsion, you think yourself so happy, and do so hug yourself, that you are obliged to drink no where: *But* should Mæcenas lay his commands upon you to come late, at the first lighting up of the tapers, *to*

* Vertumnus presided over the changes of the seasons. There were many statues of him, and in various forms, which occasions *Vertumni* in the plural number.

Convivam: Nemon' oleum feret ociùs? ecquis
Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, fugisque. 35
Milvius et scurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
Discedunt. Etenim fateor, me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem: nasum nidore supinor:
Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, adde, popino.
Tu, cùm sis quod ego, et fortassis nequior, ultrò
Insectere, velut melior? verbisque decoris 41
Obvolvas vitium? quid, *si me stultior ipse
Quingentis empto drachmis deprênderis? aufer
Me vultu terrere: manum stomachumque teneto,
Dum, quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo. 45
Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum:
Peccat uter nostrûm cruce digniùs? acris ubi me
Natura incendit, sub clarâ nuda luçernâ,
Quæcunque excepit turgentis verbera caudæ
Clunibus, aut agitavit equum lasciva supinum, 50
Dimittit, neque famosum, neque solicitum ne
Ditior, aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.
Tu, cùm projectis insignibus, annulo equestri,
Romanoque habitu, prodis ex judice, Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacernâ; 55
Non es quod simulas? metuens induceris, atque

* Si me stultior ipso.

be his guest; "Is there nobody to bring the oil with more expedition? Does any body hear?" You sputter with a mighty bellowing, and *then* you scour away. Milvius, and the buffoons *who expected to sup with you*, depart, after having uttered curses not proper to be repeated. Any one may say, for I own *the truth*, that I am easily seduced by my appetite: I snuff up my nose at a savoury smell; am weak, lazy, and, if you have a mind to add any thing else, a sot. But, seeing you are as I am, and perhaps something worse, why do you wilfully call me to an account, as if you were the better man? and, with specious phrases, disguise your *own* vices? What if you are found out to be a greater fool than me, who was purchased for five hundred drachmas?* Forbear to terrify me with your looks; restrain your hand and your anger, while I relate to you what Crispinus' porter taught me.

Another man's wife captivates you; a harlot, Davus: which of us sins more deservingly of the gallows? When keen nature inflames me, any common wench that picks me up dismisses me neither dishonoured, nor *in the least* solicitous whether a richer or a handsomer man enjoys her next. You, when you have cast off your ensigns of dignity, your equestrian ring, and your Roman habit, turn out, from a *grave* magistrate, a wretched Dama,† hiding with a cape your essenced head: are you not *really* what you personate? You are introduced,

* About fifty crowns sterling, if the Attic drachma was, as is computed, six shillings of our money.

† A common name for a slave in Rome.

Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore.
Quid refert, uri virgis ferroque necari
Auctoratus eas; an turpi clausus in arcâ,
Quò te dimisit peccati conscia herilis, 60
Contractum genibus tangas caput? estne marito
Matronæ peccantis in ambos justa potestas?
In corruptorem vel justior? illa tamen se
Non habitu, mutatve loco peccatve supernè;
Cùm te formidet mulier, neque credat amanti. 65
Ibis sub furcam prudens, dominoque furenti
Committes rem omnem, et vitam, et cum corpore famam.
Evâsti? credo metues, doctusque cavebis:
Quæres quando iterùm paveas, iterùmque perire
Possis. O toties servus! quæ bellua ruptis, 70
Cùm semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?
Non sum mœchus, ais: neque ego, hercule, fur, ubi vasa
Prætereo sapiens argentea: tolle periclum,
Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.
Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque 75
Tot tantisque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque
Imposita haud unquam miserâ formidine privet?

apprehensive of *consequences*, and as you are altercating with your passions, your bones shake with fear. What is the difference, whether you go condemned, *like a gladiator*,* to be galled with scourges, or to be slain with the sword; or be squeezed up, neck and heels, in a filthy chest, where *the maid*, conscious of her mistress's crime, has stowed you? Has not the husband of the offending dame a just power of *punishing* both? against the seducer even a juster? but she neither changes her dress, nor place, nor sins to that excess *as you do;* since the woman is in dread *even* of you, nor gives any credit to you, *though you profess* to love her. You must go under the yoke knowingly, and put all your fortune, and livelihood, and your reputation, together with your limbs, into the power of an enraged husband. Have you escaped? I suppose *then* you will be afraid *for the future*, and, being warned, will be cautious. *No*, you will seek occasion when again you may be in terror, and again may be likely to perish. O so often a slave! what beast, when it has once escaped, by breaking its toils, *ever* absurdly trusts itself to them *again?* You say, "I am no adulterer." Nor, by Hercules, am I a thief, when I wisely pass by the silver vases. Take away the danger and vagrant nature will spring forth, when all restraints are removed. Are you *then*, my master, *so much* my inferior, by *being subjected to* the dominion of so many things and persons? whom vengeance, *though* inflicted three or four times *over*, can never free from this wretched solicitude? Add to what

* A gladiator, when he was sold, laid himself under these sanguinary obligations.

*Adde supra dictis, quod non leviùs valeat; nam
Sive vicarius est, qui servo paret, uti mos
Vester ait, seu conservus; tibi quid sum ego? nempe 80
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis, miser, atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.†
Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens; sibique imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores 85
Fortis, et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari;
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna. Potesne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? quinque talenta
Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum 90
Perfundit gelidâ; rursus vocat: eripe turpi
Colla jugo: Liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis:
Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, et acres
Subjectat lasso stimulos, versatque negantem.
Vel cùm Pausiacâ torpes, insane, tabellâ, 95
Quî peccas minus atque ego, cùm Fulvî Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror,

* Adde super dictis, quod non.
† Mobile signum. *Douza.*

has been said above, a thing of no less weight: *for* whether he be an underling, who obeys the master-slave,* as it is your custom to affirm, or *only* a fellow slave, what am I in respect of you? You, for example, who have the command of me, are in subjection to other things,† and are led about, like a puppet, which is moveable by the means of wires not its own.

Who is then free? The wise man, who has dominion over himself; whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains, affright; brave in the checking of his appetites, and in contemning honours; and perfect in himself, polished‡ and round; so that nothing can retard him in his level course; against whom misfortune ever advances ineffectually. Can you, out of all these, recognise any thing applicable to yourself? A woman demands five talents of you, plagues you, and, after you are turned out of doors, she bedews you with cold water; she calls you again. Rescue your neck from this vile yoke: Come, say I am free, *quite* free. You are not able: For an implacable master oppresses your mind, and claps the sharp spurs to your jaded appetite, and forces you on, *though* reluctant. When you, a fool, quite languish at a picture by Pausias, how are you less to blame than I, when I admire the combats of Fulvius, and Rutuba, and Placideianus, with their bended knees painted in crayons,

* The Romans of distinction had one slave who presided over the rest.

† Your passions.

‡ Alluding to a globe, which, having no asperities, goes smoothly on its course.

Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone; velut si
Revera pugnent; feriant, vitentque moventes
Arma viri? Nequam et cessator Davus: at ipse
Subtilis veterum judex, et callidus audis; 101
Nil ego, si ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus atque animus cœnis responsat opimis?
Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosius est: Cur?
Tergo plector enim; quî tu impunitior illa, 105
Quæ parvo sumi nequeunt, obsonia captas?
Nempe inamarescunt epulæ sine fine petitæ,
Illusique pedes vitiosum ferre recusant
Corpus. An hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvam
Furtivâ mutat strigili? qui prædia vendit, 110
Nil servile, gulæ parens, habet? adde, quòd idem
Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia rectè
Ponere; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus ut erro;
Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam:
Frustrà: nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem. 115
Undè mihi lapidem? Quorsum est opus? Undè sagittas?

or charcoal, as if the men were actually engaged, and push, and parry, moving their weapons? Davus is a scoundrel and a loiterer; but you have the character of an exquisite and expert connoisseur in antiquities. If I am allured by a smoking pasty, I am a good-for-nothing fellow: Does your great virtue and soul resist *the temptation of* delicate entertainments? A tenderness for my belly is too destructive for me; Why so? For does not my back pay for it? *But* how do you come off with more impunity, since you hanker after such dainties as cannot be had for a little expense? Then those delicacies, perpetually taken, pall *upon the stomach;* and your mistaken feet will not support your sickly body. Is that boy guilty, who by night pawns a stolen scraper* for some grapes? *And* has he nothing servile about him, who, in indulgence to his guts, sells his estates? Add *to this*, that you yourself cannot be an hour by yourself, nor dispose of your leisure in a right manner; and desert yourself as a *mere* fugitive and vagabond, one while endeavouring with wine, another with sleep, to cheat care: in vain; for the gloomy companion presses upon you, and pursues you in your flight.

Where *can* I *get* a stone? What occasion is there for it? Where *can* I *get* some darts? The

* The strigil was an instrument made of either iron, brass, or silver, that the Romans made use of in their bagnois to scrape off the sweat: There is a figure of one of them to be seen in Battley's ANTIQUITATES RUTUPINÆ.

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit. Ocius hinc te
Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

SATYRA VIII.

Avarum ineptè prodigum salsè describit.

Ut Nasidieni juvit te cœna beati?
Nam mihi quærenti convivam, dictus here illic
De medio potare die. Sic, ut mihi nunquam
In vitâ fuerit melius. *Da, si grave non est,
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca, 5
In primis Lucanus aper leni fuit Austro
Captus, ut aiebat cœnæ pater; acria circum
Rapula, lactucæ, radices, qualia lassum
Pervellunt stomachum, siser, alec, fæcula Coa.
His ubi sublatis, puer altè cinctus acernam 10
Gausape purpureo mensam pertersit, et alter
Sublegit quodcunque jaceret inutile, quodque
Posset cœnantes offendere; ut Attica virgo
Cum sacris Cereris, procedit fuscus Hydaspes, 14
Cæcuba vina ferens; Alcon, Chium maris expers.

* Dic, si grave non est.

man is either mad, or making of verses. If you do not take yourself away in an instant, you shall go *and make* a *ninth labourer at my Sabine estate.

SATIRE VIII.

A smart description of a miser ridiculously acting the extravagant.

How did the entertainment of that happy fellow Nasidienus please you? for yesterday, as I was seeking to make you my guest, you were said to be drinking there from mid-day. *It pleased me* so that I never was happier in my life. Say, if it is not troublesome, what food first calmed your raging appetite?

In the first place, there was a Lucanian boar, which was taken while the gentle south-wind blew, as the father of the entertainment affirmed; around it, poignant rapes, lettuces, radishes; such things as provoke a languid appetite; skirrets, anchovies, dregs of Coan wine.† These once removed, one slave, tucked high, with a purple cloth wiped the maple table, and a second gathered up whatever laid useless, and whatever could offend the guests; swarthy Hydaspes advances, like an Attic maid, with Ceres's sacred rites, bearing wines of Cæcubum; Alcon brings those of Chios, undamaged by

* There were eight already at hard labour at Horace's country-house.

† Vinegar made of such.

Hìc herus; Albanum, Mæcenas, sive Falernum
Te magis appositis delectat; habemus utrumque.
*Divitias miseras! sed queis cœnantibus unà,
Fundani, pulchrè fuerit tibi, nosse laboro.
Summus ego, et propè me Viscus Thurinus, et infrà, 20
Si memini, Varius; cum Servilio Balatrone
Vibidius, quos Mæcenas adduxerat umbras:
Nomentanus erat super ipsum, Porcius infrà,
Ridiculus totas †simul absorbere placentas:
Nomentanus ad hoc, qui, si quid fortè lateret, 25
Indice monstraret digito: nam cætera turba,
Nos, inquam, cœnamus aves, conchylia, pisces,
Longè dissimilem noto celantia succum:
Ut vel continuò patuit, cùm ‡passeris atque
Ingustata mihi porrexerit ilia rhombi. 30
Post hoc me docuit melimela rubere, minorem
Ad lunam delecta. Quid hoc intersit, ab ipso
Audieris meliùs. Tùm Vibidius Balatroni;
Nos, nisi damnòsè bibimus, moriemur inulti:
Et calices poscit majores. Vertere pallor 35
Tùm parochi faciem, nil sic metuentis ut acres
Potores: vel quòd maledicunt liberius; vel

* Divitias miras! *Heins.*
† Semel absorbere placentas.
‡ Passeris assi, et.

the sea.* Here the master *cries;* Mæcenas, if Alban or Falernian wine delight you more than those already brought, we have both.

Ill-fated riches! But, Fundanus, I am impatient to know who were sharers in this feast, where you fared so well.

I was highest, and next me *was* Viscus Thurinus; and below, if I remember *right*, was Varius; Vibidius, with Servilius Balatro, whom Mæcenas had brought along with him, † unbidden guests. Above *Nasidienus* himself, was Nomentanus, below him Porcius, *who made himself* ridiculous in swallowing whole cakes at once. Nomentanus *was present* for this *purpose*, that if any thing *elegant* should chance to be unobserved, he might show it with his pointing finger. For the other company, we, I mean, eat *promiscuously* of fowls, oysters, fish, which had concealed in them a juice far different from the known *and common:* as presently appeared, when he reached to me the entrails of a plaice and of a turbot, such as had never been tasted before. After this, he informed me that honey-apples were most ruddy, when gathered under the waning moon. What difference this makes, you will hear best from himself. Then *says* Vibidius to Balatro, we, if we do not drink to his cost, shall die in his debt; and he calls for larger tumblers. A paleness *presently* changed the countenance of our host, who fears nothing so much as hard drinkers; either because they are more freely censorious,

* Or, *that was never at sea; home-brewed.*

† Literally, *shadows, i.e.* friends introduced by Mæcenas.

Fervida quod subtile exsurdant vina palatum.
Invertunt Aliphanis vinaria tota
Vibidius Balatroque; secutis omnibus: imi 40
Convivæ lecti nihilum nocuêre lagenis.
Affertur squillas inter muræna natantes
In patinâ porrecta: sub hoc herus: Hæc gravida, inquit
Capta est; deterior post partum carne futura.
His mistum jus est oleo, quod prima Venafri 45
Pressit cella; garo de succis piscis Iberi;
Vino quinquenni, verùm citra mare nato
Dum coquitur; cocto Chium sic convenit, ut non
Hoc magis ullum aliud; pipere albo, non sine aceto,
Quod Methymnæam vitio mutaverit uvam. 50
Erucas virides, inulas ego primus amaras
Monstravi incoquere; illotos Curtillus echinos,
Ut melius muriâ, quam testa marina remittat.
Interea suspensa graves aulæa ruinas
In patinam fecêre, trahentia pulveris atri 55
Quantum non Aquilo Campanis excitat agris.
Nos majus veriti, postquam nihil esse pericli
Sensimus, erigimur. Rufus posito capite, ut si
Filius immaturus obîsset, flere. Quis esset

or because heating wines deafen the subtile *judgment of the* palate. Vibidius and Balatro, all following their example, pour whole casks into Aliphanians.* The guests† *indeed* of the lowest couch did no hurt to the flagons. A lamprey *next* is brought, extended in a dish, in the midst of floating shrimps. Whereupon, this, says the master, was caught when pregnant; which, after having young, would have been less delicate in its flesh. For these a sauce is mixed up with oil which the best cellar of Venafrum pressed; with pickle from the juices of the Iberian fish, with wine of five years old, but produced on this side the sea while it is boiling; after it is boiled, the Chian wine suits it so well, that no other does better than it with white pepper; not without the vinegar, which, by being ‡ vitiated, turned sour the Methymnean grape. I first showed the way to stew it in green rockets, and the bitter elicampane; Curtillus *to stew in it* the sea-urchin unwashed, as being better than the pickle which the sea shell-fish yields.

In the meantime, the suspended tapestry made a heavy downfall upon the dish, bringing down along with it as much black dust as the north wind never raises on the plains of Campania. Having been fearful of something worse, as soon as we perceived there was no danger, we rise up. Rufus, hanging his head, began to weep, as if his son had died *an*

* Cups of size larger than ordinary, made at Aliphæ, a Samnite town.

† These were his own creatures, Nomentanus and Porcius.

‡ The vinegar was only spoiled wine.

Finis, ni sapiens sic Nomentanus amicum 60
Tolleret? Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
Te Deus? ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis! Varius mappâ compescere risum
Vix poterat. Balatro suspendens omnia naso,
Hæc est conditio vivendi, aiebat: eoque 65
Responsura tuo nunquam est par fama labori.
Tene, ut ego accipiar lautè, torquerier omni
Solicitudine districtum? ne panis adustus,
Ne malè conditum jus apponatur? ut omnes
Præcincti rectè pueri comptique ministrent? 70
Adde hos præterea casus; aulæa ruant si,
Ut modo; si patinam pede lapsus frangat agaso.
Sed convivatoris, uti ducis, ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.
Nasidienus ad hæc: Tibi Dî, quæcunque preceris, 75
Commoda dent; ita vir bonus es, convivaque comis.
Et soleas poscit. Tum in lecto quoque videres
Stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.
Nullos his mallem ludos spectasse: sed illa
Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti. Vibidius dum 80
Quærit de pueris, num sit quoque fracta lagena,
Quod sibi poscenti non dentur pocula; dumque
Ridetur fictis rerum, Balatrone secundo:
Nasidiene, redis mutatæ frontis, ut arte

untimely *death*: What would have been the end, had not the discreet Nomentanus thus raised his friend? Alas! O fortune, what God is more cruel to us than thee? How dost thou always take pleasure in sporting with human affairs? Varius could scarce smother a laugh with his napkin. Balatro, sneering at every thing, observed, This is the condition of human life; and therefore a suitable glory will never answer your labour. Must you be rent and tortured with all manner of anxiety, that I may be entertained sumptuously; lest burnt bread, lest ill-seasoned soup, should be set before us; that all your slaves should wait properly attired and neat? Add, besides these accidents; if the hangings should tumble down, as just now; if the groom, slipping with his foot, should break a dish. But adversity uses to disclose, prosperity to conceal, the abilities of a host, as of a general. To this Nasidienus: May the Gods give you *all the* blessings that ever you can pray for; you are so good a man, and so civil a guest; and calls for his sandals. Then on every couch you might see divided whispers buzzing in *each* secret ear.

I would not choose to have seen any theatrical entertainments sooner than these things. But come recount what you laughed at next. While Vibidius is inquiring of the slaves, whether the flagon was also broken, because cups *of wine* were not brought when he called for them; and while a laugh is continued on feigned pretences, Balatro seconding it; you, Nasidienus, return with an altered countenance, as if to repair your *ill* fortune

Emendaturus fortunam; deinde secuti 85
Mazonomo pueri magno discerpta ferentes
Membra gruis sparsi sale multo, non sine farre;
Pinguibus et ficis pastum jecur anseris albi,
Et leporum avulsos, ut multo suaviùs, armos,
Quàm si cum lumbis quis edit: tùm pectore adusto 90
Vidimus et merulas poni, et sine clune palumbes;
Suaves res, si non causas narraret earum, et
Naturas dominus: quem nos sic fugimus ulti,
Ut nihil omninò gustaremus, * velut illis
Canidia afflâsset pejor † serpentibus Afris. 95

* Veluti si. *Bentl.*

† Serpentibus atris.

by art. Then followed the slaves, bearing on a large charger the severed limbs of a crane, besprinkled with much salt, not without flour, and the liver of a white goose, fed with fattening figs, and the wings of hares torn off, as a much daintier dish than if one eats them with the loins. Then we saw blackbirds also set before us with *scorched breasts, and ring-doves without the rumps: Delicious morsels, did not the master give us the history of their causes and natures; whom we in revenge fled from, so as to taste nothing at all; as if Canidia, more venomous than African serpents, had poisoned them with her breath.

* i. e. Over-roasted.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPISTOLARUM

LIBRI.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPISTOLARUM

LIBER I.

EPISTOLA I.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Se omissis versibus ludicris, totum esse in philosophiâ perdiscendâ, quæ frænare cupiditates et omnia virtuti posthabere docet.

Prima dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camœnâ,
Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterùm antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem est ætas, non mens. Veianius, armis
Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro, 5

THE

EPISTLES OF HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

The poet renounces all verses of a ludicrous turn, and resolves to apply himself wholly to the study of philosophy, which teaches to bridle the desires, and postpone every thing to virtue.

MÆCENAS, the subject of my former song, justly entitled to my latest, you seek to engage me again in the old lists, having been tried sufficiently, and now presented with the rod* *of freedom.* My age is not the same, nor is my genius. Veianius, his arms consecrated on a pillar of Herculus's temple, lives snugly retired in the country, that he may not, from the extremity of

* The Rudis was a wooden foil given to the gladiators when they were dismissed from the stage.

Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.
Est mihi purgatam crebrò qui personet aurem;
Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et versus et cætera ludicra pono: 10
Quid verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum:
Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
Ac ne fortè roges, quo me duce, quo lare tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
Nunc agilis fio, et mersor civilibus undis, 16
Virtutis veræ custos, rigidusque satelles:
Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor;
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.
Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, diesque 20
*Lenta videtur opus debentibus; ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod
Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque, 25

* Longa videtur opus debentibus.

the sandy amphitheatre.* So often supplicate the people's favour. Some one seems frequently to ring in my quick ear; wisely in time dismiss the aged courser, lest, derided, he miscarry at last, and break his wind. Now therefore I lay aside both verses, and all other sportive matters; my study and inquiry is after what is true and fitting, and I am wholly engaged in this: I lay up and collect rules, which I may be able hereafter to draw out *into action.* And lest you should perchance inquire under what leader, in what house *of philosophy* I enter myself a pupil: addicted to swear implicitly to the ipse-dixits of no *particular* master, wherever the storm drives me, I become a guest. One while I become active, and am plunged in the waves of state affairs, a maintainer and a rigid partisan of strict virtue; then again I relapse insensibly into Aristippus's maxims, and endeavour to suit circumstances to myself, not myself to circumstances. As the night seems long to those with whom a mistress has broken her appointment, and the day seems long to those who owe their labour; as the year moves slow with minors, whom the harsh guardianship of their mothers' confines; so all that time to me flows tedious and distasteful, which delays my hope and design of strenuously executing that which is of equal benefit to the poor and to the rich; which, neglected, will be of equal detriment to young and old. It remains, that I conduct and comfort myself by these principles: your sight is not so

* The area of the amphitheatre was strewn with sand, to prevent its becoming slippery, and to drink up the blood.

Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.
Restat, ut, his ego me ipse regam solerque elementis.
*Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
Non tamen idcircò contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis, 30
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultrà.
Fervet avaritiâ, miseroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem. 35
Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.
Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator;
Nemo adeò ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,
Si modò culturæ patientem commodet aurem. 40
Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,
Stultitiâ caruisse. Vides, quæ maxima credis
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos, 45
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.
Ne cures ea, quæ stultè miraris et optas,
Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos, et circum compita, pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes, 50
Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?

* Non possis oculos.

piercing as that of Lynceus; you will not, however, despise being anointed if you are sore-eyed; nor because you depair of the muscles of the invincible Glycon,* will you be careless of preserving your body from the knotty gout. There is some point *in philosophy* we may advance to, if we can no farther. Does your heart burn with avarice, and a wretched desire of more? Words there are, and charms,† with which you may mitigate this pain, and rid yourself of a great part of the distemper. Do you swell with the love of praise? There are certain purgations which can restore you, a certain treatise being perused thrice, with purity of mind. The envious, choleric, indolent, the slave to wine, to women; none is so savage, that he cannot be tamed, if he will only lend a patient ear to discipline.

It is virtue to fly vice; and the first *step of* wisdom to have lived free from folly. You see with what toil of mind and body you avoid those things which you believe to be the greatest evils, a small fortune and a shameful repulse. An active merchant, you run to the remotest Indies, fleeing poverty through sea, through rocks, through flames. And will you not learn, and hear, and be advised by one that is wiser, that you may no longer regard those things which you foolishly admire and wish for? What little champion of the villages and of the streets would scorn being crowned at

* Supposed to be a statue of Hercules made by Glycon, and called THE GLYCON.

† He considers philosophy as of musical force against the unruly passions of the mind.

Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.
O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primùm est,
Virtus post nummos. Hæc Janus summus ab imo
*Perdocet; hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque.
†Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacertò. 56
Est animus tibi, sùnt mores, est lingua fidesque:
‡Si quadringentis sex septem millia desint;
Plebs eris. At pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si rectè facies. Hic murus aëneus esto. 60
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.
Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum
Nænia, quæ regnum rectè facientibus offert,
Et maribus Curiis, et decantata Camillis?
Isne tibi meliùs suadet, qui, rem facias; rem, 65
Si possis rectè; si non quocunque modo rem;
Ut propriùs spectes lachrymosa poëmata Puppî:
An qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum et erectum præsens § hortatur et aptat?
Quod si me populus Romanus fortè roget, cur
Non, ut porticibus, sic judiciis fruar îsdem, 71

* Prodocet.
† Lævo suspensi, &c. *Omittit ut interpolatum. Cunn.*
‡ Si quadringentis sex septem millia desunt,
Est animus tibi, sunt mores, et lingua, fidesque;
Plebs eris.
§ Hortatur et optat.

the great Olympic games, who had the hopes and happy opportunity of victory without toil?

Silver is less valuable than gold, gold than virtue. O citizens, citizens, wealth is to be sought for first; virtue after riches; this the highest* Janus from the lowest inculcates; young men and old repeat these maxims, having their bags and account books hung on the left arm. You have soul, have breeding, have eloquence and honour: if six or seven thousand sesterces be wanting to complete your four hundred thousand, you shall be a plebeian. But boys at play cry, You shall be a king, if you will do right. Let this be a *man's* brazen wall, To be conscious of no ill, to turn pale with no guilt. Tell me, pray, is the Roscian law best, or the boys' song, which offers the kingdom to them that do right, sung by the manly Curii and Camilli? Does he advise you best, who says, make fortune? a fortune, if you can, honestly, if not, a fortune by any means; that you may view *from a* nearer *bench* the tear-moving poems of Puppius; or he who friendly animates and enables you to stand free and upright, a match for haughty fortune?

If now perchance the Roman people should ask me why I do not enjoy the same sentiments with them, as *I do the same* porticoes, nor pursue or fly from whatever they admire or dislike? I will reply, what the cautious fox once on a time answered the sick lion: Because the foot

* There was a street in Rome, at each end of which was a statue of Janus, frequented by usurers, &c.

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit?
Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent,
Omnia te adversùm spectantia, nulla retrorsùm.
Bellua* multorum es capitum; nam quid sequar,
aut quem? 76
Pars hominum gestit conducere publica: sunt qui
†Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque seneș, quos in vavaria mittant:
Multis occulto crescit res fœnore. Verùm 80
Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:
Iidem eadem possunt horum durare probantes?
Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit dives; lacus et mare sentit amorem
Festinantis heri; cui si‡ vitiosa libido 85
Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis fabri. Lectus genialis in aulâ est?
Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vitâ:
Si non est, jurat benè solis esse maritis.
Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo? 90
Quid pauper? ride: mutat cœnacula, lectos,
Balnea, tonsores, conducto navigio æquè
Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
Si curtatus inæquali tonsore capillos
Occurri, rides: si fortè subucula pexæ 95
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet impar,

* Multorum est capitum. *Bentl.*
† Frustis et pomis.
‡ Ventosa libido. *Markl.*

marks all looking towards you, and none from you, affright me. Thou art a monster with many heads. For what shall I follow? or whom? One set of men delight to farm the public revenues; there are some who would inveigle covetous *rich* widows with sweatmeats and fruits, and insnare old men, whom they might send *like fish* into their ponds: the fortunes of many grow by concealed usury. But be it, that different men are engaged in different employments and pursuits; can the same person continue an hour together approving the same things? If the man of wealth has said, no bay in the world outshines delightful Baiæ, the lake and the sea presently feel the eagerness of their impetuous master: to whom, if a vicious humour gives the omen, *he will cry*, tomorrow, workmen, ye shall convey from hence your tools to Teanum. Has he in his halls the genial bed, he says, nothing is preferable to, nothing better than a single life; if he has not, he swears the married only are happy. With what noose can I hold this Proteus, varying *thus* his forms? What does the poor man? laugh *at him too:* is he not ever changing his garrets, beds, baths, barbers? He is as much surfeited in a hired boat, as the rich man is whom his own galley conveys.

If I meet you with my hair cut *awry* by an uneven barber, you laugh *at me:* If I chance to have a ragged shirt under a handsome coat, or if my disproportioned gown ill fits me, you laugh: What *do you do*, when my judgment contradicts itself? *when* it despises what it be-

Rides: quid mea cùm pugnat sententia secum?
Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto;
Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis? 100
Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,
Nec medici credis, nec curatoris egere
A prætore dati? rerum tutela mearum
Cùm sis, et pravè sectum stomacheris ob unguem
De te pendentis,* te respicientis amici: 105
Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum;
Præcipuè sanus, nisi cùm pituita molesta est.

* Te suspicientis amici *Heins.*

fore desired? seeks for that which lately it neglected; is all in a ferment, and is inconsistent in the whole tenor of life; pulls down, builds up, changes square to round? In this case, you think I am mad in the common way, and you do not laugh *at all*, nor believe that I stand in need of a physician, or of a keeper assigned by the prætor; albeit you are the guardian of my affairs, and are disgusted *at such a punctilio as* an ill-pared nail of a friend that depends upon you, that reveres you.

In a word, the wise man is inferior to Jupiter alone, is rich, free, honourable, handsome; lastly, king of kings; above all, he is sound, unless when defluxions are troublesome.*

* Alluding seemingly to a passage in Epictetus, preserved by Arrian, wherein an Epicurean objects to the being of a Providence, from his being tormented with a continual defluxion; for which Epicurus upbraids his pupil, and asks if it is not better to use his hands to wipe his nose, than foolishly deny the being of Providence, which had wisely formed him with hands.

EPISTOLA II.

AD LOLLIUM.

Homerum præ philosophis omnibus optimum esse virtutis magistrum declarat, et ad sapientiæ studium naturè capessendum hortatur.

TROJANI belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi;
Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
*Planiùs ac meliùs Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, nisi quid te detinet, audi. 5
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbaræ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum regum, et populorum continet æstus.
Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.
†Quid Paris? ut salvus regnet, vivatque beatus, 10
Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites
Inter Peliden festinat et inter Atriden:
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et irâ, 15
Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.

* Pleniùs ac meliùs. † Quod Paris, ut salvus.

EPISTLE II.

TO LOLLIUS.

He prefers Homer to all the philosophers, as a moral writer, and advises an early cultivation of virtue.

WHILE you, great Lollius, declaim at Rome, I at Præneste have perused over again the writer of the Trojan war, who teaches more clearly and better than Chrysippus and Crantor,* what is laudable what shameful, what profitable, what not so. If nothing employs you *otherwise*, hear why I have concluded so. The story in which, on account of Paris's intrigue, Greece is related to be wasted in a tedious war with the Barbarians, contains the tumults of foolish princes and people. Antenor gives his opinion for cutting off the cause of the war. What does Paris? He cannot be brought to comply *though it is in order* that he may reign safe and live happy. Nestor labours to compose the differences between Achilles and Agamemnon: loves inflames one; rage both in common. The Geeks suffer for what their princes act foolishly. Within the walls of Ilium, and without, enormities are committed, by sedition, treachery, injustice, and lust, and rage.

Again, to show what virtue, and what wisdom, can do, he has propounded Ulysses an instructive pattern; who, having subdued Troy, wisely got

* Two eminent philosophers and writers on moral subjects.

Rursus quid virtus, et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes 19
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,
Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit, adversis rerum immersabilis undis.
Sirenum voces, et Circes pocula nôsti;
Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,
Sub dominâ meretrice* fuisset turpis et excors: 25
Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.
Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati,
Sponsi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoïque
In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus;
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, et 30
Ad strepitum citharæ cessantem † ducere somnum.
Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte latrones:
Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris? atqui
Si noles sanus, ‡ curres hydropicus: et ni
Posces ante diem librum cum lumine; si non 35
Intendes animum studiis et rebus honestis;
Invidia vel amore vigil torquebere. Nam cur,
Quæ lædunt oculos, festinas demere; si quid

* Sub divâ meretrice.
† Cessatum ducere curam. *Scalig.*
‡ Si nolis sanus, curres hydropicus.

an insight into the constitutions and customs of many nations; and while for himself, while for his associates, he is contriving a return *into their own country*, on the spacious sea he endured many hardships, *and was* not to be sunk by all the storms of adversity. You are well acquainted with the songs of the Sirens, and Circe's cups; of which, if he had foolishly and greedily drunk along with his attendants, he had been an ignominious and senseless *slave*, under the command of a prostitute; he had lived a filthy dog, or a hog that delights in mire.

We are a mere number, and born *only* to consume the fruits of the earth; *like* Penelope's suitors, useless drones, *like* Alcinous' youth, who were employed above measure in pampering their bodies; *all* whose glory was to sleep till mid-day, and to lull their cares to rest by the sound of the harp. Robbers rise by night, that they may cut men's throats; and will not you awake to save yourself? But if you will not when you are in health, you will be forced to take care when you are in a dropsy:* and unless before day you call for a book with a light, unless you brace your mind with study and honest employments, you will be *kept* awake, *and* tormented with envy or with love. For why do you hasten to remove what hurts your eyes; but if any thing gnaws upon your mind, do you defer the time of curing it from year to year? He has half done, who has made a beginning. *Therefore* boldly

* *i. e.* If you will not take proper precautions to prevent distempers you will be forced to use disagreeable remedies.

Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet: sapere aude: 40
Incipe: vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Quæritur argentum, puerisque beata creandis
Uxor; et incultæ pacantur vomere silvæ. 45
Quod satis est, cui contigit, nihil amplius optet.
Non domus et fundus, non æris acervus et auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas. Valeat possessor oportet,
Si comportatis rebus benè cogitat uti. 50
Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus, et res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,*
Auriculas citharæ collectâ sorde dolentes.
Sincerum est nisi vas; quodcunque infundis, acescit.
Sperne voluptates: nocet empta dolore voluptas. 55
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis:
Invidiâ Siculi non invenêre tyranni
Majus tormentum. Qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit et mens,
Dum pœnas odi per vim festinat inulto. 61
Ira furor brevis est: animum rege; qui, nisi paret,
Imperat; hunc frænis, hunc tu compesce catenâ.

* Fomenta podagrum. *Bentl.*

undertake the study of true wisdom; begin *presently.* He who postpones the hour of living well like the hind *in the fable,* waits till *all the water in* the river is run off: whereas it flows, and will flow, ever rolling *in a continued stream.*

Money is sought for, and a wife fruitful in bearing children, and wild woodlands are reclaimed by the plough. *To what end all this?* He that has got a competency, let him wish for no more. Not a house, and farm, not a heap of brass* and gold, can remove fevers from the body of their sick master, or cares from his mind. The possessor must be well, if he thinks of enjoying the things he has heaped together. He that is a slave to desire or to fear, his house or estate does him just as much good as paintings *do* a sore-eyed person, fomentations *do* the gout, music *does* the ears that are afflicted with collected matter. Unless the vessel is sweet, whatever you pour into it turns sour. Despise pleasures; pleasure bought with pain is hurtful. The covetous man is ever in want; set a certain limit to your wishes. The envious person wastes at the thriving condition of another: Sicilian tyrants never invented a greater torment than envy. He that will not curb his passion, will wish that undone which his *wild* grief and resentment prompted him to, while he violently plies his revenge with unsated rancour. Rage is a short madness. Rule your passion: which commands, if it does not obey: do you restrain it with a bridle, do you with fetters.

* Brass was a very valuable part of the Roman currency.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister
Ire viam, quam monstret eques: venaticus, ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ, 66
Militat in silvis catulus. Nunc adbibe puro
Pectore verba, puer; nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu. Quòd si cessas, aut strenuus anteis;
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus insto.

EPISTOLA III.

AD JULIUM FLORUM.

Quædam de Tiberio ac suis ipsis amicis percontatus, Florum ad sapientiæ studium cohortatur.

Juli Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
Claudius Augusti privignus, scire laboro.
Thracane vos, Hebrusque nivali compede vinctus,
An freta vicinas inter* currentia turres,
An pingues Asiæ campi collesque morantur? 5
Quid studiosa cohors operum struit? hæc quoque curo.
Quis sibi res gestas Augusti scribere sumit?

* Currentia terras.

The groom forms the docile horse, while his neck is yet tender, to go the way which his rider directs him: the young hound, from the time that he barked at the deer's skin in the hall, campaigns dis- the woods. Now, while you are youn oes untainted mind, imbibe instruction oy yourself to the best *masters of moral* n will long preserve the flavour, with w new it was once impregnated.—But if y hind, or vigorously push on before, I nek it for the loiterer, nor strive to overtake thos that precede me.

EPISTLE III.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

After inquiring after Claudius Tiberius Nero, and some of his friends, he exhorts Florus to the study of philosophy.

I LONG to know, Julius Florus, in what regions of the earth Claudius, the step-son of Augustus, is leading war. Do Thrace and Hebrus, bound with icy chains, or the narrow sea, running between the neighbouring* towers, or Asia's fruitful plains and hills, detain you? What works is the studious † train planning? In this too I am anxious. Who takes upon himself to write the military achievements of Augustus? Who diffuses into distant ages

* The Hellespont, between Sestos and Abydos.

† Young gentlemen of learning, who formed the court and guard of Augustus.

Bella quis et paces longum diffundit in ævum?
Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora?
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus, 10
Miltidire lacus et rivos ausus apertos;
Pecvalet? ut meminit nostri? fidisbusne Latinis
Quebanos aptare modus studet, auspice Musâ?
Tm tragicâ desævit, et ampullatur in arte?
Quid mihi Celsus agit? monitus, multumque monendus, 15
Privatas ut quærat opes et tangere vitet
Scripta Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo.
Ne, si fortè suas repetitum venerit olim
Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum
Furtivis nudata coloribus. Ipse quid audes? 20
Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tibi parvum
Ingenium, non incultum est,* et turpiter hirtum.
Seu linguam causis acuis, seu civica jura
Respondere paras, seu condis amabile carmen;
Prima feres ederæ victricis præmia: quod si 25
Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses;
Quo te cœlestis sapientia duceret, ires.
Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

* Nec turpiter hirtum.

the glory of his wars, and *the prudence of his* peaces?* What is Titius about, who shortly will be celebrated by every Roman tongue? who dreaded not to drink of the Pindaric spring, daring to disdain *common* waters and open streams: How does he do? How mindful is he of me? Does he employ himself to adopt Theban measures to the Latin lyre, under the direction of his muse? or does he storm and swell in the pompous style of tragic art? What may I expect from Celsus? He has been advised, and the advice is still often to be repeated, to acquire stock of his own, and forbear to touch whatever writings the Palatine Apollo has received, lest, if it chance that the flock of birds should some time or other come to demand their feathers he, like the daw stripped of his stolen colours, be exposed to ridicule. What do you undertake? What thyme are you busy hovering about? Your genius is not small, is not uncultivated, and shamefully rough. Whether you edge your tongue for *pleading* causes, or whether you prepare to give counsel in the civil law, or whether you compose some lovely poem, you will bear off the first prize of the victorious ivy. If now you could quit the cold fomentations of care, wherever divine philosophy would lead you, you would go. Let us, both small and great, push forward in this work, in this pursuit, if to our country, if to ourselves, we would live dear.

* *Or*, his military and peaceful honours.

Debes hoc etiam rescribere; si tibi curæ,* 30
Quantæ conveniat, Munatius: an malè sarta
Gratia nequicquam coit, et rescinditur; ac vos
Seu calidus sanguis, seu rerum inscitia vexat,
Indomitâ cervice feros, ubicunque locorum
Vivitis, indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus, 35
Pascitur in vestrum reditum votiva juvenca.

EPISTOLA IV.

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

Dotes ejus prædicat, et propositâ mortis cogitatione ad hilaritatem convertit.

Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?
Scribere quod Cassî Parmensis opuscula vincat;
An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,
Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est? 5
Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.

* Sit tibi curæ
Si tibi curæ est. *Bentl.*

You must also write me word of this, whether Munatius is of as much concern to you as he ought; or whether the ill-patched reconciliation in vain closes, and is rent asunder again; and either *the* hot blood *of your youth* or inexperience exasperates you, wild *both* as unmanaged coursers. In whatever place you live, too worthy to break the paternal bond *of amity*, a devoted heifer is feeding against your return.

EPISTLE IV.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

He declares his accomplishments, and, after proposing the thought of death, he converts it into an occasion of pleasantry.

Albius, thou candid critic of my discourses, what shall I say you are now doing in the country about Pedum? Writing what may excel the works of Cassius Parmensis; or sauntering silently among the healthful groves, concerning yourself about every thing worthy of a wise and good man? You were not a body without a mind. The Gods have given you a beautiful form, the Gods *have given* you wealth, and the faculty of enjoying it.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
*Qui sapere, et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè, 10
†Et mundus victus,‡ non deficiente crumenâ?
Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises,
Cùm ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum. 16

* Quàm sapere, et fari ut possit, quæ sentiat; utque.
Quid sapere, et fari ut possit, quæ sentiat; et cui.
Lamb.

† Et modus et victus.
Et domus et victus. *Bentl.*

‡ Non deficiente Camenâ. *Boivinus.*

What greater blessing could a nurse wish for her beloved child, than that he might be wise, and able to express what are his sentiments, and that respect, reputation, health, might happen to him in abundance, and a decent living, with a never-failing purse.

In the midst of hope and care, in the midst of fears and disquietudes, think every day *that* shines upon you *is* the last. *Thus* the hour which shall not be expected will come upon you an agreeable addition.

When you shall have a mind to laugh, you shall see me fat and sleek with good keeping, a hog of Epicurus's herd.

EPISTOLA V.

AD TORQUATUM.

Invitat eum ad frugalem cœnam, sed mundam et genialem.

Si potes Archiacis* conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ,
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.
Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa, palustres
Inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum. 5
Si melius quid habes, arcesse; vel imperium fer.
Jamdudum splendet focus, et tibi munda supellex.
Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,
Et Moschi causam: cras nato Cæsare festus
Dat veniam somnumque dies: impune licebit 10
Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.†
Quo mihi‡ fortuna, si non conceditur uti?
Parcus ob heredis curam, nimiumque severus,
Assidet insano. Potare et spargere flores
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi, 15
Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit;
Spes jubet esse ratas; ad prœlia trudit inertem;

* Si potes Archaicis.
† Extendere noctem.
‡ Quo mihi fortunas.

EPISTLE V.

TO TORQUATUS.

He invites him to a frugal entertainment, but a cleanly and cheerful one.

If you can *be contented* to repose yourself *as* my guest upon Archias's couches, and are not afraid to make a whole meal of herbs from a moderate dish, I will wait for you, Torquatus, at my house about sun-set. You shall drink wine put in the vessel in the second consulship of Taurus, *produced* between the fenny Minturnæ and Petrinum of Sinuessa. If you have any thing better, send for it, or bring your commands. Bright shines my hearth, and my furniture is clean for you already. Dismiss *all* airy hopes, and contests about riches, and Moschus's cause. To-morrow, a festal day on account of Cæsar's birth, allows of indulgence and repose. We shall have free liberty to prolong the summer evening with friendly conversation. To what *purpose* have I a fortune, if I may not use it? He that is sparing out of regard to his heir, and too niggardly, is next neighbour to a madman. I will begin to drink, and to scatter flowers, and I will endure even to be accounted inconsiderate. What does not wine freely drunk enterprise? It discloses secrets; commands our hopes to be ratified; pushes the coward on to the fight; removes the pressure from troubled

Solicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
Contractâ quem non in paupertate solutum? 20
Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares; ne non et cantharus et lanx
Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet; ut coëat par 25
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi Septimiumque,*
Et nisi cœna prior, potiorque puella Sabinum
† Detinet, assumam: locus est et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe, et, rebus omissis,
Atria, servantem postico falle clientem. 31

EPISTOLA VI.

AD NUMICIUM.

Sapientiam nihil admirari præter virtutem.

Nil admirari, propè res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.
Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ

* Butram tibi, Septiciumque.
† Detinet, ad summam, locus est.

minds; teaches the arts. Whom have not plentiful cups made eloquent? Whom *have they* not *made* free and easy under pinching poverty?

I, *who am* both the proper person, and not unwilling, am charged to take care of these *particulars;* that no dirty covering on the couch, no foul napkin contract your nose into wrinkles; and that the cup and the dish may show you to yourself; that there be no one to carry abroad what is said among faithful friends; that equals may meet, and be joined with equals. I will add to you, Brutus, and Septimius, and Sabinus, unless a better entertainment, and a mistress more agreeable, detains him. There is room also for many introductions; but goaty ramminess is offensive in companies *that are* too much crowded.

Do you write word what number you would be; and setting aside business, through the backdoor give the slip to your client, who keeps guard in your court.

EPISTLE VI.

TO NUMICIUS.

That a wise man is in love with nothing except virtue.

To admire nothing is almost the one and only thing, Numicius, which can make and keep a man happy. There are *some* who view this sun, and the stars, and the seasons retiring at certain

Imbuti spectent: quid censes munera terræ? 5
Quid maris, extremos Arabas ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra quid, plausus et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis et ore?
Qui timet his adversa, ferè miratur eodem
Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus;
Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque: 11
Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatve; quid ad rem;
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusve suâ spe,
Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?
Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui; 15
Ultrà quàm satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
I nunc, argentum et marmor vetus, æraque et artes
Suspice: cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores;
Gaude, quòd spectant oculi te mille loquentem;
Gnavus manè forum, et vespertinus pete tectum:
Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris 21
*Mutus, et (indignum quòd sit pejoribus ortus)
Hic tibi sit potiùs, quàm tu mirabilis illi.
Quicquid sub terrâ est, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet, condetque nitentia. Cùm bene notum 25
Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appî;
Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit et Ancus.
Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,

* Mutius et, indignum.

periods, untainted with any fear. What do you think of the gifts of the earth? what of the sea that enriches the remote Arabians and Indians? what of scenical shows, the applause and favours of the kind Roman? In what manner do you think they are to be looked upon, with what apprehensions, and *with what* countenance? He that dreads the reverse of these, admires them almost in the same way as he that desires them: fear alike disturbs both ways; an unforeseen turn of things equally terrifies each of them: let a man rejoice, or grieve, desire, or fear, what matters it, if, whatever he perceives better or worse than his expectations, with downcast look he is stupified in mind and body? Let the wise man bear the name of a fool, the just of unjust, if he pursues virtue itself beyond proper bounds.

Go now, look with transport upon silver, and antique marble, and brazen statues, and the arts: admire gems and the Tyrian colours: rejoice, that a thousand eyes are fixed upon you while you speak: industrious, repair early to the forum, late to your house, that Mutius may not reap more grain *than you*, from his lands gained in dowry, and (unbecoming *indeed*, since he sprung from meaner parents) that he may not be an object of admiration to you, rather than you to him. Whatever is in the earth, time will bring forth into open day-light; will bury and hide things that now shine brightest. When Agrippa's portico and the Appian Way shall have beheld you well known *and illustrious;* still it remains for you to go where Numa and Ancus are arrived. If your side or your reigns are afflicted with an

ESMOE

seek a remedy for the disease,
ve happily? Who would not? If
an easier this discarding plea-
ly pursue it. Do you think vi-
wards, as a grave is a period of
you care that no other enter the
: that you love not your mistre-
th Hilthysia. Let the mind com
talents be completed as many
a third thousand amount, and
ay square the hour. For why,
gives a man a wife with a large
, and friends, and family, and
dance Persuasion and Fortune
ed man. The king of the
, rich in dress, is in want
to him. Lucullus, as they
e could lead a hundred
ne can I no money, equa
ed, as money as I have
but he had five thou-
they might take part
I have where there
ia, and which ex-
are the gain of
there are make
lightning the
shadows and
ed as pa-
ter of the
to make
This man
... in the Ro-
ness to any one:

Quære fugam morbi. Vis rectè vivere? quis non?
Si virtus hoc una potest dare; fortis omissis 30
Hoc age deliciis. Virtutem verba putas, ut
Lucum ligna? cave ne portus occupet alter,
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
Mille talenta rotundenter, totidem altera, porrò
Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum. 35
Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et amicos,
Et genus, et formam regina Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris Cappadocum rex:
Ne fueris hic tu. Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt, 40
Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,
Quî possum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot habebo,
Mittam. Post paulò scribit, sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt, 45
Et dominum fallunt et prosunt furibus. Ergo,
Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum;
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.
Si fortunatum species, et gratia præstat;
Mercemur servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum 50
*Qui fodiat latus, et cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere. Hic multùm in Fabiâ valet, ille Velinâ:
†Cuilibet hic fasces dabit: eripietque curule,

* Qui fodicet latus. † Cuilibet is fasces dabit.

acute disease, seek a remedy for the disease. Would you live happily? Who *would* not? If virtue alone can confer this, discarding pleasures, strenuously pursue it. Do you think virtue *is a set of* words, as a grove *is a parcel of* trees? Be it your care that no other enter the port before you: that you lose not your traffic with Cibyra, with Bithynia. Let the round sum of a thousand talents be completed as many more; further, let a third *thousand* succeed, and the part which may square the heap. For why, sovereign money gives *a man* a wife with a *large* portion, and credit, and friends, and family, and beauty: and *the Godesses* Persuasion and Venus grace the well-moneyed man. The king of the Cappadocians, *though* rich in slaves, is in want of coin: be not you *like* him. Lucullus, as they say, being asked if he could lend a hundred cloaks for the stage? how can I so many, says he; yet I will see, and send as many as I have: a little after, he writes, that he had five thousand cloaks in his house: they might take part of them, or all. It is a scanty house where there are not many things superfluous, and *which* escape the owner's notice, and are the gain of pilfering slaves. If then wealth alone can make and keep a man happy, be first in beginning this work, be last in leaving it off. If splendour and popularity make a man fortunate, let us purchase a slave, to dictate to *us* the names *of the citizens*, to jog us on the left side, and to make us stretch our hand over *all* obstacles. This man has much interest in the Fabian, that in the Veline *tribe:* this will give the fasces to any one:

Cui volet, importunus ebur: frater, pater, adde:
Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque facetus adopta.
Si bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet; eamus 56
Quò ducit gula: piscemur, venemur; ut olim
Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
Differtum transire forum, populumque* jubebat;
Unus ut è multis populo spectante referret 60
Emptum mulus aprum: crudi tumidique lavemur,
Quid deceat, quid non, obliti: Cærite cerâ
Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssei;
Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.
Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque 65
Nil est jucundum: vivas in amore jocisque.
Vive: vale: si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

* Transire forum pontemque. *Fab.*
campumque. *Bentl.*

and, indefatigably active, will snatch the curule ivory from whom he pleases: add *the names of* father, brother: according as the age of each is, so courteously adopt him. If he who feasts well, lives well: it is day: let us go where our appetite leads us: let us fish, let us hunt, as did some time Gargilius, who ordered his toils, hunting-spears, slaves, early in the morning to pass through the crowded forum and the people; that one mule among many, in the sight of the people, might return loaded with a boar purchased with money. Let us bathe with an indigested and full-swoln stomach, forgetting what is becoming, what not; deserving to be enrolled among the citizens of Cære; * *like* the depraved crew of Ulysses of Ithaca, to whom forbidden pleasure was nearer than their country. If, as Mimnermus thinks, nothing is pleasant without love and mirth, live in love and mirth.

Live: be happy. If you know of any thing preferable to these *maxims*, candidly communicate it; if not, with me use of these.

* The Cærites having secured the vestal virgins and tutelary Gods of Rome, when it was sacked by the Gauls, were rewarded with privileges of citizens; but afterwards taking part with Tarquin, they were deprived of the right of voting at elections, and enrolled by themselves: whence *Cærite cera, or Ceritum tabulis digni, fit to roll with the Cærites*, became a term of great reproach.

EPISTOLA VII.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Excusat se Mæcenati quod ab urbe absit diutiùs; tum ejus in se beneficia ita commendat, ut libertatem beneficiis omnibus potiorem esse declaret.

Quinque dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
Sextilem totum mendax desideror: atqui
*Si me vivere vis sanum, rectèque valentem;
Quam mihi das ægro, dabis egrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam: dum ficus prima, calorque 5
Designatorem decorat lictoribus atris:
Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet:
Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat.
Quòd si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris; 10
Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcet.

* Si me vivere vis rectèque videre valentem.

EPISTLE VII.

TO MÆCENAS.

He apologizes to Mæcenas for his long absence from Rome; and acknowledges his favours to him in such a manner as to declare liberty preferable to all other blessings.

HAVING promised you that I would be in the country *but* five days, false to my word, I am absent the whole *month* of August.* But if you would have me live sound, and in perfect health, the indulgence you grant me, Mæcenas, when I am ill, you will grant me *also* when I am afraid of being ill; while *the time of* the first figs, and the *autumnal* heat graces the undertaker with his black attendants; while every father and mother turn pale with fear for their children; and *while* over-acted diligence, and attendance at the forum, bring on fevers, and unseal wills. But if the winter shall scatter snow upon the Alban fields, your poet will go down to the sea-side, and be careful of himself, and

* In the old style of the Romans, and after the addition of January and February to their calendar, *Sextilis* denoted the *sixth* month, the year beginning with March. It afterwards received the name of *August*, in honour of *Augustus*, as *Quintilis*, the *fifth* month, was denominated *July*, from *Julius Cæsar*.

Contractusque leget: te, dulcis amice, reviset
Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine primâ.
Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,
Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere sodes, 15
Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benignè.
Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
Tam teneor dono, quàm si dimittar onustus.
Ut libet: hæc porcis hodiè comedenda relinques.
Prodigus et stultus donat quæ spernit et odit: 20
Hæc seges ingratos tulit, et feret omnibus annis.
Vir bonus et sapiens dignis ait esse paratum;*
Nec tamen ignorat quid distent æra lupinis.
Dignum præstabo me etiam pro laude merentis.
Quòd si me noles usquam discedere; reddes 25
Forte latus, nigros angustâ fronte capillos:

* Dignus ait esse paratum.

study sparingly;* you, dear friend, he will revisit with the zephyrs, if you will give him leave, and with the first swallow.

You have made me rich, not in the manner which the Calabrian host bids *his guest* eat of his pears. Eat, pray, Sir. I have had enough. But do you take away with you what quantity you will. You are very kind. You will carry them no disagreeable presents to your little children. I am as much obliged by your offer, as if I were sent away loaded. As you please: you will leave them to be devoured to-day by the hogs. The prodigal and fool gives away what he despises and hates: the reaping favours like these has produced, and will ever produce, ungrateful men. A good and wise man professes himself ready to do kindnesses to the deserving; and yet is not ignorant how true coins differ from lupines.† I will also show myself deserving of the honour of being grateful.‡ But if you would not have me depart *from you* any whither, you must restore my vigorous constitution, the black locks *that grew* on my narrow forehead;‖ you must restore to me *the art:* to talk with pleasantry; you must

* *Contractus*, here is a word of great difficulty, and has been very variously explained by commentators, as *contracted*, or *bent double with cold; in close confinement, contracto in loco*, &c. but it seems rather a figure arising out of his idea of the *sea;* from *contrahere vela, to furl sail;* and to carry, in this place, the signification of *lying by.*

† A pulse, used by way of counters.

‡ *Pro laude merentis*, for *laude promerentis:* like *quam remcunque ferox*, Book I. Ode vi.

‖ We ought, perhaps, here only to understand a great quantity of hair, *almost covering* his forehead.

Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et
Inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ.
Fortè per angustam tenuis nitedula* rimam
Repserat in cumeram frumenti; pastaque rursus
Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra. 31
Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere isthinc,
Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
Hac ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno:
Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altilium; nec 35
Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
Sæpè verecundum laudasti: rexque, paterque
Audîsti coram; nec verbo parciùs absens.
Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus. 39
Haud malè Telemachus proles patientis Ulyssei:†
Non est aptus equis Ithacæ locus, ut neque planis
Porrectus spatiis, neque multæ prodigus herbæ:
Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.
Parvum parva decent: mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tiber placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus, ab officiis octavum circiter horam
Dum redit, atque foro nimium distare Carinas
Jam grandis natu queritur; conspexit, ut aiunt,
Adrasum quendam vacua tonsoris in umbrâ 50

* Tenuis vulpecula.
† Proles sapientis Ulyssei.

restore to me *the art* to laugh with becoming ease, and to whine over my liquor at the jilting of the wanton Cynara.

A thin field-mouse had by chance crept through a narrow cranny into a chest of grain; and, having feasted itself, in vain attempted to come out again, with its body *now stuffed and* full. To which a weasel at a distance cries, If you would escape thence, repair lean to the narrow whole which you entered lean. If I be addressed with this similitude, I *am ready to* resign all; neither do I, sated with delicacies, cry up the calm repose of the vulgar, nor would I change my liberty and ease for the riches of the Arabians. You have often commended me for being modest: when present you heard *from me the appellations of* king and father, nor *am I* a word more sparing in your absence. Try whether I can cheerfully restore what you have given me. Not amiss, *answered* Telemachus, son of the patient Ulysses; the country of Ithaca is not proper for horses, as being neither extended into champaign fields, nor abounding with much grass: Atrides, I will leave behind me your gifts, *which are* more proper for yourself. Small things best suit the small. No longer does imperial Rome please me, but unfrequented Tiber, and unwarlike Tarentum.

Philip, active and strong, and famed for pleading causes, while he is returning from his employment about the eighth hour, and now of a great age is, complaining that the Carinæ were too far distant from the forum; he spied, as they say, a person clean shaven, in a barber's empty

Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.
Demetri (puer hic non lævè jussa Philippi
Accipiebat) abi, quære, et refer; unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quove patrono.
It, redit, et narrat, Vulteium nomine Mænam, 55
Præconem, tenui censu, sine crimine notum,*
Et properare loco, et cessare, et quærere, et uti,
Gaudentem parvisque sodalibus, et lare certo,†
Et ludis, et, post decisa negotia, Campo.
Scitari libet ex ipso, quodcunque refers: dic 60
Ad cœnam veniat. Non sanè credere Mæna:
Mirari secum tacitus. Quid multa? Benignè,
Respondet. Negat ille mihi? Negat improbus, et te
Negligit, aut horret. Vulteium manè Philippus
Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello 65
Occupat: et salvere jubet prior. Ille Philippo
Excusare laborem et mercenaria vincla,
Quòd non manè domum venisset; denique quòd non
Providisset eum. Sic ignovisse putato
Me tibi, si cœnas hodiè mecum. Ut libet. Ergo 70
Post nonam venies: nunc i, rem strenuus auge.
Ut ventum ad cœnam est; dicenda, tacenda locutus,
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hìc ubi sæpe

* Sine crimine natum. † Et lare curto.

shed, composedly paring his own nails with a knife. Demetrius, *says he*, (this slave dexterously received his master's orders,) go, inquire, and bring me word, from what house, who *he is*, of what fortune, who is his father, or who is his patron. He goes, returns, and relates, that he is by name Vulteius Mena, an auctioneer, of small fortune, of a character perfectly unexceptionable, that he could upon occasion ply busily, and take his ease, and get, and spend, delighting in *a few* low companions, and a settled dwelling, and, after business ended, in the shows, and the Campus *Martius*.

I would inquire of him himself all this which you report. Bid him come to sup with me. Mena cannot believe it: he wonders silently within himself. Why many words? He answers, It is obliging. Does he deny me? The rascal denies, and disregards or dreads you. In the morning Philip comes unawares upon Vulteius, *as he is* selling brokery goods to the tuniced populace, and salutes him first. He pleads to Philip his employment, and the confinement of his business, in excuse for not waiting upon him in the morning; and afterwards, for not seeing him first. Expect that I will excuse you on this condition, that you sup with me to-day. As you please. Then you will come after the ninth hour: now go, strenuously increase your stock. When they were come to supper, having discoursed *promiscuously* of things of a public and a private nature, at length he is dismissed to go to sleep. When he had often been seen to repair like a fish to the

Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
Manè cliens, et jam certus conviva; jubetur 75
Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impositus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non cessat laudare: videt, ridetque Philippus:
Et sibi dum requiem, dum risus undique quærit,
Dum septem donat sestertia, mutua septem 80
Promittit; persuadet uti mercetur agellum:
Mercatur. Ne te longis ambagibus ultrà
Quàm satis est morer: ex nitido fit rusticus: atque
Sulcos et vineta crepat mera: præparat ulmos:
Immoritur studiis, et amore senescit habendi. 85
Verùm ubi oves furto, morbo periêre capellæ,
Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;
Offensus damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum
Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.
Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus, 90
Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis attentusque videris
Esse mihi. Pol, me miserum, patrone, vocares.
Si velles, inquit, verum mihi ponere nomen.

concealed hook, in the morning a client, and now *become* a constant guest; he is desired to accompany *Philip* to his country seat near the city, at the proclaiming of the Latin festivals.* Mounted on horseback, he ceases not to cry up the Sabine fields and air. Philip sees it, and smiles; and while he is seeking amusement and diversion for himself out of every thing, while he makes him a present of seven *thousand* sesterces, promises to lend him seven *thousand more;* persuades him to purchase a farm: he does make a purchase. That I may not detain you with a long story beyond what is necessary; from a smart cit he becomes a downright rustic, and prates of nothing but furrows and vineyards; prepares his elms; is ready to die with eager diligence; and grows old through a passionate desire of possessing. But when his sheep were lost by theft, his goats by a distemper, his harvest deceived his hopes, his ox was killed with ploughing; fretted with these losses, at midnight he snatches his nag, and in a passion makes his way to Philip's house; whom, as soon as Philip beheld rough and unshaven; Vulteius, says he, you seem to me to be too laborious and earnest. In truth, patron, replied he, you would call me a wretch, if you would apply to me my true name. I beseech, and conjure you then, by your

* *Indictis Latinis.* Philip could go into the country only on the holidays. They were called *indictæ conceptivæ*, because they were not celebrated on any stated days, *dies statas*, but at the pleasure of the consul. They were instituted in honour of Jupiter, in memory of a peace concluded between Tarquinius Superbus, and the people of Latium.

Quòd te per Genium, dextramque, Deosque Penates,
Obsecro, et obtestor; vitæ me redde priori. 95
Qui simul aspexit,* quantùm dimissa petitis
Præstent; maturè redeat, repetatque relicta.
Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede verum est.

EPISTOLA VIII.

AD CELSUM ALBINOVANUM.

Se neque corpore neque animo valere; Celso secundam fortunam modestè ferendam esse.

Celso gaudere et benè rem gerere Albinovano,
Musa rogata, refer, comiti scribæque Neronis.
Si quæret, quid agam; dic, multa et pulchra minantem,
Vivere nec rectè, nec suaviter: haud quia grando
Contuderit vites, oleamve momorderit æstus; 5
Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in agris;
Sed quia mente minùs validus, quàm corpore toto,
Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum:
Fidis offendar medicis, irascar amicis,
Cur me funesto properent arcere veterno;

* Qui semel aspexit.

genius, and your right hand, and your household Gods; restore me to my former *way of* life. As soon as a man perceives how much the things he has discarded excel those he pursues, let him return in time, and resume those he *before* relinquished.

It is a truth, that every one ought to measure himself by his own proper foot and standard.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

That he was neither well in body nor in mind; that Celsus should bear his prosperity with moderation.

My muse, at my request, give joy, and wish success to Celsus Albinovanus, the attendant and the secretary of Nero. If he shall inquire what I am doing; say, that I, *though* promising many and fine things, *yet* live neither well, *according to the rules of strict philosophy*, nor agreeable: not because the hail has crushed my vines, and the heat has nipped my olives; nor because my herds are distempered in remote pastures; but because, less sound in my mind than in my whole body, I will hear nothing, learn nothing, that may relieve me, diseased *as I am;* that I am displeased with my faithful physicians, am angry with my friends,* for being industrious to rouse me from a fatal lethargy;

* Perhaps this is the only instance where *cur* is to be understood in the sense of *quod*. Francis.

Quæ nocuêre sequar; fugiam quæ profore credam:
Romæ Tibur amem ventosus, Tibure Romam.
Post hæc, ut valeat; quo pacto rem gerat, et se;
Ut placeat Juveni, percontare, utque cohorti.
Si dicet, Rectè: primum gaudere; subinde 15
Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento:
Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.

EPISTOLA IX.

AD CLAUDIUM TIBERIUM NERONEM.

Septimium ei commendat.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias: nam cùm rogat, et prece cogit
Scilicet, ut tibi se laudare, et tradere coner,
Dignum mente domoque legentis honesta Neronis,
Munere cùm fungi propioris censet amici; 5
Quid possim videt ac novit me valdiùs ipso,
Multa quidem dixi, cur excusatus abirem:
Sed timui, mea ne finxisse minora putarer,
Dissimulator opis propriæ, mihi commodus uni.
Sic ego, majoris fugiens opprobria culpæ 10

that I pursue things that have done me hurt; avoid those things which I am persuaded would be of service *to me;* inconstant as the wind, at Rome I am in love with Tibur, at Tibur with Rome. After this inquire how he does; how he manages his business and himself; how he pleases the young prince and his attendants. If he shall say, well; first congratulate him, then remember to whisper this admonition in his ears; as you, Celsus, bear your fortune, so will we behave to you.

EPISTLE IX.

TO CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS NERO.

He recommends Septimius to him.

Of all the men in the world, Septimius surely, O Claudius, knows best the share I have in your regards. For when he requests, and by his entreaties in a manner compels me to undertake to recommend and introduce him to you, *as one* worthy of the confidence and the household of Nero, who *ever* chooses deserving objects, as thinking I discharge the office of an intimate friend *with you*, he sees and knows better than myself what I can do. Indeed, I said a great deal, in order that I might come off excused; but I was afraid lest I should be suspected to pretend my interest *with you* was less *than it is; to be* a dissembler of my own power, and ready to serve myself alone. So, avoiding the reproach of a greater fault, I have put in for the prize

Frontis ad urbanæ descendi præmia. Quod si
Depositum laudas ob amici jussa pudorem;
Scribe tui gregis hunc, et fortem crede bonumque.

EPISTOLA X.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

Rusticam vitam præ urbanâ laudat, ut naturæ magis consentaneam, et magis amicam libertati.

Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores; hac in re scilicet unâ
Multùm dissimiles; et cætera* penè gemelli,
Fraternis animis; quicquid negat alter, et alter:
Annuimus pariter, vetuli notique columbi. 5
Tu nidum servas; ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque.
Quid quæris? vivo, et regno, simul ista reliqui,
Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis rumore secundo.
Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuso, 10
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.
Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,
Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primùm;
Novistine locum potiorem rure beato?
Est ubi plus tepeant hiemes? ubi gratior aura 15
Leniat et rabiem Canis, et momenta Leonis,

* Ad cætera.

of town-bred confidence. If now you approve of modesty's being superseded at the pressing entreaties of a friend, enrol this person among your retinue, and believe him to be brave and good.

EPISTLE X.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

He praises a country before a city life, as more agreeable to nature, and more friendly to liberty.

We, who love the country, salute Fuscus, that loves the town; in this point alone, *we are* much unlike, but in other things almost twins, of brotherly sentiments: whatever one denies, the other too *denies:* we assent together, *like* old and constant doves: you keep the nest: I praise the rivulets, the rocks overgrown with moss, and the groves of the delightful country. Do you ask why? I live and reign, as soon as I have quitted those things which you extol to the skies with joyful applause. And like a priest's fugitive slave, I reject luscious wafers; I desire *plain* bread, which is more agreeable *to me* now than honeyed cakes.

If we must live suitably to nature, and a plot of ground is to be first sought for, to raise a house upon, do you know any place preferable to the blissful country? Is there any spot where the winters are more temperate? where a more agreeable breeze moderates the rage of the dog-star, and the

Cùm semel accepit solem furibundus acutum?
Est ubi depellat somnos* minùs invida cura?
Deteriùs Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum, 20
Quàm quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?
Nempe inter varias† nutritur silva columnas,
Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros.
Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret,
Et mala‡ perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix. 25
Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,‖
Certius accipiet damnum, propiusve medullis,
Quàm qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum.
Quem res plùs nimio delectavêre secundæ, 30
Mutatæ quatient: si quid mirabere, pones
Invitus: fuge magna: licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.
Cervus equum pugnâ melior communibus herbis
Pellebat: donec minor in certamine longo 35
Imploravit opes hominis, frænumque recepit:

* Est ubi divellat somnos † Nempe inter Parias.
‡ Perrumpet furtim fastigia. ‖ Potantia vellera succum.

season of the lion, when once *that* furious *sign* has received the scorching sun? Is there *the place* where envious care less disturbs our slumbers? Is the grass inferior in smell or beauty to the Lybian pebbles? Is the water, which *by being forced* strives to burst the lead in the streets, purer than that which trembles in murmurs *naturally* down its sloping channel? Why, trees are nursed among the variegated columns *of the city*; and that house is commended, which has a prospect of distant fields. Drive out nature *by violence* (with a fork;) yet still she will return, and *becoming* insensibly victorious, will break through *men's* improper disgusts.

Not he, who is not skilful enough to compare the fleeces that drink up the die of Aquinum, with the Sidonian purple, *and to distinguish them*, will receive a more certain damage, and nearer to his marrow than he who shall not be able to distinguish false from true. He who has been overjoyed by prosperity will be shocked by a change of things. If you admire any thing *greatly*, you will *be* unwilling to resign it. Avoid great things: under a mean roof, one may outstrip kings, and the favourites of kings, in *a happy* life.

The stag, superior in fight, drove the horse from the common pasture; till *the latter*, *still* worsted in the long contest, implored the aid of man, and received the bridle: but, after he had parted conqueror from his conquered enemy, he could not

Sed postquam victor* victo discessit ab hoste,
Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.
Sic qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis
Libertate caret, dominum vehet improbus; atque
Serviet æternùm, quia parvo nesciet uti.† 41
Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.
Lætus sorte tuâ vives‡ sapienter, Aristi:
Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura 45
Cogere, quàm sátis est, ac non cessare videbor.
Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique,
Tortum digna sequi potiùs quàm ducere funem.
Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ,
Excepto, quòd non simul esses, cætera lætus. 50

* Sed postquam victor violens.
Sed postquam violens victo. *Bentl.*
† Qui parvo nesciet uti.
‡ Vivas—dimittas.

shake the rider from his back, nor the bit from his mouth. So he who, afraid of poverty, forfeits his liberty, *which is* more valuable than mines *of treasure*, shall *be so* wretched *as to* carry a master, and shall eternally be a slave, for not knowing how to use a little. When a man's condition does not suit him, it will be as a shoe at any time, which, if too big for his foot, will throw him down; if too little, will pinch him. *If you are* cheerful *and satisfied* with your lot, Aristius, you will live wisely; nor shall you let me go uncorrected, if I appear to scrape together more than enough, and not have done. Accumulated money is the master or slave of each *owner*, it deserving rather to follow than to lead the twisted rope.

These I dictated to you behind the mouldering temple of Vacuna;* in all other things happy, except that you was not with me.

* The Goddess of vacations, or of idleness.

EPISTOLA XI.

AD BULLATIUM.

Ex Asia, quo bellorum civilium tædio profectus fuerat, Romam revocare conatus, monet animi ægritudinem non peregrinationibus, sed rectâ animi compositione levari.

Quid tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos?
Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræsi regia Sardis?
Smyrna quid, et Colophon? majora, minora ve famâ?
Cunctane præ Campo et Tiberino flumine sordent?
An venit in votum Attalicis ex urbibus una? 5
An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?
Scis Lebedus quid sit; Gabiis desertior, atque*
Fidenis vicus: tamen illic vivere vellem,
Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,
Neptunum procul è terrâ spectare furentem. 10
Sed neque, qui Capuâ Romam petit, imbre lutoque
Aspersus, volet in cauponâ vivere; nec, qui
Frigus collegit, furnos et balnea laudat,
Ut fortunatam plenè præstantia vitam:
Nec si te validus jactaverit Auster in alto, 15
Idcircò navem trans Ægæum mare vendas.
Incolumi Rhodos et Mitylene pulchra facit, quod

* Scis Lebedus quàm sit Gabiis desertior.

EPISTLE XI.

TO BULLATIUS.

Endeavouring to recall him back to Rome from Asia, whither he had retreated through his weariness of the civil wars, he advises him to ease the disquietude of his mind, not by the length of his journey, but by forming his mind into a right disposition.

WHAT Bullatius, do you think of Chios, and of the celebrated Lesbos? What of neat Samos? What of Sardis, the royal residence of Crœsus? What of Smyrna, and Colophon? Are they greater or less than fame *makes them?* Are they all contemptible, in comparison of the Campus Martius and the river Tiber? Does *some* one of Attalus's cites enter into your wish? Or do you admire Lebedus, through a surfeit of the sea and of travelling? You know what Lebedus is: it is a more unfrequented town than Gabii and Fidenæ: yet there would I be willing to live, and forgetful of my friends, and forgot by them, view from land Neptune raging at a distance. But neither he who comes to Rome from Capua, bespattered with rain and mire would live *always* in an inn; nor does he who has contracted a cold cry up stoves and bagnios, as completely furnishing *the means of a* happy life; nor if the violent south-wind has tossed you in the deep, will you therefore sell your ship on the other side of the Ægean sea. On a man that is sound *in mind*, Rhodes and the beautiful Mitylene

Pænula solstitio, campestre nivalibus auris,
Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mense caminus.
Dum licet, ac vultum servat fortuna benignum, 20
Romæ laudetur Samos, et Chios, et Rhodos absens.
Tu quamcunque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,
Gratâ sume manu; nec dulcia differ in annum:
Ut, quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter
Te dicas. Nam si ratio et prudentia curas, 25
Non locus effusi latè maris arbiter, aufert;
Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt;
Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus benè vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. 30

EPISTOLA XII.

AD ICCIUM.

Hominis parsimoniam dùm laudat, festivè deridet; tradit ei Grosphum; de Romanis rebus pauca subjecit.

Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis, Icci,
Si rectè frueris, non est ut copia major
Ab Jove donari possit tibi; tolle querelas:

have such an effect, as a thick cloak at the summer solstice, thin drawers in snowy weather, *bathing in* the Tiber in winter, a fire in the month of August. While you may, and *while* fortune preserves a benign aspect, let absent Samos, and Chios, and Rhodes, be commended by you here at Rome. Whatever prosperous hour Providence bestows upon you, receive it with a thankful hand; and defer not *the enjoyment of* the comforts of life till a year is at an end: that, in whatever place you are, you may say that you have lived with satisfaction. For if reason and discretion, (not a place that commands a prospect of the wide extended sea,) remove *our* cares, they change their climate, not their disposition, who run beyond the sea; a laborious inefficacy harasses us: by ships and by chariots we seek to live happily. What you seek is here *at home*, is at Ulubræ, if a just temper of mind is not your want.

EPISTLE XII.

TO ICCIUS.

Under the appearance of praising the man's parsimony, he archly ridicules it: introduces Grosphus to him and concludes with a few articles of news concerning the Roman affairs.

O Iccius, if you rightly enjoy the Sicilian products,* which you collect for Agrippa, it is

* Augustus had given Agrippa considerable possessions in Sicily, as a reward for his having reduced that island —Iccius was agent there to Agrippa.

Pauper enim non est, cui rerum suppetit usus.
Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusque tuis; nil 5
Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
Si fortè in medio positorum abstemius, herbis
Vivis et urticâ; sic vives protinùs, ut te
Confestim liquidus fortunæ rivus inauret:
Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit, 10
Vel quia cuncta putas unâ virtute minora.
Miramur, si Democriti pecus edit agellos
Cultaque, dum peregrè est animus sine corpore velox?
Cùm tu inter scabiem tantem et contagia lucri,
Nil parvum sapias, et adhùc sublimia cures; 15
Quæ mare compescant causæ: quid temperet annum:
Stellæ sponte suâ, jussæne vagentur et errent:
Quid premat obscurum lunæ, quid proferat orbem:
Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors:
Empedocles, an Stertinium* deliret acumen. 20
Verùm, seu pisces seu porrum et cæpe trucidas,
Utere Pompeïo Grospho; et, si quid petet, ultrò
Defer: nil Grosphus nisi verum orabit, et æquum

* Empedocleum an Stertinium. *Cunn.*

not possible that a greater affluence can be given you by Jove *himself*. Away with complaints; for that man is by no means poor, who hath the use of every thing he wants. If it is well with your belly, your back, and your feet, *even* regal wealth can add nothing greater. If, strangely abstemious, amidst profusion, you live upon salad and shell-fish, you will consequently live in such a *frugal* manner, that presently fortune shall flow upon you in a river of gold: either because money cannot change the natural disposition, or because it is your opinion that all things are inferior to virtue alone. Can we wonder, if *other men's* cattle feed upon the meadows and corn-fields of Democritus, while his active soul is abroad, *travelling* without his body? Since you, amidst such great impurity, and infection of profit, have no taste for any thing trivial, but still mind *only* things of a sublime nature: *namely*, what causes set bounds to the sea; what rules the year; whether the stars spontaneously, or by direction, wander about and are erratic; what throws obscurity on the moon, and what brings out her orb; what is the intention and power of the jarring harmony of things; whether Empedocles, or the hypothesis of Stertinius, be in the wrong.

However, whether you * murder fishes or onions and garlic, receive Pompeius Grosphus; and if he asks any *favour*, grant it him frankly: Grosphus will desire nothing but what is right and just. The

* *Murder*, in ridicule of the doctrine of Pythagoras, who held that the souls of the human kind passed successively into the bodies of men, animals, and plants.

Vilis amicorum est annona, bonis ubi quid deest,
Ne tamen ignores, quo sit Romana loco res: 25
Cantaber Agrippæ, Claudî virtute Neronis
Armenius cecidit: jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor: aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno diffudit copia cornu.

EPISTOLA XIII.

AD VINNIUM ASELLAM.

Monet ut suos Augusto libros loco et decenter offerat.

Ut proficiscentem docui te sæpè diuque,
Augusto reddes signata volumina, Vinni,
Si valuius, si lætus erit, si denique poscet;
Ne studio nostri pecces, odiumque libellis
Sedulus importes operâ vehemente minister. 5
Si te fortè meæ* gravis uret sarcina chartæ;
Abjicito potiùs, quàm quò perferre juberis
Clitellas ferus impingas, Asinæque paternum

* Gravis urget sarcina chartæ.

fruits of friendship are cheap, when *good men want any thing.

But that you may not be ignorant in what situation the Roman affairs are, the Cantabrians have fallen by the valour of Agrippa, *and* the Armenians by *that* of Claudius Nero: Phraates has, in the most suppliant manner, admitted the laws and power of Cæsar. Golden plenty has poured out the fruits of Italy from a full horn.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO VINNIUS ASINA.

Horace cautions him to present his poems to Augustus at a proper opportunity, and with due decorum.

As on your setting out I frequently and fully gave you instructions, Vinnius, that you would present these volumes to Augustus sealed up, if he shall be in health, if in spirits, finally if he shall ask for them; lest you offend out of zeal for me, and industriously bring an odium upon my books, *by being* an agent of violent officiousness. If haply the heavy load of my paper should gall you, cast it from you, rather than throw down your pack in a rough manner, where you are directed to carry them, and turn your paternal name of † Asina into

* Because they are always modest and reasonable in their demands.

† Horace puns upon the word Asina, which, besides being a proper name, signifies an ass. Many Roman surnames were derived from Asinus. The family of Annii had that of Asella; the Claudian, Asellus; the Sempronian, Asellio, &c.

Cognomen vertas in risum, et fabula fias.
Viribus uteris per clivos, flumina, lamas. 10
Victor propositi simul ac perveneris illùc,
Sic positum servabis onus; ne fortè sub alâ
Fasciculum portes librorum, ut rusticus agnum:
*Ut vinosa glomos furtivæ Pyrrhia lanæ;
Ut cum pileolo soleas conviva tribulis. 15
Ne vulgo narres te sudavisse ferendo
Carmina, quæ possunt oculos auresque morari
Cæsaris: oratus multâ prece, nitere porrò.
Vade, vale; cave ne titubes, mandataque frangas.

* Ut vinosa globos.

a jest, and make yourself a common story. Make use of your vigour, over the hills, the rivers, and the fens. As soon as you have got the better of your enterprise, and you arrive there, you must keep your burden in this position; lest you happen to carry my bundle of books under your arm, as a clown does a lamb, *or* as drunken * Pyrrhia *in the play does* the balls of pilfered wool, *or* as a tripe-guest† *carries* his slippers with his fuddling cap. You must not tell publicly how you sweated with carrying these verses, which may detain the eyes and ears of Cæsar. Solicited with much entreaty, do your best. Finally, get you gone, farewell: take care you do not stumble, and break *my* orders (*forget your errand.*)

* Alluding to a passage in the comedy of Titinius.

† Athenæus says, members of the same tribe had entertainments, called *cœnæ thiasæ*, *ward-feasts*, as they might now be termed.

EPISTOLA XIV.

AD VILLICUM SUUM.

Ejus levitatem coarguit, rusticam vitam, quam optaverat, fastidientis, et urbanæ desiderio æstuantis.

VILLICE silvarum et mihi me reddentis agelli,
Quem tu fastidis, habitatum quinque focis, et
Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere Patres;
Certemus, spinas animone ego fortius, an tu
Evellas agro. et melior *sit Horatius, an rus. 5
Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas et cura moretur
Fratrem mœrentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
Insolabiliter; tamen istùc mens animusque
†Fert, et amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum. 10
Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum, est odio sors.
Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur iniquè;
In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.
Tu mediastinus tacitâ prece rura petebas:
Nunc urbem et ludos, et balnea villicus optas. 15
Me constare mihi scis, et discedere tristem,
Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam,
Non eadem miramur: eò disconvenit inter

* Sit Horatius an res,
† Fert, et avet spatiis. *Bentl.*

EPISTLE XIV.

TO HIS STEWARD.

He upbraids his levity for contemning a country life, which had been his choice, and being eager to return to Rome.

STEWARD of my woodlands and little farm, that restores me to myself, which you despise, *though formerly* inhabited by five families, and wont to send five good senators to Varia, let us try whether I with more fortitude pluck the thorns out of my mind, or you out of my ground; and whether Horace, or his estate, be in a better condition.

Though my affection and solicitude for Lamia, mourning for his brother, lamenting inconsolably for his brother's loss, detain me; nevertheless my heart and soul carry me thither, and long to break through those barriers that obstruct *my* way. I pronounce him the happy man, who dwells in the country, you him *who lives* in the city. He to whom his neighbour's lot is agreeable, must of consequence dislike his own. Each of us *is* a fool *for* unjustly blaming the innocent place. The mind is in fault, which never escapes from itself. When you was a drudge at every one's beck, you tacitly prayed for the country: now you *are appointed* my steward, you wish for the city, the shows, and the *public* baths. *But* you know I am consistent with myself, and loathe to go, whenever disagreeable business drags me to Rome. We are not admirers of the same things; hence *it is* that you and I dis-

Meque et te : nam quæ deserta et inhospita tesqua
Credis, amœna vocat mecum qui sentit, et odit 20
Quæ tu pulchra putas : fornix tibi et uncta popina
Incutiunt urbis desiderium, video ; et quòd
Angulus iste feret piper et thus ociùs uvâ ;
Nec vicina subest vinum præbere taberna
Quæ possit tibi : nec meretrix tibicina, cujus 25
Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis ; et tamen urges
Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
Disjunctum curas, et strictis frondibus exples.
Addit opus pigro rivus, se decidit imber,
Multâ mole docendus aprico parcere prato. 30
Nunc age, quid nostrum concentum dividat, audi.
Quem tenues decuêre togæ nitidique capilli,
Quem scis immunem Cynaræ placuisse rapaci,
Quem bibulum liquidi mediâ de luce* Falerni;
Cœna brevis juvat, et prope rivum somnus in herbâ : 35
Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

* Mediâ de nocte.

agree. For what you reckon desert and inhospitable wilds, he, who is of my way of thinking, calls delightful places, and dislikes what you esteem pleasant. The bawdy-houses, I perceive, and greasy taverns, raise your inclination for the city; and *this*, because my little spot will sooner yield frankincense and pepper than grapes; nor is there a tavern near, which can supply you with wine; nor a minstrel harlot, to whose thrumming you may dance cumbersome to the ground: and yet, **it seems*, you exercise with plough-shares the fallows that have been a long while untouched, you take due care of the ox when unyoked, and give him his fill with leaves stripped *from the boughs*. The sluices† *too* give an additional trouble to *such* an idle fellow, *which*, if a shower fall, must be taught by many a mound to spare the sunny meadow.

Come now, attend to what hinders our agreement. *Me*, whom *formerly* fine garments and dressed locks adorned, whom you know to have pleased venal Cynara without a present, whom *you have seen* quaff flowing Falernian from noon *to midnight*, a short supper *now* delights, and a nap upon the green turf by the stream-side; nor is it a shame to have been gay, but not to break off that gayety.

* Horace says this ironically; for his steward's head was so taken up with the thoughts of Rome, that he neglected his country business.

† Sluices cut for watering the ground; as,

Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt. VIRG.

Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
Limat, non odio obscuro morsuque venenat:
Rident vicini, glebas et saxa moventem.
Cum servis urbana diaria rodere mavis: 40
Horum tu in numerum voto ruis: invidet usum
Lignorum et pecoris tibi calo argutus, et horti.
Optat ephippia bos piger: optat arare caballus.
Quam scit uterque, libens, censebo, exerceat artem.

EPISTOLA XV.

AD C. NUMONIUM VALAM.

Veliam aut Salernum ad balneas profecturus, de locorum salubritate ac deliciis quærit.

Quæ sit hiems Veliæ, quod cœlum, Vala, Salerni,
Quorum hominum regio, et qualis via, nam mihi
Balas

*There no eye, with envious cast,† affects my possessions, nor poisons them with obscure malice, and biting slander: the neighbours smile at me removing clods and stones. You had rather be munching your daily allowance with the slaves in town; you ardently wish to be of the number of these; *while my* cunning foot-boy envies you the use of the firing, the flocks, and the garden. The lazy ox wishes for the horse's trappings; the horse wishes to go to plough. But I shall be of opinion, that each of them ought contentedly to exercise that art which he understands.

EPISTLE XV.

TO C. NUMONIUS VALA.

Preparing to go to the baths, either at Velia or Salernum, he inquires after the healthfulness and agreeableness of the places.

It is your part,‡ *my* Vala, to write to me, and mine to give credit to your information, what sort of a winter it *generally* is at Velia, what

* At his Sabine farm.

† *Limis oculis aspicere aliquem, to look askew* or *askance;* but the Latins never used *limare* in that sense. The scholiast explains the word *limat* by *deterit, imminuit.* It was a superstition among the ancients, that an envious or malicious eye could affect what it looked upon; as,

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos. Virg.

Some eye or other fascinates my tender lambkins.

‡ The natural construction in the original does not begin till line 25.

Musa supervacuas Antonius; et tamen illis
Me facit invisum, gelidâ cùm perluor undâ
Per medium frigus. Sane myrteta relinqui, 5
Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum
Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit, invidus ægris,
Qui caput et stomachum supponere fontibus audent
Clusinis: Gabiosque petunt, et frigida rura.
Mutandus locus est, et diversoria nota 10
Præteragendus equus. Quò tendis: non mihi Cumas
Est iter, aut Baias, levâ stomachosus habenâ
Dicet eques:* (sed equis frenato est auris in ore.)
Major utrum populum frumenti copia pascat;
Collectosne bibant imbres, puteosne perennes 15
Dulcis aquæ: (nam vina nihil moror illius oræ:
Rure meo possum quidvis perferre patique:
Ad mare cùm veni, generosum et lene requiro,
Quod curas abigat, quod cum spe divite manet
In venas animumque meum, quod verba ministret,
Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.) 21
Tractus uter plures lepores, uter educet apros;

* Sed equi frenato est auris in ore.

the air at Salernum, what kind of inhabitants the country consists of, and how the road is: for *Antonius Musa *pronounces* Baiæ to be of no service to me; yet makes me obnoxious to the place, when I am bathed in cold water, even in the midst of the frost, *by his prescription.* In truth, the village murmurs *to see* their myrtle groves deserted, and the sulphureous waters, said to expel lingering disorders from the nerves, despised; envying those invalids, who have the courage to expose their head and breast to the Clusian springs, and retire to Gabii, and *such* cold countries. My course *therefore* must be altered, and my horse driven beyond his accustomed stages. Whither are you going? will the angry rider say, pulling in the left-hand rein? I am not for Cumæ or Baiæ; but the horse's† ear is in the bit. *You must inform me likewise* which of the two people is supported by the greatest abundance of corn; whether they drink rain water collected *in reservoirs,* or from perennial wells of sweet element: (for as to the wine of that part I give myself no trouble *to inquire:* at my country-seat I can dispense and bear with any thing: but when I have arrived at a seaport, I insist upon that which is generous and mellow, such as may drive away my cares, such as may flow into my veins and animal spirits, with a large portion of hope, such as may supply me with words, such as may make me appear young *in the eyes* of my Lucanian mistress:) which

* Physician to Augustus, who is said to be the first that ever prescribed the use of cold bathing.

† *Equis* instead of *equi,* is of the best MSS. and editions. FRANCIS.

Utra magis pisces et echinos æquora celent,
Pinquis ut inde domum possim Phæaxque reverti;
Scribere te nobis, tibi nos accredere par est. 25
Mænius, ut rebus maternis atque paternis
Fortiter absumptis, urbanus cœpit haberi;
Scurra vagus, non qui certum præsepe teneret;
Impransus non qui civem dignosceret hoste;
Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere sævus; 30
Pernicies, et tempestas, barathrumque macelli,
Quidquid quæsierat, ventri donabat avaro.
Hic, ubi nequitiæ fautoribus et timidis nil
Aut paulum abstulerat, patinas cœnabat omasi
Vilis, et agninæ, tribus ursis quod satis esset: 35
Scilicet ut ventres lamnâ candente nepotum
Diceret urendos correctus Bestius.* Idem,
Si quid erat nactus† prædæ majoris, ubi omne
Verterat in fumum et cinerem; Non hercule miror,
Aiebat, si qui comedunt bona: cùm sit obeso 40
Nil melius turdo, nil vulvâ pulchrius amplâ.
Nimirum hic ego sum: nam tuta et parvula laudo,
Cùm res deficiunt; satis inter vilia fortis:

* Corrector Bestius. *Bentl.*
† Quidquid erat nactus.

tract of land produces most hares, which *most* boars: which seas harbour the most fishes and sea-urchins, that I may be able to return home from thence in good case, and like a *luxurious* Pheacian.

When Menius, having manfully made away with his paternal and maternal estates, began to be accounted a merry fellow; a vagabond droll, who had no certain place of living; who, when dinnerless, could not distinguish a fellow-citizen from an enemy; unmerciful in forging any scandal against any person; the pest, and hurricane, and gulf of the market; whatever he could get, he gave to his greedy gut. This fellow, when he had extorted little or nothing from the savourers of his iniquity, or those that dreaded it, would eat up *whole* dishes of coarse harslet and lambs entrails; as much as would have sufficed three bears: Then, truly, *like* reformer Bestius,* would he say, that the bellies of extravagant fellows ought to be branded with a red-hot iron. The same man, *however*, when he had reduced to smoke and ashes whatever more considerable booty he had got; Faith, said he, I do not wonder if there are such persons as eat up their estates; since nothing *certainly* is better than a fat thrush, nothing finer than a large sow's paunch.† In fact, I am just such another myself: for, when matters are a little deficient, I commend the snug and homely fare, of sufficient

* Cornelius Bestius, mentioned as a person of great austerity by Persius.

Tune bona incolumis minuis? Et Bestius urget
Doctores Graios. PERS. Sat. vi.

† This was esteemed a dainty amongst the Romans.

Verùm, ubi quid melius contingit et unctius; idem
Vos sapere et solos aio benè vivere, quorum 45
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

EPISTOLA XVI.

AD QUINTIUM.

Villæ suæ formam, situm, commoda, Quintio describit, tum rectè factorum conscientiâ probitatem, probitate libertatem constare admonet.

Ne perconteris, fundus meus, optime Quinti,
Arvo pascat herum, an baccis opulentet olivæ,
Pomisne, an pratis, an amictâ vitibus ulmo;
Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter et situs agri.
Continui montes, ni dissocientur opacâ 5
Valle: sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciat Sol,
Lævum decedens* curru fugiente vaporet.
Temperiem laudes. Quid? si rubicunda benigni†
Corna vepres et pruna ferant? si quercus, et ilex
Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvet umbrâ?
Dicas adductum propiùs frondere Tarentum. 11

* Lævum discendens. † Si rubicunda benignè.

resolution amidst mean provisions: but if any thing offered better and more delicate, I, the same individual *philosopher*, cry out, that ye are wise, and alone live well, whose wealth and estate is conspicuous from the elegance of their villas.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO QUINTIUS.

He describes to Quintius the form, situation, and advantages of his country house; then declares that probity consists in the consciousness of good works, liberty in probity.

Ask me not, my best Quintius, whether my farm maintains its master with corn-fields, or enriches him with olives, or with fruits, or meadow-land, or the elm tree clothed with vines; the shape and situation of my ground shall be described to you at large.

There are a continued range of mountains, except *where* they are separated by a shadowy vale: but in *such a manner*, that the approaching sun views it on the right side, and, departing in his flying car, warms the left. You would commend its temperature. What *think you?* If my *very* briars produce in abundance the ruddy cornels and damsons? If my oak and holm tree accommodate *my* cattle with plenty of acorns, and their master with a copious shade? You would say that Tarentum,* brought nearer *to Rome*, shone in *all* its verdant beauty. A

* A very pleasant city, frequently celebrated by Horace, vid. Ode xxviii. lib. 1. Ode vi. lib. 2. Ode v. lib. 3.

Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,
Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.*
Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam, si credis, amœnæ, 15
Incolumem tibi me præstant Septembribus horis.
Tu rectè vivis, si curas esse quod audis.
Jactamus jampridem omnis te Roma beatum;
Sed vereor, ne cŭi de te plùs quăm tibi credas;
Neve putes alium sapiente bonoque beatum: 20
Neu, si te populus sanum rectèque valentem
Dictitet, occultam febrem sub tempus edendi
Dissimules, donec manibus tremor incidat unctis.
Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.
Si quis bella tibi terrâ pugnata marique 25
Dicat, et his verbis vacuas permulceat aures;
Tene magis salvum populus velit, an populum tu,
Servet in ambiguo, qui consulit et tibi et Urbi,
Jupiter; Augusti laudes agnoscere possis.
Cùm pateris sapiens emendatusque vocari; 30
Respondesne tuo, dic sodes, nomine? Nempe
Vir bonus et prudens dici delector ego, ac tu.
Qui dedit hoc hodiè, cras, si volet, auferet: ut si

* Fluit aptus et utilis alvo.

fountain too deserving to give name to a river, insomuch that Hebrus does not surround Thrace more cool or more limpid, flows salubrious to the infirm head, salubrious to the bowels. These sweet, yea (if you will credit me) these delightful retreats, preserve me to you in a state of health *even* in the *sickly* hours of September.

You live *exceeding* well, if you take care to support the character you bear.* Long ago all Rome has proclaimed you happy: but I am apprehensive, lest you should give more credit concerning yourself to any one than yourself; and lest you should imagine a man *may be* happy, *though* differing from the wise and good; or, because the people pronounces you sound and perfectly well, lest you dissemble the lurking fever at meal times, until a trembling seize your greased hands. The false modesty of fools will conceal ulcers, rather than have them cured. If any one should mention battles which you had fought by land and sea, and in such expressions as these should sooth your listening ears; "May Jupiter, who consults the safety both of you and the city, *long* keep it in doubt, whether the people be more solicitous for your welfare, or you for the people's;" you might perceive these encomiums to belong only to Augustus: when you suffer yourself to be termed a philosopher, and one of an accomplished life, say, prythee, would you answer *to these appellations* in your own name? To be sure—I like to be called a wise and good man, as well as you. He, who gave this *character* to-day, if he will,

* Literally, to be what you are reported.

Detulerit fasces indigno, detrahet idem:
Pone; meum est, inquit: pono, tristisque recedo.
Idem si clamet furem, neget esse pudicum, 36
Contendat laqueo collum pressisse paternum;
Mordear opprobriis falsis, mutemque colores?
Falsus honor juvat, et mendax infamia terret
Quem, nisi mendosum et medicandum?* vir bonus
est quis? 40
Qui consulta Patrum, qui leges juraque servat;
Quo multæ magnæque secantur judice lites;
Quo res sponsore,† et quo causæ teste tenentur.
Sed videt hunc omnis domus et vicinia tota,
Introrsum turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ. 45
Nec furtum feci, nec fugi, si mihi dicat
Servus: Habes pretium; loris non ureris, aio.
Non hominem occidi: Non pasces in cruce curvos.
Sum bonus et frugi: Renuit negat atque Sabellus.‡
Cautus enim metuit foveam lupus, accipiterque 50
Suspectos laqueos; et opertum milüus hamum.
Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore:
Tu nihil admittes in te formidine pœnæ.
Sit spes fallendi, miscebis sacra profanis.
Nam de mille fabæ modiis cùm surripis unum; 55
Damnum est, non facinus, mihi pacto lenius isto.

* Quem, nisi mendosum et mendacem?
† Quo responsore.
‡ Renuit negitatque Sabellus.

can take it away to-morrow: as the same people, if they have conferred the consulship on an unworthy person, may *likewise* take it away from him: resign it; *for* it is ours, they cry: I do resign it accordingly, and, chagrined, withdraw. Thus if they should call me rogue, deny me to be temperate, assert that I had strangled my own father with a halter; shall I be stung, and change colour at these false reproaches? Whom does false honour delight, or lying calumny terrify, except the vicious and sickly-minded? Who *then* is good? He who observes the decrees of the senate, who *observes* the laws and rules of justice; by whose arbitration many and important disputes are decided; by whose surety private property, and by whose testimony causes are obtained. Yet, *perhaps* his own family and all the neighbourhood see this man, *however* specious in a fair outside, *to be* polluted within. If a slave should say to me, I have not committed a robbery, nor run away: you have your reward; you are not galled with the lash, I say. I have not killed any man: —*mighty well*—you shall not, *therefore*, feed the carrion-crows on the cross. I am, *however*, a good man, and blameless:—Your Sabine *friend* denies and contradicts *the fact*. For the wary wolf dreads the pitfall, and the hawk the suspected snares, and the kite the concealed hook. The good, *on the contrary*, hate to sin from their love of virtue: you will commit no crime, *merely* for the fear of punishment. Let there be a prospect of escaping, you will confound sacred and profane things together. For when from a

Vir bonus, omne forum quem spectat, et omne tribunal;
Quandocunque Deos vel porco vel bove placat;
Jane pater, clarè, clarè cùm dixit, Apollo;
Labra movet metuens audiri: Pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere; da justo sanctoque videri:* 61
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.
Quî melior servo, quî liberior sit avarus,
In triviis fixum cùm se demittit ob assem,
Non video: nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque: porro
Qui metuens vivît, liber mihi non erit unquam. 66
Perdidit arma, locum virtutis deseruit, qui
Semper in augendâ festinat et obruitur re.
Vendere cùm possis captivum, occidere noli:
Serviet utiliter: sine pascat durus aretque: 70
Naviget, ac mediis hiemet mercator in undis:
Annonæ prosit, portet frumenta penusque.
Vir bonus et sapiens audebit dicere, Pentheu
Rector Thebarum, quid me perferre patique
Indignum coges? Adimam bona. Nempe, pecus, rem 75

* Da justum sanctumque videri.

thousand bushels of beans you filch one, the loss in that case to me is less, but not *your* villany. *Your* honest man, whom every forum, and every court of justice, looks upon with reverence, whenever he makes an atonement to the Gods, with *the offering of* a swine or an ox, after he has pronounced, in a clear, distinguishable voice, O father Janus, O Apollo; he *then* moves his lips, *as one* afraid of being heard: "O fair Laverna, put it in my power to deceive *mankind;* grant me the appearances of a just and upright man; throw a cloud of night over my fraudulent practices." *In truth,* I do not see how a covetous man can be better, *or* how more free, than a slave, when he stoops down for the sake of a farthing stuck in the road *for sport.* For he that will be covetous will also be anxious: but he that lives in a state of anxiety shall never in my estimation be free. He who is always in a hurry to be *wealthy,* and immersed *in the study of* augmenting his fortune, has lost the arms *of reason, and* deserted the post of virtue.—*However,* do not kill your captive, if you can sell him: he will serve you advantageously; let him, *as he is* inured to drudgery, feed *your cattle,* and plough; let him go to sea, and winter in the midst of the waves; let him be of use to the market, and import corn and *other* provisions. A good and wise man, *like Bacchus in the play,** will have courage to say, "Pentheus, king of Thebes, what indignities will you compel me to suffer and endure?

* The Bacchis of Euripides, in which Bacchus, though bound in chains by Pentheus, is introduced accosting him in this resolute manner.

Lectos, argentum: tollas licet. In manicis et
Compedibus sævo te sub custode tenebo.
Ipse Deus, simul atque volam, me solvet. Opinor,
Hoc sentit, moriar: mors ultima linea rerum est.

EPISTOLA XVII.

AD SCÆVAM.

Actuosam vitam inerti ac privatæ anteponendam, laudabile esse principum gratiam demereri eorum tamen liberalitatem cautè ac prudenter esse solicitandam.

Quamvis, Scæva, satis per te tibi consulis, et scis
Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;
Disce, docendus adhùc quæ censet amiculus: ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice, si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse; loquamur. 5
Si te grata quies et primam somnus in horam
Delectat: si te pulvis, strepitusque rotarum,
Si lædet caupona; Ferentinum ire jubebo.
Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
Nex vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit. 10

I will take away your goods: My cattle, I suppose, my land, my moveables, my money; you may take them. I will confine you with handcuffs and fetters under a merciless gaoler. A deity himself will discharge me, whenever I please." In my opinion, this is his meaning; I will die. Death is the ultimate boundary of human matters.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO SCÆVA.

That a life of business is preferable to a private and inactive one; the friendship of great men is a laudable acquisition, yet their favours are ever to be solicited with modesty and caution.

Though, Scæva, you have sufficient prudence of your own, and well know how to demean yourself towards your superiors, *yet* hear what are the sentiments of your old crony, *who himself* still requires *more* teaching; just as if a blind man should undertake to show the way: however, see if even I can advance any thing which you may think worth your while to adopt as your own.

If indulgent rest, and sleep till seven o'clock, delight you; if dust, and the rumbling of wheels, if *the noise of* the tavern offend you; I shall order you off for Ferentinum.* For joys are not the property of the rich alone; nor has he lived ill, who at

* A town in New Latium, of little consequence, and fit for retirement.

Si prodesse tuis, paulòque benignius ipsum
Te tractare voles; accedes siccus ad unctum.
Si pranderet olus patienter; regibus uti;
Nollet Aristippus. Si sciret regibus uti;
Fastidiret olus, qui me notat. Utrius horum 15
Verba probes et facta, doce: vel junior, audi
Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia: namque
Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt:
Scurror ego ipse mihi; populo tu: rectius hoc et
Splendidius multò est: equus ut me portet, alat
rex. 20
Officium facio: tu poscis vilia rerum,*
Dante minor; quamvis fers te nullius egentem.
Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res,
Tentantem majora, ferè præsentibus æquum:
Contrà, quem duplici panno patientia velat, 25
Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.
Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum;
Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet;
Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.

* Tu poscis vilia; verùm es.

his birth, and at his death, has passed* unnoticed. If you are disposed to be of service to your friends, and *at the same time* treat yourself with somewhat more indulgence, you must pay† your respects to the great. If he could dine to his satisfaction on herbs, Aristippus would never frequent *the tables* of the great. If he who blames me (*replies Aristippus*) knew how to live with the great, he would scorn his vegetables. Tell me which maxim and conduct of the two you approve: or, since you are my junior, hear the reason why Aristippus's opinion is preferable: for thus, as they report he baffled the snarling cynic: I play the buffoon for my own advantage, you *to please* the populace. This *proceeding of mine* is righter, and far more honourable; that a horse may carry and a great man feed me. I do *but* my duty: you beg for refuse, an inferior to the *poor* giver, though you pretend you are in want of nothing. As for Aristippus, every complexion of life, every station and circumstance, sat gracefully upon him,‡ aspiring in general to greater things, yet equal to the present: on the other hand, I shall be much surprised if a contrary way of life should become *this cynic*, whom obstinacy clothes with a double rag. The one will not wait for his purple robe; but, howsoever dressed, will go through the most frequented places, and will, without awkwardness, support either charac-

* *Fefellit*, the original, is eminently beautiful, and might be rendered—*has escaped the observation of mankind.*

† Literally, in your hungry mood you must go to the essenced nobleman.

‡ *Tentantem majora fere, præsentibus æquum.* So the Latin must be pointed.

Alter Mileti textam cane pejus et angue 30
Vitabit chlamydem; morietur frigore, si non
Rettuleris pannum: refer, et sine vivat ineptus.
Res gerere et captos ostendere civibus hostes,
Attingit solium Jovis et cœlestia tentat
Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est. 35
Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet: esto:
Quid? qui pervenit, fecitne viriliter? atqui
Hîc est aut nusquam, quod quærimus: hic onus horret,
Ut parvis animis et parvo corpore majus: 40
Hic subit, et perfert. Aut virtus nomen inane est,
Aut decus et pretium rectè petit experiens vir.
Coram rege suâ* de paupertate tacentes,
Plus poscente ferent: distat, sumasne pudenter,
An rapias: atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons. 45
Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater,
Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec pascere firmus,
Qui dicit, clamat, Victum date: succinit alter,
Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.

* Coram rege suo.

ter: the other will shun the cloak wrought at Miletus,* with greater aversion than *the bite of* dog or viper; he will die with cold, unless you restore him his ragged garment: restore it *then*, and let him live like a fool as he is. To perform *great* exploits, and show the citizens their foes in chains, reaches the throne of Jupiter, and aspires to celestial honours. To have been acceptable to the great is not the least of praises. It is not every man's lot to gain *the port of* Corinth.† He *prudently* sat still, who was afraid lest he should not succeed: be it so: what then? Was it not bravely done by him who carried his point? Either here, therefore, or nó where, is what we are investigating. The one dreads the weight *of the enterprise*, as too burdensome for a pusillanimous soul, and a weak constitution; the other undertakes and carries it through. Either virtue is an empty name, or the man who makes the experiment deservedly claims the honour and the reward.

Those who mention nothing of their poverty before their lord will gain more than the importunate. There is a great difference between modestly accepting *a favour*, or seizing it *as it were* by violence. But this was the principle and source of every thing *I alleged*. He who tells *his lord*, my sister is without a portion, my mother poor, and my estate neither saleable, nor sufficient for my support, cries out in *in effect*, Give me a morsel of bread: another whines *in the same key*, and let the

* Famous for the excellency of its wool.

† The great difficulty of entering the port of Corinth, gave rise to this proverb.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus haberet 50
Plus dapis, et rixæ multò minus* invidiæque.
Brundisium comes, aut Surrentum ductus amœnum,
Qui queritur salebras, et acerbum frigus, et imbres,
Aut cistam effractam et subducta viatica plorat;
Nota refert meretricis acumina, sæpè catellam, 55
Sæpè periscelidem raptam sibi flentis: uti mox
Nulla fides damnis verisque doloribus adsit.
Nec semel irrisus, triviis attolere curat
Fracto crure planum: licet illi plurima manet
Lachryma; per sanctum juratus dicat Osirim, 60
Credite, non ludo; crudeles tollite claudum:
Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamat.†

* Et rixæ minus et minus.
† Vicinia cauta reclamat. *Markl.*

platter be carved out for me with half a share of the bounty. But if the crow could have fed in silence, he would have had better fare, and much less* of quarrelling and of envy.

A companion taken *by his lord* to Brundisium, or the pleasant Surrentum, who complains of the ruggedness of the roads, and the bitter cold, and rains, or laments that his chest is broke open, and his provisions stolen, resembles the well-known tricks of a harlot, weeping so frequently for her necklace (*or* lap-dog,) so frequently for a girdle that is forcibly taken from her, that at length no credit is given to her real griefs and losses. Nor does he who has been once ridiculed in the streets care to lift up a vagrant with a *pretended* broken leg, though abundance of tears should flow from him; though swearing by holy Osiris,† believe me: *now* I do not impose upon you: O cruel, take up the lame. Seek out for a stranger,‡ cries the *whole* hoarse neighbourhood.

* *Minus et minus* has never been understood by the critics. It is properly an orientalism, or a form of expression natural in the eastern languages, implying an augesis, or superlative degree. In this place, it may either be an argument of a general rationale through all languages; or, as the eastern taste ran the most of any into fable and allegory, that the literal translation of some fable into the Roman language is here alluded to. There are many fables extant in Arabic, laying claim to a much higher antiquity than is here supposed.

† Osiris being the great Egyptian God, perhaps it is hence to be collected that gypsies, or Egyptians, were common impostures in Rome; and that the name of that vagrant tribe is hence still continued in the same sense.

‡ One that has had no experience in your impostures.

EPISTOLA XVIII.

AD LOLLIUM.

De colendâ principum amicitiâ fusè disputat, tùm de comparandâ animi tranquillitate pauca subjungit.

Si benè te novi, metues liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus amicum.
Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit atque
Discolor, infido scurræ distabit amicus.
Est huic diversum vitio vitium propè majus; 5
Asperitas agrestis, et inconcinna, gravisque,
Quæ se commendat tonsâ cute.* dentibus atris,
Dum vult libertas mera dici, veraque virtus.
Virtus est medium vitiorum, et utrinque reductum.
Alter in obsequium plus æquo pronus, et imi 10
Derisor lecti, sic nutum divitis horret,†
Sic iterat voces, et verba cadentia tollit,
Ut puerum sævo credas dictata magistro
Reddere, vel partes mimum tractare secundas.
Alter rixatur ‡ de lanâ sæpè caprinâ; 15
Propugnat nugis armatus: Scilicet, ut non

* Commendat quæ se intonsâ cute. *Sanad.*
† Sic vultum divitis horret.
‡ Alter rixator. *Muret.*

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO LOLLIUS.

He treats at large upon the cultivation of the favour of great men, then concludes with a few words concerning the acquirememt of peace of mind.

If I rightly know your temper, most ingenuous Lollius, you will beware of imitating a flatterer, while you profess yourself a friend. As a matron is unlike, and of a different aspect from a common strumpet, so will a true friend differ from the toad-eater. There is an opposite vice to this, rather greater *of the two*; a clownish, inelegant, and disagreeable bluntness, which would recommend itself by an unshaven face and black teeth; while it desires to be termed downright freedom and true sincerity. Virtue is the medium of the *two* vices, and equally remote from either. The one is too prone to complaisance, and a jester of the lowest couch,* he so reverences the rich man's nod, so repeats his speeches, and catches up his falling words; insomuch that you would take him for a schoolboy saying his lesson to a rigid master, or that a player was acting an under part: another often wrangles for a goat's hair, *even*;† and arms, and engages, for any trifle: "That I, truly, should

* The lower end of the table.

† A proverbial expression for making much ado about a trifle.

Sit mihi prima fides; et, verè quod placet, ut non
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet.
Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat, an Docilis plus;
Brundisium Minucî meliùs via ducat, an Appî. 20
Quem damnosa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat,
Glorio quem supra vires et vestit et ungit,
Quem tenet argenti sitis importuna famesque:
Quem paupertatis pudor et fuga; dives amicus,
Sæpè decem vitiis instructior, odit et horret: 25
Aut si non odit, regit; ac, veluti pia mater,
Plus quàm se sapere, et virtutibus esse priorem
Vult: et ait propè vera; Meæ, contendere noli,
Stultitiam patiuntur opes: tibi parvula res est:
Arcta decet sanum comitem toga: desine mecum 30
Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicunque nocere volebat,
Vestimenta dabat preciosa; beatus enim jam
Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes;
Dormiet in lucem; scorto postponet honestum
Officium; nummos alienos pascet; ad imum 35
Thrax erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.
Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis illius unquam;*
Commissumque teges, et vino tortus et irâ.
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes:
Nec, cùm venari volet illè, poëmata panges. 40

* Neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam.

not have the first credit; and that I should not boldly speak aloud what is my real sentiment—*upon such terms*, another life would be of no value." But what is the subject of this controversy? *Why*, whether *the gladiator* Castor or Docilis be the cleverer fellow; whether the Minucian or the Appian be the better road to Brundisium?

Him, whom pernicious venery, whom quick-despatching dice beggars, whom vanity dresses out and perfumes beyond his abilities, whom insatiable hunger and thirst after money, *or* whom a shame and aversion of poverty possesses, his rich friend, *though* furnished with half-a-score more vices *than he*, hates and abhors: or, if he does not hate him, governs him; and, like the pious mother to her son, would have him more wise and virtuous than herself; and says what is nearly true; my riches (think not to imitate me) admit of extravagancy; your income is but small: a scanty gown becomes a prudent dependant: cease to vie with me. Whomsoever Eutrapelus had a mind to punish, he presented with costly garments. For now (*said he*,) happy in his fine clothes, he will assume new schemes and hopes; he will sleep till day-light; prefer a harlot to his honest calling; will run into debt;* and at last become a gladiator, or drive a gardener's horse for hire.

Do not you at any time pry into his (*your patron's*) secrets; and keep close what is intrusted to you, *though* put to the torture by *the force of* wine or passion. Neither commend your own inclinations, or find fault with those of others: nor, when he is disposed to hunt, must you make verses.

* Literally, feed on other men's money.

Gratia sic fratrum geminorum Amphionis atque
Zethi dissiluit; donec suspecta severo
Conticuit lyra. Fraternis cessisse putatur
Moribus Amphion: tu cede potentis amici
Lenibus imperiis: quotiesque educet in agros 45
Ætolis onerata plagis jumenta canesque,
Surge, et inhumanæ seniuṁ depone Camœnæ;
Cœnes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus empta:
Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, et membris: præsertim cùm valeas, et
Vel cursu superare canem, vel viribus aprum 51
Possis; adde, virilia quòd speciosiùs arma
Non est qui tractet: scis quo clamore coronæ
Prœlia sustineas campestria: denique sævam
Militiâm puer et Cantabrica bella tulisti 55
Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum signa refixit*
Nunc; et, si quid abest, Italis adjudicat armis.†
Ac, ne te retrahas, et inexcusabilis absis;
Quamvis nil extra numerum fecisse modumque
Curas, interdum nugaris rure paterno. 60
Partitur lintres exercitus: Actia pugna,
Te duce, per pueros hostili more refertur:
Adversarius est frater; lacus, Adria: donec

* Parthorum signa refigit;
Et nunc.
† Italis adjudicat arvis. *Bentl.*

For by such means the amity of the twins Zethus and Amphion broke off; till the lyre, disliked by the austere *brother*, was silent. Amphion is thought to have given way to his brother's humours: so do you *rather* yield to the genteel dictates of your friend in power: as often as he leads forth his dogs into the fields, and his cattle laden with Ætolian nets, arise, and lay aside the peevishness of your unmannerly muse, that you may sup together on the delicious fare, purchased by your labour; *for this* is an exercise habitual to the manly Romans, of service to their fame, and life, and limbs; especially when you are in health, and are able either to excel the dog in swiftness, or the boar in strength. Add *to this*, that there is no one who handles martial weapons more gracefully. You well know with what acclamations of the spectators you sustain the combats in the Campus Martius: in fine, as yet a boy you endured a bloody campaign and the Cantabrian wars, beneath a commander who is now replacing the standards *recovered* from the Parthian temples; and, if any thing is wanting, assigns to the Roman arms *their grandeur*. And that you may not withdraw yourself *from such diversions*, and inexcusably be absent, though you are careful to do nothing out of measure and moderation, yet you sometimes amuse yourself at your country seat. The *mock* fleet divides the little boats *into two squadrons:* the Actian sea-fight is represented by boys under your direction in a hostile form: your brother is the foe; your lake, the Adriatic *where you fight*,*

* The victory at Actium, according to Plutarch, and Plorus, was gained very expeditiously.

Alterutrum velox victoria fronde coronet.
Consentire suis studiis qui crediderit te, 65
Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.
Protenus ut moneam, si quid monitoris eges tu,
Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpè videto.
Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est;
Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures: 70
Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.
Non ancilla tuum jecur ulceret ulla puerve,
Intra marmoreum venerandi limen amici;
Ne dominus pueri pulchri, caræve puellæ
Munere té parvo beet, aut incommodus angat. 75
Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aspice: ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.
Fallimur, et quondam non dignum tradimus. Ergo,
Quem sua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tuéri;
Ut penitus notum,* si tentent crimina, serves, 80
Tuterisque tuo fidentem præsidio: qui
Dente Theonino cùm circumroditur, ecquid

* At penitùs notum. *Bentl.*

till rapid victory crowns the one or the other with her bays. Your patron *Augustus*,* who will perceive that you come into his taste, will applaud your sports with both his hands.†

Moreover, that I may advise you (if *in truth* you stand in need of any adviser;) take great circumspection what you say of any man, and to whom. Avoid an inquisitive impertinent, for such a one is *always* a tattler; nor do *such* open ears retain, with fidelity, what is intrusted to them: and a word once set abroad flies irrevocably.

Let no slave within the marble threshold of your honoured friend inflame your heart; lest the owner of the beloved damsel gratify you with *so* triffling a present, or, mortifying *to your wishes*, should torment you *with a refusal.*

Look over and over again *into the merits of* such a one as you recommend: lest afterwards the faults of others strike you with shame. We are *sometimes* imposed upon, and now and then introduce an unworthy person. Wherefore, *once* deceived, forbear to defend *one*, who suffers by his own bad conduct; but protect one, whom you entirely know, and with confidence guard him with your patrônage, if false accusations attack him: who, when he is bit with the tooth of calumny,‡

* Augustus had instituted games of this nature, to commemorate the battle of Actium.

† Literally, with both his thumbs.—At the combats of the gladiators, the compression of the thumbs was an indication of popularity, as turning them upwards was of disapprobation, even to death.

‡ Literally, with the tooth of Theon, who was a Grecian poet, remarkable for the ill-natured spirit of satire that prevailed in his writings.

Ad te pòst paulò ventura pericula sentis?
Nam tua res agitur, paries cùm proximus ardet:
Et neglecta solent incendia sumere vires. 85
Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
Expertus metuit: tu, dum tua navis in alto est,
Hoc age, ne mutata retrorsùm te ferat aura.
Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi,
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi: 90
Potores liquidi mediâ de luce Falerni
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula; quamvis
Nocturnos jures te formidare tepores.
Deme supercilio nubem: plerumque modestus
Occupat obscuri speciem, taciturnus acerbi. 95
Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido,
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes;
Virtutem doctrina paret, Naturane donet; 100
Quid minuat curas; quid te tibi reddat amicum;
Quid purè tranquillet; honos, an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.

do you not perceive that the same danger is hanging over your head? For it becomes your own affair, when the adjoining wall is on fire; and flames neglected are wont to get a-head.

The attending the levee of a friend in power seems delightful to the unexperienced: the experienced dread it. Do you, while your vessel is in the main, ply your business, lest a changing gale bear you back again.

The melancholy hate the merry, and the jocose the melancholy; the volatile *dislike* the sedate; *and* the indolent, the stirring and the vivacious; the quaffers of pure Falernian from mid-day hate one who passes his turn, notwithstanding you swear you are afraid of the fumes of wine by night. Dispel *all* gloominess from your forehead; the modest man generally carries the look of a sullen one, *and* the reserved of a churl.

In every thing you must read and consult the learned, by what means you may be enabled to pass your life in an agreeable manner: that insatiable desire may not agitate and torment you, nor the fear and hope of things that are of but little account: whether learning acquires virtue, or nature bestows it: what lessons the solicitudes *of life*, what may endear you to yourself; what perfectly renders the temper calm; honour, or enticing lucre, or a *secret* passage, and the path of an unnoticed life.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,*
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus; 105
Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc est; etiam minus: et † mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dî:
Sit bono librorum et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia: ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ. 110
Sed satis est orare Jovem quæ ponit ‡ et aufert;
Det vitam, det opes: æquum mî animum ipse parabo.

EPISTOLA XIX.

AD MÆCENATEM.

Quorundam qui seipsum imitarentur, fatuitatem; qui criminarentur, invidiam coarguit.

Prisco si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus, ut malè sanos
Ascripsit Liber Satyris Faunisque poëtas.
Vina ferè dulces oluerunt manè Camœnæ. 5
Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.
Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma

* Gelidis Digentia rivis † Ut mihi vivam.
‡ Hæc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat.

For my part, as often as the cooling rivulet Digentia* refreshes me; *Digentia*, of which Mandela drinks, a village chopped with cold; what, my friend, do you think are my sentiments, what do you imagine I pray for? *Why*, that my fortune may remain, as it is now, or even *if it be something* less: and that I may live to myself what remains of my time, if the Gods will that aught do remain: that I may have a good store of books and corn provided for the year; that I may not fluctuate in suspense of each uncertain hour. But it is sufficient to sue to Jove *for these externals*, which he gives and takes away *at pleasure;* let him grant life, let him grant wealth, I myself will provide an equanimity of temper.

EPISTLE XIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

He shows the folly of some persons, who would imitate him; and the envy of others, who would censure him.

My learned *friend*, Mæcenas, if you believe old Cratinus, no verses which are written by water-drinkers can please, or be long-lived. Ever since Bacchus enlisted the brain-sick poets amongst the satyrs and the fawns, the sweet muses have usually smelt of wine in the morning. Homer, by his excessive praises of wine, is convicted as a boozer; father Ennius himself never sallied forth to sing of

* A little rivulet in our poet's Sabine farm.

Prosiluit dicenda. "Forum, putealque Libonis
Mandabo siccis, adimam cantare severis."
Hoc simul edixi;* non cessavêre poëtæ 10
Nocturno certare mero, putêre diurno.
Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus, et pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet moresque Catonis?
Rupit Hyarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua,† 15
Dum studet urbanus, tenditque disertus haberi.
Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. Proh! si
Pallerem casu, biberent exsangue cuminum.
O imitatores, servum pecus; ut mihi sæpè ‡
Bilem, sæpè jocum vestri movêre tumultus! 20
Libera per vacuùm posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede. Qui sibi fidit
Dux, regit examen. Parios ego primus iambos
Ostendi Latio; numeros animosque secutus

* Hoc simul edixit.
† Timagenis æmula cæna.
‡ —— Ut mihi bilem:
Ut mihi sæpè jocum.

arms, unless *he was* in drink. "I will condemn the sober, *therefore*, to the bar and the prætor's bench,* and deprive the abstemious of the power of singing."

As soon as I gave out this edict, the poets did not cease to contend in midnight cups, and to stink of them by day. What! if any savage, by a stern countenance, and bare feet, and the texture of a scanty gown, should imitate Cato; will he *too* represent the virtue and morals of Cato? The tongue that imitated *the manner* of Timagenes was the destruction of the Moor,† while he affected to be humorous, and attempted to seem eloquent. The example, that is imitable in its faults takes in *the ignorant*. Soh! if I was to grow pale by accident, *these poetasters* would drink the blood thinning cumin. O ye imitators, a servile herd, how often your bustling efforts raise my indignation, how often excite my mirth!

I *was* the original *who* set my free footsteps upon the vacant *sod*, I trod not in the steps of others. He who depends upon himself as leader commands the swarm. I first showed to Italy the Parian iambic,‡ following the numbers and spirit of Archilochus, but not his subject and *the acrimony of his*

* Literally, *Libo's* tribunal, so called from its founder *Libo*.

† Jarbita (says the scholiast) was a Moor, whose name was Cordus, who, attempting in vain to imitate, or (as the modern phrase is) TAKE OFF, the droll Timagenes, a rhetorician of Alexandria, burst with vexation and despair.

‡ Archilochus, the inventor of iambics, was of the island Paros.

Archilochi, non res at agentia verba Lycamben. 25
Ac me ne foliis ideò brevioribus ornes,
Quòd timui mutare modos et carminis artem:
Temperat Archilochi Musam pede mascula Sappho;
Temperat Alcæus: sed rebus et ordine dispar,
Nec socerum quærit, quem versibus oblinat atris;
Nec sponsæ laqueum famoso carmine nectit. 31
Hunc ego, non alio dictum priùs ore, Latinus
Vulgavi fidicen: juvat immemorata ferentem
Ingenuis oculisque legi, manibusque teneri.
Scire velis, mea cur ingratus opuscula lector 35
Laudet ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus?
Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor
Impensis cœnarum, et tritæ munere vestis:
Non ego nobilium scriptorum auditor et ultor,
Grammaticas ambire tribus et pulpita dignor 40
Hinc illæ lachrymæ. Spissis indigna theatris
Scripta pudet recitare, et nugis addere pondus,
Si dixi: Ri des, ait, et Jovis auribus ista
Servas: fidis enim manare poëtica mella
Te solum, tibi pulcher. Ad hæc ego naribus uti 45

style,* that afflicted Lycambes. You must not however, crown me with a more sparing wreath, because I was afraid to alter the measure and structure of his verse: for the manly Sappho governs her muse by the measures of Archilochus; so does Alcæus: but differing from him in the materials and disposition *of his verses*, nor does he seek for a father-in-law whom he may defame with his fatal lampoons; nor does he tie a rope for his betrothed spouse in scandalouse verse. Him too, never celebrated by any other tongue, I the Roman lyrist first made known. It is a pleasure to me, as I bring out new productions, to be perused by the eyes, and held in the hands of the ingenuous.

Would you know why the ungrateful reader extols and is fond of my works at home, *and yet* unjustly decries them without doors? *Why*, I hunt not after the applause of the inconstant vulgar, at the expense of entertainments, and for the bribe of a worn-out coat: I am not an auditor of *any* noble writers, nor a vindictive reciter *in my turn*, nor condescend to court the tribes and desks of the grammarians. Hence are these tears *of resentment*. If I say that I am ashamed to repeat my worthless writings to crowded theatres and give an air of consequence to *such* trifles: "You ridicule us, says *one of them*, and you reserve those *pieces* for the ears of Jove;† you are confident that *it is* you alone who can distil the poetic honey, *so wondrous* beautiful *are you*, in your own eyes." At these

* Lycambes was driven to hang himself by Archilochus's satire. See Epod. vi. † Augustus.

Formido; et, luctantis acuto ne secer ungui,
Displicet iste locus, clamo, et diludia posco.
Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen et iram;
Ira truces inimicitias et funebre bellum.

EPISTOLA XX.

AD LIBRUM SUUM.

Erumpere gestientem retinere frustrā conātus quid molestiæ exsorbendum sit monet, ac non nulla de se posteritati nuncianda mandat.

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, spectare videris:
Scilicet ut prostes Sosiorum pumice mundus.
Odisti claves, et grata sigilla pudico:
Paucis ostendi gemis, et communia laudas;
Non ita nutritus. Fuge quò descendere gestis:* 5
Non erit emisso reditus tibi. Quid miser egi?
Quid volui? dices, ubi quid te læserit;† et scis

* Fuge, quo discedere gestis.
† Ubi quis te læserit.

sneers I am afraid to turn up my nose; and lest I should be torn by the acute nails of my adversary, this place is disagreeable, I cry out, and demand a prorogation of the contest. For contest begets trembling, emulation and strife; and strife *brings forth* cruel enmities and funeral war.

EPISTLE XX.

TO HIS BOOK.

In vain he endeavours to keep in his book, desirous of getting abroad, tells it what trouble it is to undergo, and refers to posterity some other things to be said of him.

You seem, my book, to look *wishfully* at Janus and Vertumnus;* to the end that you may be set out for sale, neatly polished by the pumice-stone of the Sosii.† You hate keys, and seals, which are agreeable to a modest *volume:* you grieve that you are shown but to a few, and extol public places, though educated in another manner. Away with you, whither you are so solicitous of going: there will be no returning for you, when you are once set out. Wretch that I am, what have I done? What did I want? you will say, when any one gives you ill treatment; and you know that you will be squeezed‡ into

* The forum, where two statues were erected to those deities.

† Two very eminent Roman booksellers.

‡ Rolled up close to lie by: At that time all books were in rolls, the *libri quadrati*, as we have them now, not coming into use till long afterwards.

In breve te cogi, cùm plenus languet amator.
Quòd si non odio peccantis desipit augur,
Carus eris Romæ, donec te deserat ætas. 10
Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi
Cœperis; aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes,
Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam.*
Ridebit monitor non exauditus: ut ille,
Qui malè parentem in rupes protrusit asellum 15
Iratus: quis enim invitum servare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.
Cùm tibi sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,
Me libertino natum patre, et in tenui re, 20
Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris;
Ut, quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas.
Me primis Urbis belli placuisse domique;
Corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum;
Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem. 25
Fortè meum si quis te percontabitur ævum;
Me quater undenos sciat implevisse Decembres,
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

* Unctus mitteris Ilerdam.

small compass, as soon as the eager reader is satiated. But if the augur be not prejudiced by resentment of your error, you shall be caressed at Rome *only* till your youth be passed. When thumbed by the hands of the vulgar, you shall begin to grow dirty, either you shall in silence feed the grovelling book-worms, or you shall make your escape to Utica,* or shall be sent bound to Ilerda.† Your disregarded adviser shall then laugh *at you;* as he who in a passion pushed his refractory ass over the precipice. For who would save *an ass* against his will? This *fate* too awaits you, that faltering dotage shall seize on you, to teach boys their rudiments in the skirts of the city. But when the abating ‡ warmth of the sun shall attract more ears, you shall tell them that I was the son of a freedman, *and* extended my wings beyond my nest; so that as much as you take away from my family, you may add to my merit: that I was in favour with the first men in the state both in war and peace; of a short stature, gray before my time, calculated for sustaining of heat, prone to passion, but so as to be soon appeased. If any one should chance to inquire my age, let him know that I had completed four times eleven Decembers,§ in the year that Lollius took in Lepidus as his colleague *in the consulate.*

* A city of Africa. † A town in Spain.

‡ When company meet together to converse in the gentler heat of the evening.

§ Horace was born on the 8th of December, *an. ab. urb. cond.* 689, and consequently his forty-fourth year ended 733. SANADON.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPISTOLARUM

LIBER II.

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Amplissimis eum laudibus demeritur; tùm de poësi, undè cœperit, ut judicanda sit et ornanda, variè disserit.

Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,*
Legibus emendes; in publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

* Mœnibus ornes. *Bentl.*

THE

EPISTLES OF HORACE.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.*

He honours him with the highest compliments; then treats copiously of poetry, its origin, character, and excellence.

SINCE you alone support *the burden* of so many and such weighty concerns, defend Italy with your arms, adorn it by your virtues, reform it by your laws, I should offend, O Cæsar, against the interests of my country, did I trespass upon your time with a long discourse.

* This epistle is supposed to have been occasioned by a kind reproach from Augustus for our author's neglect or

Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux. 5
Post ingentia facta,* Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,†
Ploravêre suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis: diram qui contudit hydram, 10
Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.
Urit enim fulgore, suo, qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas; extinctus amabitur idem.
Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores, 15
Jurandasque tuum per numen,‡ ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus,§ sapiens et justus in uno,
Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque 20
Æstimat; et nisi quæ terris semota suisque
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit.

* Post ingentia fata. *Bentl.* † Oppida formant.
‡ Tuum per nomen. § Sed tuus hic populus.

Romulus, and father Bacchus, and Castor, and Pollux, after great achievements, received into the temples of the Gods, while they were improving the world and human nature, composing fierce dissensions, settling property, building cities, lamented that the esteem they might have expected was not paid in proportion to their merits. He who crushed the dire hydra, and subdued the renowned monsters by his forefated labour, found envy was to be tamed by death *alone*. For he burns by his own splendour, whose superiority is oppressive to the arts beneath him: after his decease, he shall be had in honour. On you, *while* present amongst us, we confer mature honours, and rear altars, where your name is to be sworn by, confessing, that nothing equal to you has hitherto risen, or will hereafter rise. But here your people, wise and just in this one point, for preferring you to our own, you to the Grecian heroes, by no means estimate other things with like proportion and measure; and disdain and detest every thing but what they see removed from earth, and already past; such favourers are they of antiquity, as to assert that

bashfulness, in acknowledging him in his works; "*Know, says he, I am angry with you. What, are you apprehensive it will injure your reputation with posterity, that you have been one of my friends?*" This is deservedly ranked amongst our author's best performances; and proves at once the most perfect delicacy of taste and manners, a masculine superiority of genius, a correct judgment, and an extraordinary compass of erudition. The length of it seems also to have been occasioned by the emperor's raillery, where he bantered him with being afraid of making his poems disproportioned to his stature.

Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,
Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis 25
Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,
Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.
Si, quia Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non est quòd multa loquamur:
Nil intra est oleam,* nil extra est in nuce duri. 31
Venimus ad summum fortunæ; pingimus, atque
Psallimus, et luctamur Achivis doctiùs unctis.
Si meliora dies, ut vina, poëmata reddit,
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus. 35
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Est vetus atque probus centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno, 40
Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne poëtas,†
An quos et præsens et postera respuet ætas?‡
Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honestè,
Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.
Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ, 45
Paulatim vello; et demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,

* Nil intra est olea. *Bentl.*
† Veteresne probosque. *Bentl.*
‡ Postera respuat ætas.

the muses *themselves*, upon mount Albanus, dictated the twelve tables, forbidding to transgress, which the Decemviri ratified; the leagues of our kings concluded with the Gabii, or the rigid Sabines; the records of the Pontifices, and the ancient volumes of the Augurs.

If, because the most ancient writings of the Greeks are also the best, Roman authors are *to be* weighed in the same scale; there is no need, we should say much: there is nothing hard in the inside of an olive, nothing *hard* in the outside of a nut. We are arrived at the highest pitch of success *in arts;* we paint, and sing, and wrestle more skilfully than the anointed Greeks. If length of time makes poems better, as it does wine, I would fain know how many years would stamp a value on writings. A writer who died a hundred years ago, is he to be reckoned among the perfect and ancient, or among the mean and modern authors? Let some fixed period exclude all dispute. He is an old and good writer who completes a hundred years. What, one that died a month, or a year later; among which is he to be ranked? *among* the old poets, or *among* those whom both the present age and posterity will disdainfully reject? He may fairly be placed among the ancients, who is younger either by a short month only, or even by a whole year. I take the advantage of this concession, and pull away by little and little, as *if they were* the hairs of a horse's tail; and I take away one, and then again another single one; till, like a tumbling heap, *my adversary*, who has recourse to annals, and estimates excellency by

Qui redit ad fastos, et virtutem æstimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit.
Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus, 50
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,
Quò promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.
Nævius in manibus non est, et mentibus hæret
Penè recens: adeò sanctum est vetus omne poëma.
Ambigitur quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert 55
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti;
Dicitur Afranî togâ convenisse Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.
Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro 60
Spectat Roma potens; habet hos numeratque poëtas,
Ad nostrum tempus Livî scriptoris ab ævo.
Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est ubi peccat.
Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poëtas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat. 65
Si quædam nimis antiquè, si pleraque durè
Dicere credit eos,* ignavè multa fatetur;
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.
Non equidem insector, delendaque carmina Livî†
Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo 70
Orbilium dictare; sed emendata videri,
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
Inter quæ verbum emicuit si fortè decorum, et

* Dicere cedit eos. † Carmina Lævi.

the year, and admires nothing but what Libitina has made sacred, falls to the ground.

Ennius the wise, the nervous, and, as our critics say, a second Homer, seems slightly to regard what becomes of his promises and Pythagorean dreams. Nævius is not in people's hands, but still sticks almost fresh in their memory: so sacred is every ancient poem. As oft as a debate arises whether this *poet*, or the other, is preferable, Pacuvius bears away the character of a learned, Accius of a lofty writer; Afranius's gown is said to have fitted Menander; Plautus *is said* to hurry after the pattern of the Sicilian Epicharmus; Cæcilius to excel in gravity, Terence in contrivance. These mighty Rome learns by heart, and these she views crowded in her *too* narrow theatre; these she esteems and accounts her poets, from Livy* the writer's age, down to our time. Sometimes the populace see right: they are sometimes wrong: if they admire and extol the ancient poets, so as to prefer nothing before, to compare nothing with them, they err: if they think and allow that they express some things in an obsolete, most in a stiff, many in a careless manner, they both think sensibly, and agree with me, and determine with the assent of Jove himself. Not that I bear an ill-will against Livy's epics, and would doom them to destruction, which I remember the severe Orbilius taught me when a boy; but that they should seem correct, beautiful, and very little short of being perfect, *this is what* I wonder *at:* Among which,

* Livius Andronicus, the oldest of the Latin poets, and the first of them who composed a play in form.

Si versus paulò concinnior unus et alter,
Injustè tortum ducit venditque poëma. 75
Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum, illepidève putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci
Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ
Fabula, si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem 80
Cuncti penè patres; ea cùm reprehendere coner
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbi didicêre,* senes perdenda fateri. 85
Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.
Quòd si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset, 90
Quàm nobis, quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

* Imberbes didicere.

if by chance a bright expression shines forth, and if one line or two *happen to be* somewhat terse and musical, this unreasonably carries off and sells the whole poem. I am disgusted that any thing should be found fault with, not because it is a lumpish composition, or inelegant, but because it is modern: and that, not a favourable allowance, but honour and rewards are demanded for the old writers. Should I scruple whether or no Atta's drama trod the saffrons and flowers* in a proper manner, almost all the fathers would cry out, that modesty was lost, since I attempted to find fault with those *pieces* which the pathetic Æsopus, which the skilful Roscius, acted: either because they esteem nothing right, but what has pleased themselves; or because they think it disgraceful to submit to their juniors, and to confess, now they are old, that what they learned, when young, is deserving only to be destroyed. Now he who extols Numa's Salian hymn, and would seem only to understand that which, as well as me, he is ignorant of, does not *by that* favour and applaud the geniuses *that have been long* buried, but attacks ours, enviously hating us moderns, and every thing of ours. Whereas, if novelty had been detested by the Greeks as much as by us, what at this time would there have been ancient? or what would there have been to read, and thumbed in common by every body?

* Perfumed waters were sprinkled through the Roman theatres, and the stage was covered with flowers. Titus Quintius had the surname of Atta given him, which signi fies a man who walks on tip-toe. His singular gait is here alluded to.

Ut primùm nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ;
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum; 95
Marmoris, aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabellâ:
Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis.
Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupidè petiit, maturè plena reliquit. 100
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc pacis habuêre bonæ, ventique secundi.
Romæ dulce diu fuit et solenne, reclusâ
Manè domo vigilare, clienti promere jura:
Cautos nominibus certis* expendere nummos: 105
Majores audire: minori dicere, per quæ
Cresce e res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, et calet uno
Scribendi studio? puerique patresque severi 109
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior Parthis mendacior; et priùs orto
Sole vigil, calamum, et chartas, et scrinia posco.
Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod medicorum
est,† 115

* Scriptos nomiibus rectis.
† ———— quod melicorum est
Promittunt melici. *Bentl.*

When first Greece, her wars being over, began to trifle, and, through prosperity to glide into folly, she glowed with the love one while of wrestlers, another while of horses; was fond of artificers in marble, or in ivory, or in brass; hung her looks and *whole* attention upon a picture; was delighted now with musicians, now with tragedians: as if an infant girl, she sported under the nurse, soon cloyed, she abandoned what *before* she earnestly desired. What *is there that* pleases, or is odious, which you may not think mutable? This *effect* had happy times of peace, and favourable gales *of fortune.*

At Rome it was long pleasing and customary to be up early, with open doors to expound the laws to clients; to lay out money cautiously upon certainties; to hear the elders, and to tell the younger by what *means their* fortunes might increase, and pernicious luxury be diminished. The inconstant people have changed their mind, and glow with a universal ardour for writing: young men and grave fathers sup crowned with leaves, and dictate poetry. I myself, who affirm that I write no verses, am found more false than the Parthians; and, awake before the sun is risen, I call for my pen, and papers, and desk. He that is ignorant of a ship is afraid to work a ship: none but he who has learned *the art* dares administer even southernwood to the sick: physicians undertake what belongs to physicians: mechanics handle tools:

Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:
Scribimus indocti doctique poëmata passim.
Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania quantas
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis avarus
Non temerè est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum; 120
Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet:
Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo: vivit siliquis et pane secundo:
Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari; 125
Os tenerum pueri balbumque poëta figurat:
Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem:
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,
Asperitatis et invidiæ corrector et iræ;
Rectè facta refert: orientia tempora notis 130
Instruit exemplis: inopem solatur et ægrum.
Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti.
Disceret unde preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
Poscit opem chorus, et præsentia numina sentit:
Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus: 135
Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit:
Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine manes.
Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo 140
Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,

but we, unlearned and learned, promiscuously write poems.

Yet what advantages this error and this slight madness has, thus compute: the poet's mind is not easily covetous: being fond of verses, he studies this alone; he laughs at losses, flights of slaves, fires; he contrives no fraud against his partner, or his young ward; he lives on husks and brown bread; though dastardly, and unfit for war, he is useful at home, if you allow this, that great things may derive assistance from small ones. The poet fashions the child's tender and lisping mouth, and turns his ear even at this time from obscene language; afterwards also he forms his heart with friendly precepts, the corrector of his rudeness and envy, and passion; he truly records events, (*or*, records virtuous actions:) he instructs the rising age with approved examples, comforts the indigent and the sick. Whence should the virgin,* stranger to a husband, with the chaste boys, learn the solemn prayer, had not the muse given a poet? The chorus begs the divine aid, and finds the Gods propitious: sweet in learned prayer, they implore the waters of the heavens; avert diseases; drive off impending dangers; obtain both peace, and years enriched with fruits. With song the Gods above are appeased, *with song* the Gods below.

Our ancient swains, stout, and happy with a little, after their grain was laid up, regaling with a festal season their bodies, and even their minds, patient of hardships through the

* Alluding to the solemn performance of the secular ode.

Cum sociis operum pueris* et conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Fescennina per hunc invecta licentia† morem 145
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, et per honestas
Ire domos impunè minax: doluêre cruento 150
Dente lacessiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi: vertêre modum, formidine fustis
Ad benè dicendum delectandumque redacti. 155
Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio: sic horridus ille
Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulêre: sed in longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris. 160
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et post punica bella quietus quærere cœpit,
Quod Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
Tentavit quoque rem si dignè vertere posset:
Et placuit sibi, naturâ sublimis et acer: 165

* Cum sociis operum et pueris.
† Inventa licentia. *Bentl.*

hope of their ending, with their slaves and faithful wife, the partners of their labours, atoned with a hog *the Goddess* Tellus, with milk Silvanus, with flowers and wine the Genius that reminds us of our short life. Invented by this custom, the Fescennine licentiousness poured forth its rustic taunts in alternate verses; and this liberty, received down through revolving years, sported pleasingly: till at length the bitter raillery began to be turned into open rage, and, threatening with impunity, to stalk through reputable families. They that suffered from its bloody tooth smarted with the pain: they too that were unhurt, were concerned for the common condition *of all:* further also a law and penalty was enacted, which forbade that any one should be stigmatized in lampoon. Through fear of the bastinado, they were reduced to the necessity of changing their manner, and of praising and delighting.

Captive Greece took captive her fierce conqueror; and introduced her arts into rude Latium. Thus flowed off the rough Saturnian numbers, and delicacy expelled the rank virulence: but for a long time they remained, and at this day remain, *some* traces of rusticity. For late the *Roman writer* applied his genius to the Grecian pages; and, enjoying rest after the Punic wars, began to search what useful matter Sophocles, and Thespis and Æschylus afforded: he tried too if he could with dignity translate their works; and pleased himself *in the event, being* by nature *of a genius* sublime and strong: for he breathes a spirit tragic enough, and dares successfully: but

Nam spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet:
Sed turpem putat in scriptis* metuitque lituram.
Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comœdia tantò
Plus oneris, quantò veniæ minus. Aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi, 171
Ut patris attenti; lenonis ut insidiosi:
Quantus sit Dorsennus edacibus in parasitis:
Quàm non astricto percurrat pulpita socco:
Gestit enim nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc 175
Securus, cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.
Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat.
Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit. Valeat res ludicra, si me 180
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.
Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poëtam,
Quòd numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, stolidique, et depugnare parati,
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ursum aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.† 186

* Sed turpem putat inscitè.
† His nam plebecula plaudit.

fears a blot, and, thinks it disgraceful in his writings.

Comedy is believed to require the least pains, because it fetches its subjects from common life; but the less indulgence it meets with, so much the more labour it requires. See in what manner Plautus supports the character of a lover under age, how that of a covetous father, how that of a cheating pimp; how Dorsennus exceeds all measure in his voracious parisites; with how loose *and careless* a sock he runs over the stage: for he is glad to put the money in his pocket, after this, regardless whether his play stand or fall.

Him, whom glory in her airy car has brought upon the stage, the careless spectator dispirits, the attentive puffs up: so light, so small a matter it is, which overturns or raises a mind *that is* covetous of praise! Adieu the ludicrous business of *dramatic writing*, if applause denied brings me back meagre, bestowed *makes me* full of flesh and spirits.

This often too drives away and deters *even* an adventurous poet: that they who are in number more, in worth and rank inferior, unlearned, and foolish, and if the equestrian order dissents, ready to fall to blows, in the midst of the play call for either a bear or boxers; for in these the mob delight. Nay, even all the pleasure of our knights is now transferred from the ear to the uncertain eyes, and their vain amusements. The curtains are kept down for four hours or more, while

Verùm equitis quoque* jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos,† et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ: 190
Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis:
Esseda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo, 195
Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora:
Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura:
Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
Fabellam surdo: nam quæ pervincere voces 200
Evaluêre sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur et artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus oblitus actor
Cùm stetit in scenâ, concurrit dextera lævæ. 205
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sanè. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne fortè putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cùm rectè tractent alii, laudare malignè:

* Verùm equiti quoque. *Bentl.*
† Omnis ad ingratos oculos. *Bentl.*
incestos. *Cunn.*

troops of horse and companies of foot flee over the stage: next is dragged forward the fortune of kings with their hands bound behind them; chariots, litters, carriages, ships, hurry on; captive ivory, captive Corinth is borne along. Democritus, if he were on earth, would laugh; whether a panther, confused with the different species of the camel, or whether a white elephant attracted the eyes of the crowd. He would view the people more attentively than the sports themselves, as affording him more strange sights than the actor: and for the writers, he would think they told their story to a deaf ass. For what voices are able to overbear the din which our theatres resound with? You would think the grove of Garganus, or the Tuscan sea, was roaring; with so great noise are viewed the shows, and contrivances, and foreign riches; with which the actor being daubed over, as soon as he appears upon the stage, *each* right hand encounters with the left. Has he said any thing yet? Nothing at all. What then pleases *the people so much?* The cloth resembling *the colour of* violets, with the die of Tarentum.

And that you may not think I enviously praise those kinds of writing which I decline undertaking though others execute them well, that poet to me

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur 210
Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.
Verùm age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,
Quàm spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi, 215
Curam impende brevem;* si munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.
Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poëtæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea,) cùm tibi librum
Solicito damus, aut fesso: cùm lædimur, unum 221
Si quis amicorum est ausus reprêndere versum:
Cùm loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati;
Cùm lamentamur non apparere labores
Nostros, et tenui deducta poëmata filo: 225
Cùm speramus eò rem venturam, ut simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales

* Curam redde brevem.

seems able to walk upon an extended rope,* who with his fictions grieves my soul, enrages, sooths, fills it with false terrors, as an enchanter; and sets me now in Thebes, now in Athens.

But of those too who had rather trust themselves with a reader, than bear the disdain of a haughty spectator, use a little care, if you would fill with books the *library you have erected, which is an* offering worthy of Apollo, and add an incentive to the poets, that with greater eagerness they may bend their course to verdant Helicon.

We poets, it is true, (that I may hew down my own vineyards,) often do ourselves a great many mischiefs, when we present a work to you while *you are* thoughtful or fatigued: when we are pained, if any friend has dared to find fault with one line: when unasked, we read over again passages already repeated; when we lament that our labours do not appear, and our poems, spun out in a fine thread: when we hope that the thing will come to this, that as soon as you are apprized that we are penning verses, you will kindly of yourself send for us, and secure us from want, and oblige us to write. But yet it is worth the while to know, who shall be the priests† of your virtue, signalized

* Gives a desperate proof of his skill.

† *Æduituos.*] Since the time when Augustus had received divine honours, our poet looked upon his actions as things sacred. His virtue is now become a Goddess, and hath a temple consecrated to her, and poets are the guardians and priests of its mysteries. Such is the meaning of *æduituos* and this is the superlative state of flattery in the golden age of Roman literature.

Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique 230
Virtus, indigno non committenda poëtæ
Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
Retulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt 235
Atramenta, ferè scriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille, poëma
Qui tam ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit; ne quis se, præter Apellem,
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra* 240
Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia. Quòd si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, et ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;
Bœotùm in crasso jurares aëre natum.
At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque 245
Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poëtæ:
Nec magis expressi vultus per aënea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent; nec sermones ego mallem 250
Repentes per humum, quàm res componere, gestas,
Terrarumque situs, et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et barbara regna, tuisque
Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum, 255
Et formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam;

* Lysippo cuderet æra. *Lamb.*

in war and at home, which is not to be trusted to an unworthy poet. A favourite with king Alexander the Great was that Chœrilus, who to his uncouth and ill-formed verses owed the many pieces he received of Philip's royal coin.* But as ink, when touched, leaves behind it a mark and a blot, so writers, in a manner stain shining actions by foul poetry. That same king, who prodigally bought so dear, so ridiculous a poem, by an edict forbade that any one besides Apelles should paint him, or that any other than Lysippus should mould brass for the likeness of the valiant Alexander. But should you call that faculty of his, so delicate in discerning other arts, to *judge of* books, and *of* these gifts of the muses, you would swear he had been born in the gross air of the Bœotians. But neither do Virgil and Varus your beloved poets, disgrace your judgment of them, and the presents which they have received with great honour to the donor; nor do the features of illustrious men appear more lively expressed by statues of brass, than their minds and manners expressed by the works of a poet. Nor would I rather compose such tracts as these creeping on the ground, than record deeds of arms, and the situations of countries, and rivers, and forts reared upon mountains, and barbarous kingdoms, and wars brought to a conclusion through the whole world under your auspices, and the barriers that confine Janus the guardian of peace, and Rome dreaded by the Parthians, under your government; if I were also able

* Pieces of gold with Philip's head upon them, thence called *Philippi*.

Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. Sed neque parvum.
Carmen majestas recipit tua: nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quàm vires ferre recusent.
Sedulitas autem stultè, quem diligit, urget; 260
Præcipuè cùm se numeris commendat et arte.
Discit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud,
Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat et veneratur.
Nil moror officium quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam, 265
Nec pravè factis decorari versibus opto:
Ne rubeam pinguî donatus munere, et unâ
Cum scriptore meo capsâ porrectus apertâ,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores, 269
Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.*

* Chartis amicitur inemptis.

to do as much as I could wish. But neither does your majesty admit of grovelling poetry; nor dares my modesty attempt a subject which my strength is unable to support. But officiousness foolishly disgusts the person whom it loves; especially when it recommends itself by numbers, and *the* art *of writing*. For one learns sooner, and more willingly remembers that which a man derides, than that which he approves and venerates. I value not the zeal that gives me uneasiness; nor do I wish to be set out any where in wax, with a face formed for the worse, nor to be celebrated in ill-composed poetry; lest I blush when presented with the gross gift, and, exposed in an open box along with my author, be conveyed, into the street that sells frankincense, and spices, and pepper, and whatever is wrapped up in impertinent writings.

EPISTOLA II.

AD JULIUM FLORUM.

Excusando se, quod nihil ad illum scripserit, meliùs esse declarat vitam quam versus componere.

Flore, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat; Hic et
Candidus et talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,
Fiet eritque tuus, nummorum millibus octo; 5
Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus herilea,
Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet: argillâ quidvis imitaberis* udâ;
Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce, bibenti:
Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi pleniùs æquo 10
Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
Res urget me nulla; meo sum pauper in ære.
Nemo hoc mangonum facerit tibi: non temerè à me
Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit: et, ut fit,

* Quidvis imitabitur.

EPISTLE II.

TO JULIUS FLORUS.

In apologizing for not having written to him, he shows that the well-ordering of life is of more importance than the composition of verses.

FLORUS, thou faithful friend to the good and illustrious Nero, if by chance any one should offer to sell you a boy born at Tibur or Gabii, and should treat with you in this manner: "This *boy who is* both good-natured and well-favoured from head to foot, shall become and be yours for eight thousand sesterces;* a domestic slave, ready in his attendance at his master's nod; initiated in the Greek language, of a capacity for any art: you may shape out any thing with *such* moist clay: besides, he will sing in an artless manner, but yet entertaining, over a glass of wine. Lavish promises lessen credit, when any one cries up extravagantly the wares he has for sale, which he wants to put off. No emergency obliges me *to dispose* of him: *though* poor, I am in nobody's debt. None of the chapmen would do this for you: nor should every body readily receive the same *favour* from me. Once *indeed* he loitered *on an errand;* and, as it *generally* happens, absconded, being afraid of the lash that hangs in the

* About fifty pounds.

In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ: 15
Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit.
Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus, opinor.
Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex:
Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniquâ.
Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi 20
Talibus officiis propè mancum: ne mea sævus
Jurgares ad te quòd epistola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam; quòd
Exspectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax. 25
Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt, 30
Summè munito, et multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummûm.
Fortè sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor
Nescio quod cupiens hortari cœpit eundem 35

staircase.* Give me your money, if this runaway trick, which I have excepted, does not offend you." In my opinion, the man may take his price, *and be* secure from any *legal* punishment: you wittingly purchased a good-for-nothing *boy:* the condition of the contract was told you. Nevertheless you prosecute this man, and detain him in an unjust suit.

I told you, at your setting out, that I was indolent; I told you I was in a manner incapable of such offices; that you might not chide me in angry mood, on account that no letter *from me* came to hand. What then have I profited, if you notwithstanding arraign the *very* conditions that make for me? On the same score too you complain, that *I am* worse than my word, *and* do not send you the verses you expected.

A soldier of Lucullus's, having run through a great many hardships, was robbed of his stock to a penny, as he lay snoring in the night quite fatigued. after this, *like* a ravenous wolf, equally exasperated at himself and the enemy, eager with his hungry fangs, he beats off a royal guard from a post, as they report, very strongly fortified, and well supplied with *military* stores. Made famous for this exploit, he is crowned with honourable rewards, and receives twenty thousand sesterces into the bargain. It happened about this time, that his officer, being inclined to batter down a certain fort, began to encourage the same soldier, with words

* The whip was hung on the staircase, to be always before the eyes of the slaves that they might see the consequence of offending.

Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem:
I bone, quò virtus tua te vocat i pede fausto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?
Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus: Ibit,
Ibit eò, quò vis, qui zonam perdidit inquit. 40
Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
Iratus Graïis quantùm nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecêre bonæ paulò plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet, ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum. 45
Dura sed emovêre loco me tempora grato;
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
Unde simul primùm me dimisêre Philippi,
Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni 50
Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?
Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes; 55
Eripuêre jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poëmata: quid faciam vis?

that might have even given courage to a coward; "Go, my brave fellow, whither your valour calls you: go, with prosperous step, in order to receive the ample rewards of your merit. Why do you hesitate? Upon this he archly, though a *mere* rustic: He who has lost his purse, may march to whatever *attack* you please, says he.

It was my lot to be educated at Rome, and to be instructed *from the Iliad* how much the exasperated Achilles prejudiced *the cause of* the Greeks. Ingenious Athens gave me some additional learning, that is to say, to be able to distinguish a right line from a curve, and seek after truth in the groves of Academus.* But the troublesome times removed me from the pleasant spot: and the tide of a civil war carried me away, unexperienced *as I was*, into arms, *into arms* not likely to be a match for the sinews of Augustus Cæsar. From whence, as soon as *the battle of* Phillippi dismissed me, in an abject condition, with my wings clipped, and destitute both of house and land, daring poverty urged me on to the composition of verses: but now having more than is wanted, what medicines would be efficacious enough to cure my madness, if I did not think it better to rest, than to write verses?

The advancing years rob us of every thing; they have taken away my mirth, my gallantry, my revellings, and play; they now are proceeding to force poetry from me. What would you have me do?

* A wealthy Athenian, who left to the philosophers a fine house at Athens, adorned with a magnificent gallery, a number of statues, and books, with a beautiful large park planted with trees.

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, ut sale nigro. 60
Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu,* jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sanè est invisum acidumque duobus.
Præter cætera, me Romæne poëmata censes 65
Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus officiis; cubat hic in colle Quirini;
Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque:
Intervalla vides humanè commoda. Verum 70
Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstet.
Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
Hâc rabiosa fugit canis, hâc lutulenta ruit sus. 75
I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
Ritè cliens Bacchi somno gaudentis et umbrâ.
Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

* Renuis tu, quod.

I short, all persons do not love and admire the same things. You delight in the ode; he is pleased with iambics: another with satires written in the manner of Bion, and virulent wit. Three guests scarcely can be found to agree *in taste*, craving very different dishes with various palate. What shall I give? What shall I not give? You forbid what another insists on: what you desire, that truly is sour and disgustful to the *other* two.

Besides other *difficulties*, do you think it practicable for me to write poems at Rome, amidst so many solicitudes, and so many fatigues? One calls me as his security, another to hear his works, all business else apart; one lives on the mount of Quirinus; the other on the extremity of the Aventine; *yet* both must be waited on. The distance between them, you see, *are* charmingly commodious.* "But the streets are clear, so that there can be no obstacle to the thoughtful."—A builder in heat hurries along with his mules and porters: the machine whirls aloft at one while a stone, at another a great piece of timber: the dismal funerals dispute the *way* with the unwieldy carriages: here runs a mad dog, there rushes a sow begrimed with mire. Go now, and meditate with yourself your harmonious verses. All the whole choir of poets love the grove, and avoid cities, due votaries to Bacchus, delighting in repose and shade. Would you have me, amidst so great noise both by night and day, *attempt* to

* Ironically—for these two mounts were at the northern and southern extremes of Rome.

Vis canere, et non tacta* sequi vestigia vatum? 80
Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas;†
Ex studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
Libris et curis, statuâ taciturniùs exit
Plerumque, et risu populum quatit: hic ego rerum
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus Urbis, 85
Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?
Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor:‡ ut alter
Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret; hic ut Mucius illi.§
Qui minùs argutos vexat|| furor iste poetas? 90
Carmina compono, hic elegos Mirabile visu,
Cælatumque novem Musis opus,¶ aspice primum,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
Spectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem. 94
Mox etiam (si fortè vacas) sequere, et procul audi,
Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Discedo Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis? 99

* Contracta——cinctuta.
cunctata. *Cunn.*
† Ingenium sibi qui vacuas desumsit Athenas,
Ut studiis annos septem dedit. *Cunn.*
‡ Pactus erat Romæ consulto rhetor. *Bentl.*
§ Huic ut Mucius ille. *Lamb.*
|| Qui minùs argutos versat. *Bentl.*
¶ Sacratumque novem Musis. *Bentl.*

sing, and trace the difficult footsteps of the poets? A genious who has chosen out the quiet Athens *for his residence*, and has devoted seven years to study, and has grown old in books and cares, frequently walks forth more dumb than a statue, and shakes the people's sides with laughter: *but* here, in the midst of the billows and tempests of the city, can I be thought capable to connect words likely to wake the sound of the lyre?

At Rome there was a rhetorician, brother to a lawyer; *so fond of each other were they*, that they would hear nothing but the mere praises of each other; insomuch that the latter appeared a Gracchus to the former, the former a Mucius to the latter. Why should this phrenzy affect the obstreperous poets in a less degree? I write odes, and other elegies; a work wonderful to behold, and burnished by the nine muses. Observe, first, with what a fastidious air, with what importance, we survey the temple *of Apollo* vacant for the Roman poets. In the next place you may follow (if you are at leisure) and listen what each produces, and wherefore each weaves for himself the laurel crown. Like Samnite* gladiators in slow duel, till candle-light, we are beaten, and waste out the enemy with equal blows. I come off Alcæus, in his suffrage; he in mine; who? *Why*, who but Callimachus? *Or*, if he seems to make a greater

* The Samnite gladiators used to fight with foils for the entertainment of the guests at supper-time.

Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus apposcere visus
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.
Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cùm scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:
Idem, finitis studiis, et mente receptâ,
Obturem patulas impunè legentibus aures. 105
Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verùm
Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultrò,
Si taceas, laudant; quicquid scripsêre, beati.
At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti: 110
Audebit, quæcunque parùm splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ.
Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque 115
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas.
Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus:
Vehemens, et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ: 121
Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:

demand, he becomes Mimnermus, and grows in fame by the chosen appellation. Much do I endure, in order to pacify this passionate race of poets, when I am writing: and, submissive, court the applause of the people; *but* having finished my studies, and recovered my senses, I, the same man, can now boldly stop my open ears against reciters.

Those who make bad verses are laughed at: but they are pleased in writing, and reverence themselves; and, if you are silent, they fall to praising of their own accord; happy, whatever be their performance. But he who desires to execute a genuine poem, will with his papers assume the spirit of an honest critic; whatever words shall have but little clearness and elegance, or shall be without weight, and be held unworthy of estimation, he will dare to displace, though they may recede with reluctance, and still remain in the sanctuary of Vesta:* those that have been long hid from the people he kindly will haul forth, and bring to light those expressive denominations of things, that were used by the Catos and Cetheguses of ancient times, *though* now deformed dust and neglected age rest upon them: he will adopt new words, which use, the parent of language, shall produce: forcibly and perspicuous, and bearing the utmost similitude to a limpid stream, he will pour out his treasures, and enrich Latium with a comprehensive language; the luxuriant he will lop; the too harsh he will

* The *Penetralia Vestæ* were only to be entered by the high priest: in allusion to which Horace humorously makes the poet's closet his *sanctum sanctorum*.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur, ut qui
Nunc satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri, 126
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quàm sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,*
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro: 130
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More, bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ:
Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem: 135
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error. 140
Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum:
Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed verè numerosque modosque ediscere vitæ.
Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor: 145
Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quòd quanto plura parasti,

* Fuit haud ignobilis Argus.

polish with a sensible cultivation; those void of expression he will discard: he will exhibit the appearance of one at play; and will be, *in his invention*, on the rack, like *a dancer on the stage*, who one while affects the motions of a satyr, at another of a clumsy Cyclops.

I had rather be esteemed a foolish and dull writer, while my follies please myself, or at least escape my notice, than be wise, and smart for it. There lived at Argos a man of no inconsiderable rank, who imagined that he was hearing *some* admirable tragedians, a joyful sitter and applauder in an empty theatre; who *nevertheless* could support the other duties of life in a just manner; a truly honest neighbour, amiable for his hospitality, kind towards his wife, one who could pardon his slaves *for a small fault*, nor would rave at the breaking of a bottle-seal; one who *had sense enough* to avoid a precipice or an open well. This man being cured, at the expense and by the care of his relations, when he had voided by the means of pure hellebore the disorder and melancholy humour, and returned to himself: by heavens, my friends, said he, you have destroyed, not saved me, to rob me thus of my pleasure, and take from me by force such a most agreeable delusion of mind.

In a word, it is of the first consequence to be wise in the rejection of trifles, and leave *childish* play to boys, for whom it is in season; and not to scan words to be set to music for the Roman harps, but *rather* to be perfectly an adept in the numbers and proportions of real life. Thus therefore I commune with myself, and ponder these things in silence; "If no quantity of water would

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?
Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius; fugeres radice vel herbâ 150
Proficiente nihil curarier. Audieras, cui
Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et cùm sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem?
At, si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent, 155
Si cupidum timidumque minùs te; nempe rubere-
res,
Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.
Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et ære
est;*
Quædam, si credis consultis, mancipat usus;
Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus Orbi, 160
Cùm segetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturas,†
Te dominum sentit. Das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempè modo isto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortassè trecentis, 164
Aut etiam suprâ, nummorum millibus emptum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?
Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emptum cœnat olus; quamvis aliter putat; emptis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat aënum. 169
Sed vocat usque suum, quâ populus adsita certis

* Librâ mercatur et ære.
† Tibi mox frumenta daturus.

put an end to your thirst, you would tell it to your physicians. And is there none to whom you dare confess, that the more you get, the more you crave? If you had a wound, which was not relieved by a plant or root prescribed to you, you would refuse being doctored with a root or plant that did no good. You had heard that vicious folly left the man, on whom the Gods conferred wealth; and though you are nothing wiser, since you were richer, will you nevertheless use the same monitors as before? but could riches *in fact* make you wise, if they could make you less covetous and mean-spirited, you well might blush if there lived on earth one more avaricious than yourself."*

If that be any man's property, which he has bought by the pound and penny, *and* there be some things to which (if you give credit to the lawyers) possession gives a claim: *then* the field that feeds you is your own; and Orbius's steward, when he harrows the arable land, whereof he is soon to give you the fruits, finds you are *in effect* the proper master. You give your money; *upon which* you receive grapes, pullets, eggs, a hogshead of strong wine: certainly, in this manner, you by little and little purchase that farm, for which, perhaps, the owner paid three hundred thousand sesterces, or more. What does it signify whether you live on what was paid for the other day, or a long while ago? He who purchased the Aricinian and Veientian fields some time since, sups on bought vegetables, however he thinks otherwise; *nay*, he boils his pot with bought wood, at the approach of every chill

* If wisdom and goodness were the consequence of great possessions, covetousness would then be a virtue.

Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia:* tanquam
Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte supremâ,†
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.
Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et heres 175
Heredem alterius,‡ velut unda supervenit undam;
Quid vicii prosunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani? si metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?
Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas, 180
Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.
Cur alter fratum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu,
Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum; 186
Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,
Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus et ater.

* Vicina refugit jurgia.
† Nunc sorte suprema.
‡ Heredem alternis. *Bentl.*

evening. But he calls all that his own, as far as where the planted poplar prevents quarrels amongst neighbours, by a determinate limitation: as if any thing were a man's property, which, in a moment of the fleeting hour, now by solicitations, now by sale, by violence at another time, and now by the supreme lot *of all men*, may change masters, and come into another's jurisdiction. Thus, since the perpetual possession is given to none, and one man's heir urges on another's, as wave impels wave, of what importance are houses, or granaries? or what the Lucanian pastures joined to the Calabrian, if death, inexorable to a bribe, mows down the grand together with the small?

Gems, marble, ivory, Tuscan statues, pictures, silver plate, robes dyed with Getulian purple, there are who cannot acquire; and there are others, who are not solicitous of having. Of two brothers, why one prefers lounging, play, and perfume, *even* to Herod's rich palm-tree groves;* why the other, rich and uneasy, from the rising of the light to the evening shade, subdues his woodland with fire and steel, *our* attendant Genius *best* knows, who governs the planet of our nativity, the divinity *that presides* over human nature, who dies with each individual, of various complexion, white and black.

* Judea was famous for its woods of palms, from whence Herod derived a vast revenue.

Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo 190
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet heres,
Quòd non plura datis invenerit: et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
Discrepet: et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumptum 195
Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;
Ac potiùs, puer ut festis quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
Pauperies immunda procul* procul absit. Ego utrùm 199
Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ, ferar unus et idem.
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:
Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.
Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores. 204
Non es avarus: abi. Quid? cætera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugêre? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et irâ?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?
Natales gratè numeras? ignoscis amicis? 210

* Paüperies immunda domus procul.

I will *freely* use, and take out from my moderate stock, as much as my exigence demands; nor will I be under any apprehensions of what opinion my heir shall be concerning me, when he shall find I *have left him* no more than I had given me. And yet I, the same man, shall be inclined to know how far an open and cheerful person differs from a debauchee, and how greatly the economist differs from the miser. For there is a *great* distinction, whether you throw away your money in a prodigal manner, or make an entertainment without grudging, nor toil to accumulate more; or rather, as formerly in Minerva's holidays,* when a schoolboy, you enjoy by starts the short and pleasant vacation.

Let sordid poverty be far, very far away. I, whether carried in a large or small vessel, let me be borne uniform and the same. I am not *indeed* wafted with swelling sail before the north wind blowing fair: however, I do not bear my course of life against the adverse south. In force, genius, figure, virtue, station, estate, the last of the first rate, *yet* still before those of the last.

You are not covetous, *you say*:—Go to—What then? Have the rest of your vices fled from you, together with this? Is your breast free from vain ambition? Is it void of the fear of death, and free from anger? Can you laugh at dreams, magic terrors, wonders, witches, nocturnal goblins, and Thessalian prodigies? Do you number your birthdays with a grateful mind? Are you forgiving to

* This festival was celebrated from the 19th to the 22d of March.

Lenior et melior fis accedente senectâ?
Quid te exempta juvat* spìnis de pluribus una?
Vivere si rectè nescis, decede peritis:
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largîùs æquò 215
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentiùs ætas.†

* Quid te exempta levat *Bentl.*
† Lasciva licentiùs ætas.

your friends? Do you grow milder and better, as old age approaches? What profits you only one thorn eradicated out of many? If you do not know how to live in a right manner, make way for those that do. You have played enough, eat and drunk enough: it is time for you to walk off; lest having drunk too plentifully, that age which plays the wanton with more propriety, should ridicule and beat you off *the stage.*

Q. HORATII FLACCI

DE ARTE POETICA.

LIBER.

AD PISONES.

HUMANO capiti servicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,*
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum†

* Varias inducere pennas.
† Membris, aut turpiter atrum. *Sanad.*

* Horace, in this celebrated didactic poem, is greatly obliged to Aristotle's art of poetry, which, however, he has improved upon, notwithstanding Scaliger calls it an art written without art. Mr. Pope thinks this want of method a beauty:

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

HORACE'S BOOK

UPON THE

ART OF POETRY.*

TO THE PISOS.†

If a painter should form a design of uniting a horse's neck to a human head, and spread a variety of plumage over limbs *of different animals*, taken from every part *of nature*, so that what is

* Mr. Hurd, in his commentary, endeavours to point out a method that is actually observed. "The subject of this piece being, as I suppose, *one*, viz. the state of the Roman Drama, and common sense requiring, even in the freest forms of composition, some kind of *method*, the intelligent reader will not be surprised to find the poet prosecuting his subject in a regular well-ordered plan."

† Piso the father, and his two sons, some of the most illustrious personages in Rome, eminent for learning themselves, and great encouragers of it in others.

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè,
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici? 5
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas: 10
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:
Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia; non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter 15
Assuitur pannus: cùm lucus, et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortassè cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes 20
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?
Denique sit quid vis,* simplex duntaxat et unum.

* *Denique sit quod vis.*

* Boughs of cypress were carried in funeral processions, and placed before the houses of the great, upon particular occasions of sorrow. *Et non plebeios luctus testata cupressus.* LUCAN. A painter might, by frequent practice, excel in drawing a tree, for which there was such a demand, and he therefore absurdly determines to show his skill upon all occasions, even by painting it in the ocean. FRANCIS.

a beautiful woman in the upper parts, terminate unsightly in an ugly fish below; could you, my friends, refrain from laughter, were you admitted to such a sight? Believe, ye Pisos, the book will be perfectly like such a picture, the ideas of which, in the manner of a sick man's dreams, are all vain and fictitious; so that neither head nor foot can be reduced to *any* uniformity. *But* poets and painters (*you will say*) have ever had an equal authority of attempting any thing. We are conscious of this, and this privilege we demand and allow reciprocally: but not to such a degree that the tame should associate with the savage; nor that serpents should be coupled with birds, lambs with tigers.

In pompous introductions, and such as promise a great deal, it generally happens, that one or two verses of purple patchwork, that may make a great show, are tagged *to the work;* as when the grove and the altar of Diana, and the meandering of a current hastening through pleasant fields, or the river Rhine, or the rainbow, is described. But *here*, there was no room for these *fine things:* perhaps too you know how to draw a cypress;* but what is that to the purpose, if he who is *to be* painted for the given price, is *to be represented as* swimming hopeless out of a shipwreck? A *large* cistern† at first was designed: why as the wheel revolves, turns out a little pitcher? In a word, be your subject what it will, let it be merely simple and uniform.

† A metaphor taken from the absurd conduct of a bad potter, who aims at making a magnificent vase, but is only able to finish a little paltry pitcher.

Maxima pars vatum, pater et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti: brevis esse laboro, 25
Obscurus fio: sectantem lenia,* nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:
Serpit humi, tutus nimiùm, timidusque procellæ:
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum silvis adpingit, fluctibus aprum. 30
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber unus et ungues †
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum 34
Nesciet: hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quàm pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.
Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res, 40
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

* *Sectantem lævia.*
† *Faber imus et ungues.*

* Lambinus interprets *potenter* κατα δυναμιν, which (as Mr. Hurd observes) gives a pertinent sense, without justifying the expression. In truth, I believe there is no adverb in the Latin tongue used in such a manner. I therefore

A great majority of us poets, father, and youths worthy such a father, are misled by the appearance of right. I labour to be concise, *and so* I become obscure; nerves and spirit *are apt* to fail him that aims at the easy; one that pretends to be sublime proves bombastical; he that is too cautious and fearful of the storm crawls along the ground; he who wants to vary his subjects in a marvellous manner, paints the dolphin for the woods, the boar in the sea. The avoiding of an error leads to a fault, if skill be wanting.

A statuary about the Æmilian school, of himself shall both express the nails, and shall imitate in brass the flexible hair; unhappy yet in the main, because he knows not how to finish a complete piece. I would no more choose to be such a hand as this, had I a mind to compose any thing, than to live with a hideous nose, *though* remarkable for the finest black eyes and jetty hair.

Ye who write, make choice of a subject suitable to your abilites; and revolve in your thoughts a considerable time what your strength declines, and what it is able to support. Neither elegance of style, nor a perspicuous disposition, shall desert the man, by whom the subject-matter is chosen judiciously.*

render it *judiciously*, or *ably*. The learned editor of Statius reads *pudenter*, which Mr. Hurd seems to approve, and cites this passage in the epistle to Augustus:

——————*nec meus audet*
Rem tentare pudor, *quam vires ferre recusant.*

Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et venus, aut ego fallor;
Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici,
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor.
In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis;* 46
Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum, si fortè necessè est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis 50
Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.
Et nova factaque nuper† habebunt verba fidem; si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta: quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? ego cur, acquirere pauca 55
Si possum, invideor, cùm lingua Catonis et Ennî
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebit
Signatum præsente notâ‡ procudere nomen.

* In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis
Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor.
Bentl.

† Et nova fictaque nuper.

‡ Producere nomen.
Procudere nummum. *Luis.*

* Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor,
In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis.
Dr. Bentley has inverted the order of these two lines, in which he is followed by Sanadon, and has likewise the ap-

This, or I am mistaken, will constitute the merit and beauty of *a just* disposition, that the author of the projected poem just now say what ought just now to be said, *have the address* to put off most of his thoughts, and wave them for the present; to embrace one, and reject another.

In the choice of his words too he must be delicate and cautious; you will express yourself eminently well, if a dexterous composition (*or combination*) should give an air of novelty to a common word. If it happen to be necessary to explain some abstruse subjects by new-invented terms, it will follow that you must frame *words* never heard of by the old fashioned Cethegi:† and *such* a license will be granted, if modestly used: and new and lately formed words will have *more* authority, if they descend from a Greek source, with a slight deviation. But why should the Romans grant to Plautus and Cæcilius a privilege denied to Virgil and Varius? Why should I be envied, if I have it in my power to acquire a few words; when the language of Cato and Ennius has enriched our native tongue, and produced new appellatives? It

probation of Mr. Francis.—But I join Mr. Hurd, who thinks this an alteration not only without sufficient reason, but prejudicial to the scope and tenor of the poet's meaning. As for the construction (says Mr. Hurd) the commonest reader can find himself at no loss to defend it against the force of the Doctor's objections.

† Cethegus; a name of several old Romans, one of which was so famous an orator, that he was styled by Ennius, *suadæ medulla*, the quintessence of persuasion. There is a singular beauty and propriety in using the old word *cinetutis* in this place.

Ut silvæ foliis* pronos mutantur in annos; 60
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus,† aptaque remis 65
Vicinas urbes alit; et grave sentit aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius: mortalia facta ‡ peribunt:
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre; cadentque 70
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus;
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Res gestæ regumque ducumque, et tristia bella
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus

* Ut folia in silvis.
Ut silvis folia privos mutantur. *Bentl.*
† Sterilisque palus prius. *Bentl.*
dudùm. *Cunn.*
‡ Mortalia cuncta. *Bentl.*

* The Julian port, begun by Julius Cæsar, but finished by Augustus, who cut off that neck of land which divided the lake Locrinus and the lake Avernus from the sea.

† There is a peculiar propriety (says the ingenious Mr. Hurd) in this enumeration of the several kinds of poetry, as addressed to the dramatic writer. He is not only to study for the purposes here explained, the characteristic differences of either species of the drama: he must farther be knowing in the other kinds of poetry, so as to be able,

has been, and ever will be, allowable to coin a word marked with the stamp in present request. As leaves in the woods are changed with the fleeting years; the earliest fall off first: in this manner, words perish with old age, and those lately invented flourish and thrive, like men in the days of their youth. We, and all our works, are doomed to death:* whether Neptune, admitted into the continent, defends *our* fleets from the north winds, a work of royal *magnificence;* or the lake, for a long time unfertile and fit for oars, now maintains its neighbouring cities, and feels the heavy plough; or the river taught to run in a more convenient channel, has changed its course, which was so destructive to the fruits. The works of mortal men must perish: much less can the honour and elegance of language be long-lived. Many words shall revive, which now have fallen off; and many which are now in esteem shall fall off, if it be the will of custom, in whose power is the decision, the right, and standard of language.

Homer† has instructed us in what measure the achievements of kings, and chiefs, and direful war, might be written *with propriety.*

as the nature of his work will demand, to adopt the genius of each, in its turn, and to transfer the graces of universal poetry, into the drama. Thus, to follow the division here laid down, there will sometimes be occasion for the pomp and high colouring of the epic narratives; sometimes for the plaintive softness, and passionate connexion, of the elegy: and the chorus, if characterized in the ancient manner, must catch the fiery, enraptured spirit of the ode.

Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primùm:
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos. 76
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant; et adhùc sub judice lis est.
Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo:
Hunc socci cepêre pedem randesque cothurni, 80
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares,
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.
Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamîne primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre. 85
Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poëta salutor?
Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quàm discere malo?
Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult:
Indignatur item privatis ac propè socco. 90
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decentem.*
Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri. 95

* Sortita decenter.

Plaintive strains originally were appropriated to the unequal numbers *of the elegiac;* afterwards, *love and* successful desires were included. Yet what author first published humble elegy, the critics dispute; and the controversy still waits the determination of the judge.

Rage armed Archilochus with the iambic of his own invention.* The sock and the majestic buskin assumed this measure as adapted for dialogue, and to silence the noise of the populace, and *best* calculated for the action *of the stage.*

To celebrate Gods, and the sons of Gods, and the victorious wrestler, and the steed foremost in the race, and the inclination of youths, and the free *joys of* wine, the muse has allotted to the lyre.

If I am incapable and unskilful to observe the distinctions *here* described, and the *different* complexions of works *of genius*, why am I accosted by the name of poet? Why, out of false modesty, do I prefer being ignorant, to learning *and taste?*

A comic subject will not be handled in tragic verse: in like manner, the banquet of Thyestes will not bear to be told in familiar verses, and such as almost suit with the sock. Let each peculiar species *of writing* fill with decorum its proper place. Nevertheless, sometimes even comedy exalts her voice, and Chremes in a passion rails in a tumid strain; and a tragic writer generally expresses

* Or, *the iambic measure, most suitable for rage:* for sometimes it is named after Alcman, the oldest of the Greek lyric writers, *vide Serv. de cent. metris.* By leading with a short foot, it is suited to the impetuosity of anger; and at the same time (with the trohaic) approaching the nearest to prose, it is the fittest for recital.

Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exsul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
Non satis est pulchra esse* poëmata; dulcia sunto, 99
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsunt†
Humani vultus: si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe. vel Peleu: malè si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mœstum 105
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura priùs nos intùs ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit: 110
Pòst effert animi motus interprete linguâ
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.‡
Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros;§
Maturusne senex, ad adhùc florente juventâ 115
Fervidus; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

* Nec satis est pura esse.
† Ita flentibus adflent. *Faber.*
‡ Equitesque patresque cachinnum. *Bentl.*
§ Davusne loquatur, herusne.

grief in a prosaic style. Telephus and Peleus, when they are both in poverty and exile, throw aside their rants and gigantic expressions, if they have a mind to move the heart of the spectator with their complaint.

It is not enough that poems be beautiful; let them be tender and affecting, and bear away the soul of the auditor wheresoever they please. As the human countenance smiles on those that smile, so does it *sympathize* with those that weep. If you would have me weep, you must first express the passion of grief yourself; then, Telephus, or Peleus, your misfortunes *really* hurt me: *but* if you pronounce the parts assigned you ill, I shall either fall asleep or laugh.

Pathetic accents suit a melancholy countenance; words full of menaces *require* an angry *aspect*; wanton expressions, a sportive look; and serious matter, an austere one. For nature forms us first within to every modification of fortune; she prompts or impels us to anger; or depresses us to the earth, and afflicts us with insupportable sorrow: then expresses those emotions of the mind by the tongue, its interpreter. If the words be discordant to the station of the speaker, the Roman knights and plebeians* will raise an immoderate laugh. *For* it will make a wide difference whether it be Davus that speakes, or a hero; a man well stricken in years, or a hot young fellow in his bloom: and a matron of distinction, or an officious nurse; a roaming merchant, or the cultivator of a verdant inclosure: a Colchian, or an Assyrian; one educated at Thebes, or one at Argos.

* *Viz.* Persons of all ranks.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
Scriptor: honoratum si fortè* reponis Achillem; 120
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata; nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes. 124
Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam: servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque
Rectiùs Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quām si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130
Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum, 134
Unde pedem proferre† pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor, cyclicus‡ olim:
Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.

* Scriptor. Homereum si fortè. *Bentl.*
Scripta; inhonoratum si. *Creech.*
† Unde pedem referre. *Cunn.*
‡ Scriptor cyclius.

* Mr. Hurd proposes to read this verse in the following manner, *Qualis ab incepto processerit* AUT *sibi constet;* and runs into some ingenious refinements to prove the specific difference between UNIFORMITY and CONSISTENCY.

You that write, either follow tradition, or invent such fables as are congruous to themselves. If you have to represent the renowned Achilles, let him be indefatigable, wrathful, inexorable, courageous; let him deny that laws were made for him; let him arrogate every thing by force of arms. Let Medea be fierce and untractable, Ino an object of pity, Ixion perfidious, Io wandering, Orestes in circumstances of distress.

If you offer to the stage any thing unattempted, and venture to form a new character, let it be preserved at the last such as it set out at the beginning, *and be consistent with itself. It is difficult to write with propriety on subjects to which all writers have a common claim;† and you with more prudence *will* reduce the Iliad into *five* acts, than be the first to introduce arguments unknown, and never treated on before. A public story will become your own property, if you do not dwell upon the whole circle of events, which is paltry, and open to every one; nor must you be so faithful a translator, as to take the pains of rendering *your author* word for word; nor, by *closely* imitating, throw yourself into such straits, from whence either shame, and the rules of your work, may forbid you to retreat.

Nor must you make such an exordium as the itinerant scribbler of old: ‡ "I will sing the fate of

† Subjects unhandled by any body, and therefore common for all.

‡ *Cyclicus*, from κυκλικος, *circulator circumforaneus*, a vagabond bard, that sung verses of his own composition in the streets.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes;* nascetur ridiculus mus.
Quanto rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè? 140
Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,†
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim. 145
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo:
Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res,
Nos secùs ac notas, auditorem rapit; et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit: 150
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges‡ aulæa manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat: 155
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, et annis.§

* Parturient montes.
† Captæ post mœnia Trojæ,
‡ Si fautoris eges. *Bentl.*
§ Mobilusque decor, maturis dandus et annis. *Bentl.*

Priam and the noble war." What will this boaster produce worthy of all this gaping? The mountains are in labour; *and* a ridiculous mouse shall be brought forth. How much more to the purpose he, who sets about nothing improperly? "Sing for me, my muse, the man, who, after the time of the destruction of Troy, surveyed the manners of many men and states." He meditates not to *produce* smoke from a flash, but out of smoke to elicit fire, that from thence he may bring forth his instances of the marvellous with *striking* beauty, *such* as Antiphates, Scylla, Cyclops, and Charybdis. Nor does he, *like a certain poet*,* date Diomedes return from Meleager's death nor trace the rise of the Trojan war from *Leda's* eggs: he always hastens to the event, and hurries away his reader into the midst of interesting circumstances, no otherwise than if they were *already* known: and what he despairs of as to receiving any polish from his touch, he omits: and in such a manner forms his fictions, so intermingles the false and true, that the middle is not inconsistent with the beginning, nor the end with the middle.

Please to attend to what I, and the public, in my opinion, expect from you *as a dramatic writer*. If you are desirous of an applauding spectator, who will wait for the falling of the curtain, and till the chorus calls out,† "Your plaudit;" the manners of every age must be *strongly* marked by you, and a proper decorum assigned to men's varying dispo-

* Some absurd poet, a cotemporary with Horace, not certainly known.

† Till the chorus says, *Vos valete, et plaudite;* Ye auditors farewell, and applaud. The concise and constant epilogue to the Roman comedies.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temerè, et mutatur in horas. 160
Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi;
Cereus in vitium flectii, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris, 164
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes et amicitias, inservit honori;
Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quòd
Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti: 170
Vel quòd res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri;*
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator censorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum, 175
Multa recedentes adimunt: ne fortè seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.

*Spe lentus, iners, pavidusque futuri. *Bentl.*

sitions, and years. The boy, who is just able to pronounce his words, and prints the ground with a firm tread, delights to play with his fellows, and contracts, and lays aside, anger without reason, and is subject to change every hour. The beardless youth, his guardian being at length discharged, joys in horses and dogs, and the verdure of the sunny Campus Martius; pliable as wax to be inclined to vice, rough to advisers, a slow provider of things really useful, prodigal of his money, high-spirited, and amorous, and hasty in deserting the objects of his passion. *After this*, our inclinations being changed, the age and spirit of manhood seeks after wealth, and friendly connexions; is subservient to points of honour; and is cautious of committing any action he would afterwards be industrious to correct. Many inconveniences encompass a man in years; either because he seeks *eagerly after gain*, and abstains from what he has got, and is afraid to make use of it; or because he transacts every thing in a timorous and faint manner, dilatory, slow in hope, remiss, and fearful of futurity; peevish, querulous, a panegyrist of former times, when he was a boy, a chastiser and censurer of his juniors. Our advancing years* bring many advantages along with them, many our declining ones take away. That the parts *therefore* belong to age may not be given to a youth, and those of a man to a boy, we must dwell *particularly* on those qualities, which are joined and adapted to each person's age.

* From childhood to the meridian of manhood, or prime of life, our years may be said to advance, and after that to recede or decline.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator: non tamen intùs
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens:
Nec pueros coram* populo Medea trucidet; 185
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi. 190
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.
Actoris partes† chorus, officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat apte. 190
Ille bonis faveatque et concilietur amicè,‡
Et regat iratos, et amet pacare tumentes:§
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis: ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis:
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur et oret,
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis. 201

* Ne pueros coram.
† Auctoris partes.
‡ Consilietur amicis.
§ Amet peccare timentes.

An action is either represented on the stage, or, being done elsewhere is there related. The things that enter by the ear affect the mind more languidly than such as are submitted to the faithful eyes, and what a spectator presents to himself. You must not, however, bring upon the stage such things as are fit only to be acted behind the scenes: and you must take away from *public* view many actions, which elegant description may soon after deliver in the presence *of the spectators.* Let not Media murder her sons before the people; or the execrable Atreus openly dress *a banquet of* human viscera; nor let Progne be metamorphosed into a bird, *or* Cadmus into a serpent. Whatever you show to me in this manner, not able to give credit to, I detest.

Let a play that would be inquired after, and, though seen, would be presented anew, neither be shorter nor longer than the fifth act. Nor let a God interfere, unless a difficulty worthy a God's unravelling should happen: nor let a fourth person be officious to speak.

Let the chorus *defend and* support the part and manly character of an actor: nor let them sing any thing between the acts which is not conducive to, and fitly coherent with, the main design. Let them both patronise the good, and give them friendly advice, and regulate the passionate, and be fond to appease the proud: let them praise the *temperate* repast of a short meal, *set forth* the salutary effects of justice, laws, and peace with her open gates: let them conceal what is told to them in confidence, and supplicate and implore the Gods, that prosperity may return to the wretched, and

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta,* tubæque
Æmula; sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco
Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu: 205
Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpotè parvus,
Et frugi castusque verecundusque coïbat.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem
Latior amplecti murus,† vinoque diurno
Placari Genius festis impunè diebus; 210
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscæ motumque et luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pupita vestem: 215
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevère severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps:
Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.
Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.
Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper 221

* Orichalco juncta.
† Laxior amplecti murus. *Bentl.*

* Strutting, *&c.* alluding to their shifting sides in singing the strophe, antistrophe, *&c.*

† Tragedy (says the learned and judicious Mr. Rymer) was with the ancients a piece of religious worship, a part of their liturgy. The priests sung an anthem to their God Dionysius, whilst the goat stood at his altar to be sacrificed; and this was called τραγῳδια, the goat-song, or tragedy. I would therefore read in Horace, *vilem certavit* AD *hircum*, as *rhetor dicturus* AD *aras*. The priests were called the chorus. Thespis at length introduced the episodes. These the priests liked not, and in a passion roared out, "It is nothing to Dionysius, nothing to Dionysius:" whence the proverb, οὐδὲν πρὸς Διονυσον, απροσδιονυσον.

abandon the haughty. The flute *originally*, not as now, begirt with brass, and emulous of the trumpet, but slender and of simple form, with few stops, was of service to accompany and assist the chorus, and with its tone was sufficient to fill the rows that were not as yet too crowded; whither an audience easily numbered, as being small, and sober, chaste, and modest, met together. But when the victorious Romans began to extend their territories, and an ampler wall encompassed the city, and their geniuses were indulged on festivals by drinking of wine in the day-time without censure, a greater freedom acceded both to the numbers *of poetry*, and the measures *of music*. For what taste could an unlettered clown, and one just dismissed from the plough, have, when in company with the polite, the base with the man of honour? Thus the musician added new movements, and a luxuriance to *the simplicity of* the ancient art, and strutting backwards and forwards* drew a length of train over the stage: thus likewise new notes were added to the severity of the lyre, and precipitate eloquence prduced an unusual language *in the theatre:* and the good sense *of the chorus, then* expert in teaching useful things, and prescious of futurity, differed hardly from the oracular Delphi.

The poet who first tried his skill in tragic verse, for the paltry *prize of* a goat, †soon after exposed to view wild Satyrs naked, and attempted

See Rymer's excellent letter to Shepherd. The names of tragedy and comedy, which were representations of ancient life, (τραγωδια, κωμωδια,) undoubtedly prove, that they were originally *sung* when acted, and not repeated, as they are now. Vide *Essay on Homer*, *sec.* 3, *p.* 39.

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quòd
Illecebris erat et gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.
Verùm ita risores, ita commendare dicaces 225
Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo,
Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros
Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, Dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.
Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus, 231
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulùm pudibunda protervis.
Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solùm,
Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:
Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori, 236
Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, et audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,
An custos famulùsque Dei Silenus alumni.
Ex noto fictum carmen sequar; ut sibi quivis 240
Speret idem: sudet multum, frustràque laboret
Ausus idem; tantum series juncturàque pollet:
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses. 245

* Young women were usually chosen to dance in honour of the Gods; but in some festivals, as in that of the great Goddess, the pontiffs obliged married women to dance; from whence the poet says *jussa*. DACIER.

raillery with severity, still preserving the gravity *of tragedy*, on account that the spectator, on festivals, when riotous and heated with wine, was to be amused with captivating shows and agreeable novelty. But it will be expedient so to recommend the bantering, the rallying satires, in such a manner to turn earnest into jest; that none who shall be exhibited as a God, none who is introduced as a hero lately conspicuous in regal purple and gold, may deviate into the low style of obscure, mechanical shops; or, *on the reverse*, while he avoids the ground, affect cloudy mists, and empty jargon. *Sublime* tragedy, disdaining to prate in trivial verses, like a *grave* matron,* commanded to dance on *the grand* festival, will assume an air of modesty, *even* in the midst of petulant (or *wanton*) satyrs. As a writer of satire, ye Pisos, I shall *never* be fond of unornamented words, and such terms as reign among the vulgar: nor shall I labour to differ so widely from the complexion of tragedy, as to make no distinction, whether Davus be the speaker,† and the bold Pythias, who gained a talent by gulling of Simo, or the *grave* Silenus, the guardian and attendant of the pupil God *Bacchus*. I would so execute a fiction taken from a well-known story, that any body might entertain hopes of doing the same thing; but, on the experiment, should sweat and labour in vain. Such power has a just arrangement and connexion of the parts; such grace may be added to subjects merely common. In my judgment the Fauns, that are brought out of the woods,

† Davus, Pythias, Simo, comic characters in Lucilius, Menander, and Terence.

Aut nimiùm teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emptor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ. 250
Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur Iambus,
Pes citus; unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit*
Nomen iambeis, cùm senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paulò graviorque veniret ad aures, 255
Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus et patiens; non ut de sede secundâ
Cederet aut quartâ socialiter. Hic et in Accî
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Ennî.
In scenam missos† magno cum pondere versus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium, curâque carentis, 261
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex:
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poëtis.
Idcircòne vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes

* Accrescere jus sit. *Dunkin.*
† In scenam missus. *Marcilius.*

* The knights, who have a horse kept at the public expense; *quibus est pater*, people of birth, patricians; they who have wealth, and are therefore distinguished from knights and patricians. DACIER.

should not be too gamesome with their tender strains, as if they were educated in the city, and almost at the bar, or, on the other hand, should blunder out their obscene and scandalous speeches. For *at such stuff* all are offended, who have a horse, a father, or an estate:* nor will they receive with approbation, or give the laurel crown *to such nonsense*, as the purchasers of parched peas and nuts are delighted with.

A long syllable put after a short one, is termed an iambic, a brisk, lively measure; whence also it commanded the name of trimetres,† to be added to iambics, though it yielded six beats of time, being similar to itself from first to last.‡ Not long ago, that it might come somewhat slower, and with more majesty to the ear, it obligingly and contentedly admitted into its paternal heritage the steadfast spondees; agreeing, however, by social league, that it was not to depart from the second and fourth place. But this *kind of measure* rarely makes its appearance in the notable trimetres§ of Accius and of Ennius. Such verse as theirs, brought upon the stage with a clumsy weight of spondees, either loads the poet with the imputation of being too precipitate and careless, or disgracefully accuses him of ignorance in his art.

It is not every judge that discerns inharmonious verses, and an undeserved indulgence is *in this case* granted to the Roman poets. But shall I on this account make excursions, and write licentiously?

† Consisting of three measures.

‡ Containing all pure iambics.

§ Ironically sneering at the hobbling numbers of those old poets.

Visuros peccata putem mea; tutus, et intra 266
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurnâ
At nostri proavi* Plautinos et numeros et 270
Laudavêre sales; nimiùm patienter utrumque,†
Ne dicam stultè,‡ mirati: si modò ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.
Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ 275
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis, §
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora:
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno. 280
Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multâ
Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta: chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

* At vestri proavi.
† Nimiùm patienter utrosque. *Cunn.*
‡ Nec dicam stulte.
§ Plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespis.
Qui canerent. *Bentl.*

* This, perhaps, is particularly addressed to the Pisos.
† They made use of their fingers, both to measure the quantity of the verse, and beat time to the music.

Or should not I rather suppose, that all the world are to see my faults; secure, and cautious *never to err*, but within *reasonable* hopes of being pardoned? *Thus*, though perhaps I have merited no praise, *at least* I have escaped censure.

Ye,* *who are desirous to excel*, turn over the Grecian models by night and by day. But our ancestors commended both the numbers of Plautus and his strokes of pleasantry; too tamely, I will not say foolishly, admiring each of them; if you and I but know how to distinguish a coarse joke from a smart repartee, and understand the proper cadence by *using* our fingers† and ears.

Thespis is said to have invented a new kind of tragedy, and to have carried his pieces about in carts, which *certain strollers*, who had their faces besmeared with the lees of wine, sang and acted. After him Æschylus, the inventor of the vizard-mask, and decent robe, laid the stage over with boards of a tolerable size, and taught to speak in a grand *theatrical* tone, and strut in the buskin. To these succeeded the old comedy,‡ not without considerable praise; but the personal freedom *it took* degenerated into excess and violence, worthy to be regulated by law: a law was made accordingly, and the chorus, the right *it claimed* of abusing *men's characters* being taken away, disgracefully became silent.

‡ With regard to the various changes and revolutions comedy has undergone, it is distinguished into three kinds; the *old*, which was founded upon real facts, and the persons pointed out by their proper names; the *middle*, where the subjects were real, but the names fictitious; the *new*, wherein both the names and the action are imaginary.

Nil intentatum nostri liquêre poetæ, 285
Nec minimum meruêre decus, vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta,
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuêre togatas.
Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis, 289
Quàm linguâ, Latium; si non offenderet unum-
Quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Præsectum decies* non castigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte 295
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus, 301
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poemata: verùm
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum.

* Perfectum decies.——

* *Togatæ*, when used alone, signifies any theatrical piece, of which the subject or plot was taken from a Roman story, as *palliatæ* signified the same amongst the Greeks. But when *prætextæ* is set in opposition to *togatæ*, the first means tragedy, and the second comedy, because the *prætextæ* was a robe worn only by the first persons of the commonwealth, but the *toga* was the ordinary habit of the common people. FRANCIS.

Our poets have left no species *of the art* unattempted; nor have those of them merited the least honour, who dared to forsake the footsteps of the Greeks, and celebrate domestic facts, whether they have instructed us in tragedy* or comedy. Nor would Italy be raised higher by valour and feats of arms, than by its language, did not the fatigue and tediousness of using the file † disgust every one of our poets. Do you, the descendants of Pompilius, reject that poem, which many days and many a blot have not ten times subdued to the most perfect accuracy. Because Democritus believes that genius is more successful than wretched art, and excludes from Helicon all poets who are in their senses: a great number of us do not care to part with their nails, nor beard; frequent places of solitude, *and* shun the baths. For he will acquire, *he thinks*, the esteem and title of a poet, if he never submits his head, which is not to be cured by even three Anticyras.‡ to Lucinius§ the barber. What an unlucky fellow am I, who am purged for the spleen in spring-time! *Else* nobody would compose better poems: but the purchase is not worth the expense. Therefore I will serve instead of a whet-stone, which, though not capable of itself to cut, *yet* can make steel sharp:

† Correcting, polishing, finishing.

‡ An island in the Archipelago, famous for its production of a vast quantity of hellebore. *Vid. lib.* ii. *sat.* 3. v. 83.

§ A barber and freedman of Augustus, who made him a senator, for no other merit, it should seem, than his detestation of Pompey.

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo; 306
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poëtam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.
Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur. 311
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes;
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium; quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profectò 315
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces.*
Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte, 320
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris,
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem 325
Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est

* Veras hinc ducere voces.

* Or philosophy, &c.

† Having said that good sense is necessary, he now tells them where it is to be found: in Socrates's philosophy, that philosophy which alone enlightens the mind, and teaches ethics better than all the others.

so I, who can write no poetry myself, will teach the duty and business *of an author;* whence he may be stocked with rich materials; what improves and forms the poet; what gives a grace, what not; what is the tendency of excellence, and what that of error.

To have good sense* is the first principle, and fountain of writing well. The Socratic papers † will direct you in the choice of your subjects; and words spontaneously will accompany the subject, *when it is* well conceived. He, who has learned what he owes to his country, and what to his friends; with what affection a parent, a brother, and a stranger are to be loved; what is the duty of a senator, what of a judge; what the duties of a general sent out to war; he, *I say*, certainly knows how to give suitable attributes to every character. I should direct the learned imitator to have a regard to the mode of nature and manners, and from thence draw his expressions to the life. Sometimes a play that is showy with common places, and where the manners are well marked, though of no elegance without force or art, gives the people much higher delight, and more effectually commands their attention, than verse void of matter, and tuneful trifles.

To the Greeks, covetous of nothing but praise, the muse gave genius; to the Greeks, the power of expressing themselves in round *fluent* periods. The Roman youth learn by long computations to subdivide a pound into a hundred parts. Let the son of Albinus ‡ tell me, if from five ounces one be

‡ An infamous and wealthy usurer.

Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse, Triens. Eu!
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. An hæc animos* ærugo et cura peculî 330
Cùm semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut citò dicta 335
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
† Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris;
Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis: 341
Celsi prætereunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret æra liber Sosiis; hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum. 346

* At hæc animos.
† Omne supervacuum, *etc. delet, Bentl.*

* The ancients rubbed their books with oil of cedar, and kept them in cases of cypress, as being most durable.

† Horace undoubtedly alludes to some ridiculous poet of his time, who had brought this monstrous incident into a play.

‡ Literally, *every point;* alluding to the manner of voting at the Comitia, by putting a point over the name of every candidate. Hence, perhaps, the English proverb to carry one's point.

subtracted, what remains? He would have said—the third of a pound—Bravely done! you will be able to take care of your own affairs. An ounce is added; what will that be? Half a pound. When this sordid rust and hankering after wealth hath once tainted their minds, can we expect that such verses should be made, as are worthy the oil of cedar,* and the well-wrought cypress?

The poets intend either to profit, or delight; or to deliver at once both the pleasures and necessaries of life. Whatever precepts you give, be concise, that docile minds may soon comprehend what is said, and faithfully retain it. All superfluous instructions come out from the overflowing memory. Let whatever is imagined, for the sake of entertatnment, have as much verisimilitude as possible; let not your play demand belief for whatever *absurdities* it is inclinable *to exhibit;* nor take out of a witch's belly a living child, that she had dined upon.† The tribes of the seniors rail against every thing that is void of edification; the exalted knights disregard poems that are *dry and* austere. He who joins instruction with the agreeable, carries the votes‡ of all *mankind*, by delighting, and at the same time admonishing the reader. This book gets money for the Sosii;§ this crosses the sea, and continues to its celebrated author a lasting duration.

§ Eminent booksellers, mentioned Epist. lib. 2, 20.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus:
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens; 348
Poscentique gravem persæpè remittit acutum;
Nec semper feriet, quodcunque minabitur arcus.
Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque, 354
Quamvis est monitus, veniâ caret; ut citharœdus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eâdem:
Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror; et idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verùm opere in longo* fas est obrepere somnum. 360
Ut pictura, poësis erit; quæ, si propiùs stes,
Te capiat magis, et quædam, si longiùs abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit. 365
O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus

* Verùm operi longo.——

Yet there are faults, which we should be ready to pardon: for neither does the string *always* form the sound which the hand and conception of *the performer* intends, but very often returns a sharp note when he demands a flat; nor will the bow always hit whatever mark it threatens. But when there is a great majority of beauties in a poem, I will not be offended with a few blemishes, which either inattention has dropped, or human nature has not sufficiently provided against. What therefore *is to be determined in this manner?* As a transcriber, if he still commits the same fault, though he has been reproved, is without excuse; as the harper, who always blunders on the same string, is *sure to be* laughed at; so he who is excessively deficient, becomes another Chœrilus,* whom, when I find him tolerable in two or three places, I wonder at with laughter; and at the same time am grieved when honest Homer grows drowsy. But it is allowable that sleep should steal upon an author in a long work.

As is painting, so is poetry: some pieces will strike you more, if you stand near; and some, if you are at a greater distance: one loves the dark; another, which is not afraid of the critic's subtile judgment, chooses to be seen in the light: the one has pleased once; the other will give pleasure, if ten times repeated.

O thou eldest of the *promising* youths, though you are framed to a right judgment by your father's instructions, and are wise in yourself, yet take this truth along with you, *and* remember it: that in certain things, a medium and tolerable de-

* A stupid poet, censured by Aristotle. Vid. lib. 2. Epist. 1.

Rectè concedi: consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris, abest virtute diserti 370
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cassellius Aulus;
Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poëtis
Non homines, non Dî, non concessêre columnæ.
Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver 375
Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paulùm summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit; 380
Ne spissæ risum tollant impunè coronæ:
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?
Liber et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.
Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ: 385
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens. Si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metî descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur in annum,

* Sardinia was full of bitter herbs, from whence the honey was bitter. White poppy-seed roasted was mingled with honey by the ancients. NANNIUS.

† *Troque.*—There were two kinds of diversions that had this name; one was like the top, and the other like the hoop.

gree of eminence may be admitted: a counsellor and pleader at the bar, of the middle rate, is far removed from the *distinguished* merit of eloquent Messala, nor has so much knowledge of the law as Cassellius Aulus; but yet he is in *some* request: *but* a mediocrity in poets, neither Gods, nor men, nor *even* the booksellers' shops have endured. As at an agreeable entertainment, discordant music, and muddy essence, and poppies mixed with Sardinian honey,* give offence; because the supper might have passed without them: so poetry, created and invented for the delight of our souls, if it comes short ever so little of the summit, sinks to the bottom.

He, who does not understand the games, abstains from the weapons *used* in the Campus Martius: and the unskilful in the tennis-ball, the quoit, and the troque,† keeps himself quiet, lest the crowded ring should raise a laughter at his expense: notwithstanding this, he who knows nothing of verses, presumes to compose. Why not? He is free-born, and of a good family: above all, he is registered at an equestrian sum,‡ and clear from every vice. You, *I am persuaded*, will neither say nor do any thing in opposition to Minerva: such is your judgment, such your disposition. But if ever you shall write any thing let it be submitted to the ears of Metius *Tarpa*,§ who is a judge, and your father's and mine; and let it be suppressed till the ninth year, your papers being laid up *securely* within your own custody. You

‡ In order to entitle a Roman to be ranked in the equestrian order he was obliged to prove himself worth 10,000 crowns.

§ An excellent critic, mentioned in the 10th Satire, lib.1.

Membranis intus positis; delere licebit,
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti. 390
Silvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ 395
Ducere quò vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno:
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque 400
Carminibus venit. Post hos insignis Homerus,
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit; dictæ per carmina sortes,
Et vitæ monstrata via est; et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis; ludusque repertus, 405
Et longorum operum finis; ne fortè pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.
Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid possit* video ingenium: alterius sic 410
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.
Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit;

* Nec rude quid prosit.

will have it in your power to blot out what you have not made public; *but* a word once sent abroad can never return.

Orpheus, the priest and interpreter of the Gods, *first* deterred the savage race of men from ravages and inhuman diet; hence said to tame tigers and furious lions: Amphion too, the builder of the Theban wall, was said to give the stones motion with the sound of his lyre, and to lead them wherever he would by engaging persuasion. This was deemed wisdom of yore, to distinguish the public from private weal, things sacred from things profane; to prohibit a promiscuous commerce between the sexes; to give laws to married people; to plan out cities; to engrave laws on *tables of* wood. Thus honour accrued to divine poets and their verses. After these, the excellent Homer, and Tyrteus, animated the manly mind to martial achievements with their verses. Oracles were delivered in poetry, and the economy of life pointed out, and the favour of sovereign princes was solicited in Pierian strains: games were instituted, and a *cheerful* period put to the tedious labours of the day: *this I remind you of*, lest haply you should be ashamed of the lyric muse, and Apollo, the God of song.

It has been made a question whether, good poetry be derived from nature or art. For my part, I can neither conceive what study can do without a rich natural vein, nor what rude genius can avail of itself; so much does the one require the assistance of the other, and so amicably do they conspire *to produce the same effect.* He who is industrious to reach the wished-for goal has done and suffered much when a boy; he hath sweated, and shivered

Abstinuit venere et vino :* qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magistrum. 415
Nunc satis est dixisse,† "Ego mira poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui
est,
Et, quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri."
Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas;
Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta 420
Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis.
Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris‡
Litibus implicitum; mirabor, si sciet inter-
Noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. 425
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui;
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, Pulchrè! benè! rectè!
Pallescet; super his, etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem; saliet; tundet pede terram. 430
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent, 435
An sit amicitiâ dignus: si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

* Abstinuit Venere et Baccho. † Nec satis est dixisse.
‡ Et eripere arctis. *Bentl.*

with cold; he has abstained from love and wine: he, who sings the Pythian strains, first was a learner, and in awe of a master. But, *in poetry*, it is now enough for a man to say of himself; "I make admirable verses: a murrain seize the hindmost; it is scandalous for me to be outstripped, and fairly to acknowledge that I am ignorant of that which I never learned."

As a crier, who collects the crowd together to buy his goods; so a poet, rich in land, rich in money put out at interest, invites flatterers to come *and praise his works* for a reward. But if he be one who is well able to set out an elegant table, and give security for a poor man, and relieve him when entangled in plaguy lawsuits, I shall wonder, if with this wealth he can distinguish a true friend from a false one. *For* you, whether you have made, or intend to make, a present to any one, do not bring him full of joy directly to your finished verses; *for then* he will *certainly* cry out, Charming, excellent, judicious; he will turn pale; at some parts, he will even distil the dew from his friendly eyes; he will jump about; will beat the ground *with ecstacy.* As those that mourn at funerals, for pay, do and say more than those that are afflicted from their hearts; so the sham-admirer is *always* more affected than he that praises in sincerity. Certain kings are said to ply with frequent bumpers, and, by *the strength of* wine, make trial of a man, whom they are sedulous to know, whether he is worthy their friendship or not. Thus, if you compose verses, let not the fox's* concealed intentions impose upon you.

* Alluding to the well-known fable of the fox and crow.

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc. Melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustrā: delere jubebat, 440
Et malè formatos incudi* reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum, quām vertere, malles,
Nullum ultrā verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem;
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares. 444
Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes,
Culpabit duros, incomtis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta: parùm claris lucem dare coget;
Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: nec dicet, Cur ego amicum 450
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistrè.
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana;
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam, 455
Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum

* Et malè ter natos incudi. *Bentl.*
tornatos. *Cunn.*

* Aristarchus was a very great critic, who lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was cotemporary with Callimachus. He wrote about fourscore volumes of commentaries on Homer, Aristophanes and other Greek

If you had recited any thing to Quintilius, he would say, "Alter, I pray, this and this." If you replied you could do it no better, having made the experiment twice or thrice in vain, he would order you to blot out, and once more apply to the anvil your ill-formed verses: If you chose rather to defend than correct a fault, he spent not a word more, nor labour in vain, but you alone might be fond of yourself, and your own works, without a rival. A good and sensible man will censure spiritless verses; he will condemn the trash; on the incorrect he will draw across a black stroke with his pen; he will lop off ambitious *and redundant* ornaments; he will make him throw light on the parts that are not perspicuous; he will arraign what is expressed ambiguously; he will mark what should be altered; *in short*, he will be an Aristarchus:* he will not say, why should I give my friend offence about mere trifles? These trifles will lead him into mischiefs of serious consequence, when once made an object of ridicule, and used in a sinister manner.

Like one whom an odious plague or jaundice, fanatic phrensy, or lunacy, distresses, those who are wise avoid a mad poet, and are afraid to touch him: the boys jostle him, and the incautious pursue him. If, like a fowler intent upon his game, he should fall into a well or ditch while he belches out his fustian verses, and roams about, though he

poets; he revised and corrected Homer, which work is lost, with the rest of his criticisms, which were so nice and penetrating, that he was commonly called the *Diviner*, on account of his great sagacity.

Clamet, Io cives; non sit qui tollere curet. 460
Si curet quis* opem ferre, et demittere funem;
Quî scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit,† atque
Servari nollit? dicam; Siculique poetæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit: sit jus, liceatque perire poetis. 466
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet;‡ utrum 470
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certè furit; ac velut ursus,
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem verò arriquit, tenet, occiditque legendo; 475
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

* Si quis curet
† Huc se projecerit.
‡ Versus cur dictitet.

should cry out for a long time, "Come to my assistance, Oh my countrymen," not one would give himself the trouble of taking him up. Were any one to take pains to give him aid, and let him down a rope, how do you know, but he threw himself in thither on purpose? I will say, and would relate the death of the *famous* Sicilian poet, Empedocles, while he was ambitious of being esteemed as an immortal God, in a cold fit leaped into Ætna. Let poets have the privilege and license to die *as they please.* He who saves a man against his will, does the same as killing him. Neither is it the first time he has behaved in this manner; nor, were he to be forced from his purposes, would he now become a man, and lay aside his desire of such a famous death. Neither does it appear sufficiently, why he makes verses; whether he has staled upon his father's ashes, or sacrilegiously removed the sad trophy of the vindictive thunder: it is evident, *however*, that he is mad; and, like a bear that has burst through the grates that shut up his den, this unmerciful rehearser chases the learned and unlearned; and whomsoever he lays hold on, he fastens on him, and kills him with reading: a leech, that will not quit the skin till satiated with blood.

THE END.

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